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MEMORABILIA OF JESUS

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THE

MEMORABILIA OF JESUS

COMMONLY CALLED

THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN

BY

WILLIAM WYNNE PEYTON

MINISTER OF FREE ST. LUKE'S, BROUGHTY FERRY, N.B.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE titled this Book the *Memorabilia of Jesus* because it really contains His more memorable thoughts. It is not a history, and it is not a biography; it has no likeness to the Synoptic monographs. To call it a Gospel does not distinguish it from the tractates of Matthew, Mark, and Luke. It contains the sayings of Jesus, selected from those occasions when He spoke in a higher strain, in which our Author discerned the ultimates and universals of religion.

The First Book contains mainly extracts from the disputations in Jerusalem with the cultured society there. The Second Book, from the eleventh chapter, contains the teachings which our Lord gave to the select circle of His own students. We have before us a biographical literature on a novel plan, in which incidents are wholly subordinated to the thoughts which they produced, and a selection of these thoughts are arranged

in a certain rhythmic relation for didactic purposes. It is a work of Art. I could find no name so fitted to express this its distinctive character, as the Memorabilia of Jesus. It might have been titled the Dialogues of Jesus but for the first and nineteenth chapters.

Life is the masterword of the Memorabilia, the Eternal, Spiritual, Ideal Life. That the life in the creation, the detailed life in Nature, is the life of Christ, is a keynote of this literature. "He was in the world, and the world was born of Him," who is immanent in it. That this life in Nature is serial with and has its companionship with the Spiritual life must be regarded as the royal truth of our book. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men," and this light is Mind in man. The general life diffused throughout the creation, specialised in the Mind life of man; Religiousness, the distinctive contents of Mind in every land; this religiousness, specialised in the Christian life,—these make a gradation of truth which can scarcely be said to be naturalised in the Christian world. "He is the Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world." Evolution has, in these latter days, affiliated this progression in a scientific kinship,—Light, Life, Mind, Spirit.

I have therefore taken the assistance of Nature and of Natural Science to develop the truths in the Memorabilia. Very needful this method also. One of the barriers in the way of a proper recognition of the spiritual life in the science of Man is the isolation of it from the large life of Nature. Poetry, philosophy, physics, physiology find their tap root in spirituality; the main stem forks into the generalised religiousness of all nations, and into the specialisation of Christianity. This unity and bifurcation are finely exhibited in the Memorabilia. Philosophy makes the branches, science is the foliage, poetry the flower, right conduct or righteousness the fruit of this Tree.

The Memorabilia is a book for the tract of time in which we are moving.

In the Exegesis I have followed mainly Bishop Westcott's luminous and scholarly Notes.

I have used the Dialogues of Plato to bring Hebrew and Greek thought into relation; and it was the fusion of Hebrew and Greek which was one large factor in the creation of the New World, and Plato is the father of the idealism which has given many of the higher and finer elements to the literature of the Christian Age.

I have retained in some measure the lecture form

in which the chapters were originally cast, which, I think, gives some variety to the treatment, though perhaps carrying some repetitions.

My thanks are due to Mr. A. Taylor Innes, M.A., Advocate, Edinburgh, for reading some of the proofs. More especially I have to express my thanks to my esteemed friend and mountaineering companion, Mr. James Cunningham, M.A., Broughty Ferry, who has read every line of the proofs, made valuable suggestions, and verified some quotations.

GOWANBANK, BROUGHTY FERRY,
FORFARSHIRE, 20*th April* 1892.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY—IRRELEVANCES.

"*At the period at which we are, and before the death of John, some of his disciples who appear to have surrounded him, and, as it were, to have monopolised the old age of the last survivor of the Apostles, did they not seek to make use of the rich treasure which he had at their disposal? We may suppose so; we ourselves were formerly inclined that way. We think now that it is more probable, that some part of the Gospel which bears the name of John may have been written by himself or by one of his disciples during his lifetime. But we persist in believing that John had a manner of his own of telling the life of Jesus, a manner very different from the narratives of Batanea, superior in some respects, and in particular the parts of the life of Jesus which were passed in Jerusalem afforded him more room for development.*"—RENAN.

"*The object of the Evangelists is not so much the historic record of acts as the development of their inmost meaning.*"—CANON FARRAR.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY—IRRELEVANCES.

I AM not more than half sure that John wrote what I call the Memorabilia of Jesus. I am quite sure that he inspired it, and for all practical purposes is the author of it. I submit no proof either of the sureness or half sureness; proof surely supremely superfluous at this time of day. In so far as the literature called the Bible is concerned, questions of authenticity must now be regarded as archaic curiosities; dialectics for the historical faculty. We dont live, the veracities of life are not stimulated, by the verisimilitudes of dates, documents, manuscripts, names of authors. After the interminable debates on authenticities, the residuum left is still one of doubt and guess. The guess of one scholar is the doubt of another, and the doubt of a third is the faith of a fourth; and we have even to reckon with fractions of doubts and decimals of guesses in this imbroglio of probabilities and possibilities. The

universe plays hide-and-seek with us, and the hide-and-seek of authenticities is played out. The reality that fronts us in these Memorials is untouched by all that has been searched and by all that lies hidden, —the reality of the life to which the literature corresponds. Are the millions to cease living the Christian life till experts have arrived at an unanimous archæology for which two thousand years have not as yet been sufficient? The science of biology has bowled out the batsmen of these archaisms.

Here is the Cyclopean problem of this archæology in its most modern dress, "Could one through an exhaustive examination of human records, helped by modern physiological and mental science, get at the conditions, physical and mental, which govern the greater or less correspondence between human witness and the facts it reports."[1] Where is the human lifetime capable of this Elsmerean examination? How many human brains are sufficient for it? Can you reach any conclusion by this Herculean labour? We shall find the true answer in the Johannine problem.

Dr. Martineau has just written a book on the "Seat of Authority in Religion," in which he devotes nearly sixty pages of a demi-octavo size to an exhaustive examination of the authenticity of this Memorabilia. The Johannine authorship is with him crucial. An affirmative answer to the question,

[1] *Robert Elsmere*, p. 314.

"Was the hand that wrote this book that of John?" "wins everything at once."[1] Having assigned this centralness to the theory of the Person of Christ to which the Memorabilia commits us, he brings us to the conclusion that it was written 140 A.D.

The remarkable thing in this enquiry is that Dr. Martineau is quite oblivious that he had a contemporary in the person of Bishop Lightfoot, who was the most accomplished scholar of our time, who knew every sentence extant of the first three centuries, who read Greek as English, who learnt Coptic and Armenian to be sensitive to the thinking of that far back period, a man of the utmost candour and highest scientific capacity. Lightfoot declared for the authorship of John, and he is not once referred to in Martineau's argument. Martineau is a philosopher and poet and spiritually minded, reminding us very much of the combination of insight and sensibility in Plato. Lightfoot is a scholar, a trained critic of historic probabilities and literary niceties, an acute judge of documentary evidence, a picturesque historian, of spiritual vision. In the following quotation you may hear the ring of the critical qualities :—

In every one of the writers from Polycarp and Papias to Polycrates, we have observed phenomena which bear witness directly or indirectly and with different degrees of distinction to its recognition (the recognition of the Fourth Gospel). It is quite possible for critical ingenuity to find

[1] *Seat of Authority in Religion*, p. 190.

a reason for discrediting each instance in turn. An objector may urge in one case the writing itself is a *forgery*; in a second, that the particular passage is an *interpolation*; in a third, that the supposed quotation is the original, and the language of the Evangelists *the copy*; in a fourth, that the incident or saying was not deduced from this Gospel but from mere *apocryphal* work containing a parallel narrative. By a sufficient number of assumptions, which lie beyond the *range of verifications*, the evidence may be set aside. But the early existence and recognition of the Fourth Gospel is the one simple postulate which explains all the facts.[1]

Now this discussion of authenticity amounts to this: which of these two authorities we are to follow. We have not, not one educated man in ten thousand has, the equipment for an original enquiry. We must submit ourselves to the iron or golden sceptre of authority, Martineau or Lightfoot. There is the seat of authority, and authority means always pre-occupation, that bias which makes the varying species of Christian life, that affinity by which deer herd with deer, and sheep flock with sheep. Martineau is pre-occupied with antipathies to the Divine Personality of Jesus. Lightfoot's mental proclivities find no difficulty with that conception. It is a matter of elective affinities. The problem is biological. After you have made the most of the documents, the best of the verifications, you

[1] Bishop Lightfoot's Essays on the work entited *Supernatural Religion*, pp. 249, 250.

have a thick residuum of uncertainties which, if you touch, rises up as a shaken sediment to darken the whole subject. You have a chaotic cockpit of probabilities and improbabilities, where the critic with spurs of the latest manufacture, commonly of German steel, silences his opponents, crowing loud for a brief while, when the sparring begins again unending; antiquarian science gone delirious, and earnestly asking in these days to be relieved by labours which shall be more fruitful. And the Christian life is left unaccounted for and unaccountable, and it is a fact, the biggest you can look upon, with its worships, its ethics, its institutions, its enthusiasms.

The ulterior question remains: what is won by the date of 140 A.D. or lost by the date of 90 A.D.? To my mind, and on the lines we are thinking just now, nothing is lost or won by the dates howsoever you fix them. Chronology is nowhere. The worship of Jesus was established 140 A.D. The authority of the Johannine Memorabilia established nothing about the Divine Personality of Jesus; it reflects what had been established. The Memorabilia is only a reflection of that worship, a philosophy of it or the biology of it. Its legitimacy as literature is attested by this reflection. Reflection is the true function of literature. Literature does not create inspiration and institution, but gives explanation or expression to them. If

Martineau proves anything, it is that the Divine Personality of Jesus is a true human perception by fixing the date at 140 A.D., because that date gives enough time in four generations to have tested the perception and the potency of it in creating a Worship. It makes the Memorabilia the literary reply to a verified worship.

Worship is the response to a Divine Power pressing upon men from without and interfused within the faculties of the mind. The wonder of Christ in our world is the worship of Him. The Divinity of Christ is only the doctrinal expression of the worship, and the fitness of this worship is a question of fact. Neither Martineau nor Lightfoot gains anything to the conception of Christ by dates. The mere memory of Jesus as found in His teaching makes the Christian life of Martineau and that restricted species of life which he represents. The impact of Jesus, as an active Spirit, urging on the human spirit to worship, makes the large Christian world which Lightfoot represents. This is the real difference between Martineau and Lightfoot; a varying sensibility to the pressure of the unseen Jesus upon their souls; the historic memory of Jesus in Martineau and the worshipful sensibility to Him in Lightfoot. To Martineau Christ is a Teacher, dead and gone. To Lightfoot Christ is a Divine Spirit, in communion with men.

The problem of Christianity is the problem of the Christian life, and life is not a problem of

literature or history or testimony or philosophy, which can only come after you have got the Life. A human life, of a special type, has been organised by a human reconstruction under a particular influence. That particular stimulus has all along been felt, in varying degrees, to be the Divine Personality of Jesus, as an active pressure upon the human soul. The Memorabilia of John does nothing more than speak and accent and make melodious this fact of the human consciousness. The worship of Jesus as the expression of this consciousness is the central controlling phenomenon of the Christian age. No worship is possible except as a responsiveness to an Almighty and Mystic Presence perceived by the human faculty. The Personality of Jesus has been recognised as involved in this solicitous Presence. You can no more dispute the life which the worship of Jesus has organised than you can quarrel with bird life or fish life. Analyse the contents of this life as it has shown itself through these centuries, analyse the hymns, the literature, the poetry, the art, the missionary activity, by which this life has expressed itself, and everywhere you will find the heart of it is the Divine Personality of Jesus in accord with the Memorabilia. We have mathematical formulas to explain planetary motions and calculate eclipses, but the motions do not originate with the formulas. The Divinity of Jesus is discovered in the pressure of Him on our spirits, not

in theologies, which are endeavours at expressing the inexpressible and in making religion more systematic than it really is. The life and death, but more especially the Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus, are in the constitution of this pressure. Whether you fix 90 A.D. or 140 A.D. for the Fourth Gospel, you win or lose nothing for this pressure and the life it has generated ; they only find syntax and grammar in the literature, and life is not constructed by syntax or grammar.

Moreover, from the viewpoint of biology, a literature of life is more valuable and accurate in guaging its contents and explaining the phenomenon written in the second century. Life has had time to reveal itself, and to be a subject of thought ; thinkers have had time to study it. In the first generation the Christian life may have been what a botanist calls a sport, an unstable variation, to revert back to the type from which it started, and indeed the Christian life was long regarded as only an outburst of Hebraism, and it even looked as if it would not extricate itself from Hebraism. In the second century the Christian life has had time to assert itself, to show its distinctiveness, to establish itself as a species, and be the subject of a literature. To the mind of a biologist the Memorabilia would be more valuable as a veritable account of a life written in the second century, more veracious and more trustworthy.

The myth has been fetched in to discredit the realities of the Christian life. Literature to discredit life! The literature of a life cannot discredit the life; literature only shows life. The myth is a species of literature. It is a brilliant millinery of shot silk and tulle, in which the religious idea decks itself out. It does not generate the religious idea, but makes an engraving of it. The Divinity of Christ and the Resurrection have excited a worship, and that worship has organised a life. Not the literature of myth, nor the literature of history, nor the literature of philosophy, nor the literature which confuses history with legend, can organise life. Life is not a fraud, nor the evolution of it a forgery. Plato in his metaphysics uses brilliant myths, as the charioteer and his two steeds in *Phædrus*, as the underworld and the afterworld of the *Phædo* and the *Republic*. The myths of Plato did not organise Greek thought, nor the myths of Homer organise Greek life. Life is before organisation, and the story of the Resurrection and the vision of the Divinity of Jesus both originated and organised the Christian life. Critical probabilities and historic credibilities, valuations of documents, first century witnesses or second century testimony, are nowhere in the structure of the Christian life. Life has an inspiration of its own, whatever it is, or however it originates, by which it lives. If there is no reality inspiring it, but only an illusion, it will blaze up and then die out. The

Christian life had long ago died out if the Divinity of Jesus had not been a genuine human perception and the Resurrection a force of fact. Literature could not have kept it alive; it was bound to have the fate of all phantasms; they are found out. The Johannine Memorabilia makes life its ruling idea. "These things are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life in his name."

One of the larger facts of biology made clear by the Darwinian vision is that organic life becomes more definite as it advances, that the higher organisms are distinguished from the lower by a definiteness of structure and a distinctness of function. The jelly-fish has rudimentary ears, vesicles along its disc, with sand or lime grains in them, which we call otocyst, an obscure organ; the star-fish has rudimentary eyes, pigment spots at the end of each of its five rays, a nebulous organ; the lancelet has a rudimentary spine, which we call the notochord, a mere beginning. These obscure organs look forward to the eye of the cuttle-fish and the spine of the salmon. Give the Christian life time, and it becomes definite in its structures and distinct in its functions, and what we see in the Johannine Memorabilia is just this biological definiteness and distinctness, clear, sharp, decided. It is of no consequence whether it was written 90 A.D. or 140 A.D. If the latter date, then we have the literature which pictures the distinctness

up to that period. Whether it would be the expression of a veritable life is a question which time only can decide. Time has decided, and the literature is not dropped, because it remains a genuine expression of the life. The life persists on the terms found in the literature, and the literature lives because the life lives. The literature of a life which does not verify that life soon becomes an unquestioned obsoleteness. If the Christian life as it went on found itself living on phantasms, it had died out. It is more vigorous to-day than ever it was.

Robert Elsmere and Roger Wendover, Matthew Arnold and Dr. Martineau, have fallen into a species of Christian life which is not in the long succession of the broad Christian life rolling these centuries, but which has struck out from it, and is a genuine variety, distinguished by the dominance of the intellect. They should be content with it, but not charge with mythology or superstition or unveracity what is really of the essence of the Christian enthusiasm of these centuries. They know that their type of life has not at any time shown the Christian passion, or performed the Christian functions.

There is a history in these memorials, brief and disconnected though central. But it is not historical literature, in the ordinary sense of the phrase. The Personality of Jesus Christ, His death, His resurrection, His disappearance and departure, are the

centralness in the history. Eight miracles, the consecutive narration of which would take up the space of only one long chapter, about an eighteenth of the book, are on record. The rest are controversies with assemblies of people, and conversations with individuals, and particularly with the students of the evangelical college. The historical materials are meagre indeed, but the meagreness instructs us into the quality of the literature. This historical barrenness needs to be emphasised. It is a biography of Christ's inner thought and emotion as they fell on humanity and touched chords there, and awoke a music in the soul. The Memorabilia embraces three passovers, a period of two years. The materials selected, however, are taken only from nine months of this period; fifteen months are a blank. The nine months are not consecutive either, intervals and occasions from them are selected. It is a subjective biography. The birth, the baptism, the temptation, the transfiguration, the institution of the supper, the struggle in the garden, the ascension, are not here. You can scarcely call that history which makes such serious omissions. Narrative is shot through and through with idealisms and mysticisms, and with symbolisms of the spiritual, making a half epic and half dramatic literature; a literary phenomenon, the likeness to which is found in Deuteronomy in the Hebrew literature.

The Johannine Memorabilia is not historical

literature as is commonly understood, a recital of occurrences, or a portrait of a life lived, a mere biography. It is not literal history in substance or in form or intention. But it is superior history, a biography such as should be written. It takes for granted facts and events which have been widely published, and gives to the biographies of Matthew and Luke the idea and the emotion which inspires the forces of history. It touches the three other biographies only in four points, as we should have expected. It gives the universal ideas and imperial emotions which lay in the soul of Jesus. A recital of occurrences is not history, but a story of moral causations is: what is cosmic in the idea and emotions of Christ may be got here. Too much is made of mere history, what is called history, as if we ever had real history, or that it could be had, which lies as yet in disputabilities of a very questionable kind. Carlyle says of German history of only 600 years back that it is mostly jungle and shaking bog.[1] English history of 300 years ago must have been mostly that, when up to within sixty years Englishmen believed that Cromwell was a quack and Puritanism a cant. It is proof of a special inspiration that no history is attempted in a literature which is meant to inspire a life.

There is an intrinsic difficulty in reading mere facts. Historical perspective depends upon events

[1] Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, vol. i. p. 101. People's Edition.

and on the impulse which produced the events, on the sensitiveness of the historian and the skill of his grouping. He must put facts, vision, motive, into perspective, and he must select the facts out of a miscellany; and he must put his vision into the facts, and feel the impulse that gave them shape. Even just proportion of fact and feeling is not enough; his vision must be that of an artist. The perspective is not enough. The head will not work without the heart, and the temperature of the heart has to be reckoned with. As Carlyle has said somewhere, no history can be written which is not written by the heart. He says it must be an epic, and a psalm, and a prophecy. "The highest Shakespeare producible is properly the fittest historian procurable."[1] Who is sufficient for these things? The life of Christ has been an influence on the human soul, and John is in such sympathy with its inner forces that he attempts to reproduce them in literature. These memorials are not a repertory of facts, but the discovery of a spiritual dynamic.

John uses a few facts in the life of our Lord to read the idealism and mysticism which lay in His mind, and to show us the symbolisms of nature with which Christ vestured them, and thus to make luminous the life which He excited. Miracles are interesting to him as signals pointing us to an invisible world where Christ is; the

[1] Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, vol. i. p. 16. People's Edition.

symbol is interesting to him because behind it is a spiritual reality ; the dialogues and orations are told because in them Christ revealed His consciousness of the eternal and the infinite. The superior biography of Jesus is the biography not of outward incidents but of the inner world which He brought with Him, and which He lodged so affectionately in the souls of men, and which now invests our earthly world.

The Memorabilia is the drama of a human ferment which the presence of Jesus has set up. The problem before us is not the continental examination which seeks to discover the greater or less correspondence between the human witness and the facts he reports, the physiology and the psychology of the witnessing conditions, the Elsmerean futility of impossible explorations, but the practical correspondence between the presence of Jesus and the human ferment. A baker puts yeast into the flour of wheat. The yeast is a plant, microscopic in minuteness ; the plants multiply by fission and they possess the whole lump. The effect is that the chemical composition is rearranged, and what you cannot have digested as flour becomes digestible as bread. It is the same substance but rearranged. Just such has been the presence of Jesus, a ferment to recast human nature and remodel lives, to make our life a peace and a force. The one thing that we need is to get ourselves rearranged. There is no

dispute that the rearrangement has taken place, and there can be no dispute about the correspondence between the ferment and the rearranged life. The question is whether the literature is a fair expression, such as is possible to the infirmities of language, of the ferment and the rearrangement? Which is answered by simply looking round.

History is printed in books; it is a dead thing in libraries and on papyrus; it lives in souls. A critical examination of historic records is like the beating of dust out of carpets in March, which take to dust and moths again; parchment and folios fatally hospitable that way. The real historical record is in the souls of the living generations. Few men know the history of their country; still fewer, not one in ten thousand, could pass an examination in history. History possesses the intellects of only experts and specialists. But the history is not lost, though it is not in the intellect. It enters into the life blood of a nation, an unconscious but potent force. It distils down into the unseen undercurrents, in which our true life is. Few Englishmen could be catechised to any purpose in the history of the Reformation, but the Reformation is a living force in the souls of Englishmen. Few Scotchmen could tell you in what county Drumclog is, or the reasons for which Claverhouse had John Brown shot; but the story of the Covenanters is inwoven into the temper of the nation. Every generation lives by

the accumulated wealth of its past, but where is the invisible capital banked except in the souls of men? Certainly not in libraries. History is a living force, not as printed in books, but as printed by a mysterious process in the living tissues of human hearts. It is an arterial circulation, directing the health and destiny of nations. It is never lost. But it does not live in documents.

We thus reach what I shall call the biological aspect of the Johannine Memorabilia. It is the problem of a life. John puts this aspect in the foreground of the motives that impelled him to write. He says he had voluminous materials at his command, and that he made a selection from them that men may have Life in the name of Jesus Christ. We are thinking in these days the philosophy of evolution, and we are using the terms which the science of evolution has furnished us. This is our atmosphere. Translate the ideas of John into the terms of biology, and they mean that around him is the environment of the presence of Jesus, and that by the impact of this environment upon him, he had found a new life, and that he is anxious that this investment and its pressures should act upon others, and be a life in them. This life has managed to correlate with itself the various mental structures and heart functions which go to organise life, and the organism is the Christian life.

Critics and apologists have failed to ask in these pathless arguments about authorship and authenticity the question of relevancy, What is the argument of the Johannine authenticity good for? What do you want to get at? Literature does not create life; life creates literature. The Christian life has come into existence; it exists to this day. Life produces a literature about itself, and the literature is an expression of the life. You surely do not want to disprove the Christian life, which is beyond proof. It is a fact. You surely do not want to test the reality of the life by showing that a certain literature about it was written 100 years after it arose. The reality of a life has only one test—its existence. The quality of the life may be inferior, and quality is tested by its capacity for doing work. Even to speak of trustworthy or an untrustworthy life is an irrelevance. A human life which has existed for 2000 years must, in the nature of things, be trustworthy. If the Christian life is not in dispute, the discussions about authenticity are irrelevances. They are huge misdirections of human energy. The only end they can serve is gymnastics for scholarship; a scrimmage of literary footballing.

This literature proposes to itself the task of giving expression to the origin and forces and facts of the Christian life. The existence of this life is not disputable. The only question before us is this, Is the literature true to the life? Does it show us the

substratum of the life? Is it one of those melodious expressions which the literary faculty stirred by emotion has given to a life? The Memorials are not responsible for the life; the life is sponsor for them. Linnæus wrote the story of plant life and Cuvier of animal life, and Darwin traced their lineages, but they are not responsible for the life or lineage of plant or animal. The problem before critics and apologists equally is the correspondence between the potences of this life and the analytic portraiture of the potences. Suppose John did not write these reminiscences some one else did it, and they are just as valuable as far as this correspondence is concerned. Suppose they were written in the second century and not the first, they were equally valid for the purpose of tracing the equation between the life and the literature. Suppose John freely translated modes of Christ's thought into Greek forms, it only illustrates the native expansion which the germinal possesses. With the expansion of the life the literature expands; with the versatilities of life the literature varies. There is a general likeness between the Johannine account of the Christian phenomenon and the Pauline and the Petrine, and variations such as always differentiate the species of a genus.

You find fault with the literature; you say it contains legends. Begin by emending the life, and then the literature will be emended. Propose amendments on the worship, the love, the inspirations of

the life. Are the Christian inspirations not trustworthy? Legends are literature,—folklore,—not the forces and factors of life. You cannot quarrel with the factors and forces of life. When you have abstracted the divinity of Christ, and the resurrection, and the ascension, from the inspiring forces, how much of the human passion called Christian is left?

Modify the life—take away from it the worship of Jesus, abstract from it the freshness which the Resurrection gives, and the environment which the Ascension has provided, and then the literature will be amended in harmony, or it will become obsolete and another literature will embody it. Or better still, bring out a Bible with such emendations as you think it requires, scoring out the legendary, and inspire a Christian life by means of it. But to be quarrelling with a literature which answers with such accuracy to an existing life is a querulousness of an effete criticism. You may as well read a lecture to the moon for reflecting the light of the sun, or to the oak for the shape it takes. This is historical pedantry and critical pedlaring; documents and quotations and interpolations are small wares in such hands.

The *Laws* of Plato are accepted by Professor Jowett as genuine on the authority of Aristotle, and Jowett says that, if that dialogue is accepted as genuine, there ought to be no hesitation in receiving as genuine the *Sophist* and the *Statesman*.[1] Eminent

[1] Jowett's *Plato*, vol. iv. p. 530.

scholars, however, dispute the genuineness of the three dialogues. But to what purpose? If these dialogues are expressive pictures of Greek thought and life, and so like what Plato has given us that modern philosophers are divided in their judgment, let us call a halt to this whole style of discussion, except as a literary curiosity. The imitations are as good as the originals, and the originals are no better, but they are genuine reflections of Greek thought, true to it and harmonious with it. The writer and the time are perfectly immaterial. The Socrates of Plato is mainly an ideal character, the authors of the *Laws* and the *Sophist* may be fictitious Platos, but the literature is authentic in giving us what Greek thought was in representative men. The reality of the literature consists in its being a just reflection of the thinking of that subtle race. The imitations of Plato, if they are reflections of Greek thought, authenticate Greek life quite as effectively as the originals. If John did not write these memorials, some one did who can so imitate him as to impose upon the judgments of men who lived as close to him in time as Aristotle did to Plato, and the imitation to this day divides the judgment of competent scholars. The imitation, as a literary reflection of the Christian life, is as valuable as any original can be. If it be an adequate exhibition of the forces which created the Christian life—and it must be that at least—it is of no con-

sequence who wrote it or when it was written. And so far, it tells the same story of forces as Matthew and Paul, and shows the same life working in them and in Athanasius, and Augustine, and St. Bernard, and Luther, and Knox. In the presence of the science of biology these discussions about authorship and chronology are undergraduate dialectics about historical curiosities.

When the human life called Christian has found a veritable literature, that literature becomes food for the life. In biological science after life we consider the food that sustains it. Whether a literature is true to a life is tested by its capacity for becoming food. Food does not originate life, but nourishes it, repairing its waste and supplying heat. Life must be a fact before it can get a literature. Before we could have had the Old Testament, Hebrew life must have established itself. Before we could have had the Iliad we must have had Greek life. The Old Testament nourished Hebrew life, and the Iliad Greek life. But literature is aliment only when it has the constituents for the special life. Between the functions of cattle life and the chemistries of grass there is an affinity, and grass is food for cattle. This monograph of Jesus has been the food of that human genus of life we call Christian, and it is so by the heat power it gives to Christian forces. Literature is only one kind of food, but it is nutrition by possessing the

proper constituents for stimulus and growth. "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you"—these are the two kinds of food, words of Christ next to the person of Christ. These memorials had been long ago laid in the underground vaults of forgotten libraries if they had not the indispensables of nutrition, and if there had not been a life to nourish.

The problem of these memorials, in the presence of the science of biology, is not authorship or chronology; indeed no such problem now exists for the Bible literature; even the growth and later editorships and adaptations are not material to the problem. The problem narrows itself into two questions far away from doubts and guesses and likelihoods of criticism. It is, so to speak, a problem which has its analogies with physiology. What are the inspirations of the mind life called Christian? is the first question, which is answered by a simple analysis of saintly lives. And again, What is the oxygen, the nitrogen, and the carbon in this literature to nourish this mind life? Dismiss as obsolete questions of genuineness. Demand as present this question of life and its genealogy, and the literature as the reflection and nourishment of this life. All else is antiquarianism for a museum; palæontology of fossil forms of thought. We deposit the literature of canonicities into a clean cabinet of antique bones.

CHAPTER II.

INTRODUCTORY—CHARACTERISTICS.

"*And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of His disciples which are not written in this book. But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing, ye might have Life through His name.*"—JOHN xx. 30, 31.

"*And whatever debates may arise on other points, it cannot be doubted that the writer of the fourth Gospel has a distinct conception of a spiritual law of the life of humanity which found its final realisation in the Incarnation. This conception is therefore his clue in the choice and arrangements of facts.*"—WESTCOTT.

CHAPTER II.

INTRODUCTORY—CHARACTERISTICS.

CRITICISM has said its noes; its function is that of the minus quantity in mathematics. It is now the turn of the creative faculty. We address ourselves to the ruling characteristics of the Memorabilia, the nutritious materials. These are idealism, mysticism, and symbolism.

You go into an orchid house and see a hundred orchid plants. No two are wholly alike in leaf or flower, but they are like enough in their unlikeness. If you had your eye on them long enough, you could never mistake the orchid character. Each one is a modification of a typical form. There is an inner unity, a type to which you can refer them all, a pattern after which they are sketched. No one has seen this pattern, and this invisible type or archetype is the orchid idea or ideality which is to be found only in God. You see a hundred children. No two children are alike, but there is a common something which we call childhood.

Childhood is the unseen ideality in which all children are included. "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven," is the Hebrew pictorial way of expressing what the Greeks would call the idealism of childhood. There is a variety of human races, but humanity is the idea of them all. The idea is one; the particulars are many. An ideal universe surrounds us, from which the visible world has its ideas, and the originals of both are in God; the One in the many; the Whole in the parts. It is to the Greek mind that we owe this way of looking at things. "The philosopher lives with ideas," says Plato. And our latest science sees the ideal everywhere. "Homology clears away the mist from such terms as the scheme of nature, ideal types, archetypal patterns or ideals, etc.; for these terms come to express real facts." [1]

In this Memorabilia Jesus Christ, who appeared in the flesh, is seen in the ideal universe as the Eternal Mind, from Whom have emanated the thousand forms of nature. The human mind is the greatest thing we know. The original of it is seen in Jesus, and the original of Him in the Eternal Mind. The local Jesus, who lived in Palestine, is pictured as the Lord of all time. The Hebrew Christ, who has a nationality in our race, is the Ideal Son of man. His miracles are not mere wonders, but signs or signals pointing to ideas,

[1] Darwin on the *Fertilisation of Orchids*, p. 233.

principles, and truths; their value lay not in themselves, but in their look upward to the unseen behind them.

The vine is a familiar creeper. The union of its branches to the stem has its pattern in the union of Christ to the race. There is no fruit-bearing without this attachment of branch to stem, and this law has its archetype in the spiritual world in the communion of souls with Christ by which vital forces are interrelated. I am the Ideal Vine; I am the truth in the vine, the underlying idea. All through, this element of idealism or first principles pervades the Memorabilia. Philip has seen Christ and found no idealism in the vision, and he is of Greek origin. The glory with which Art invests the head of Christ, the circle of light, is meant for an idealism, something of another world to be interpreted by the lay mind. Christ expected Philip to have seen the Father in Him, the glory of the Father streaming from His words and works. When Christ says, Have I been so long time with you, and hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father (xiv. 9),—He wants to make Philip an idealist, educated by His presence, and with a remonstrance that he has been a dull scholar. An utterance of Caiaphas, who is a trimming, time-serving politician, is registered, in which he hit upon the principle of vicariousness, as justifying a conspiracy for murder. This earth of ours is a station

in a divine country. "In my Father's country are many stations." Death is idealised away, and its grim visage is lost in life. "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Wherever the primary, the ulterior, the essential, the universal, wherever the ideal in any of these forms was made visible in the life of Christ, it is preserved in these Reminiscences. Except we are alive to this ground note of idealism we will miss the force of much of what we read. Christ is presented to us moving in the kingdom of ideas as His own realm. An ideal universe environs us round, and the mind enters into correspondence with it. Poetry, which is the universal speech of men, is the attempt to bring down this ideal universe to the level of the most ordinary mind.

The excellence of mind lies in the perception of principle. Everything practical rests upon a principle, and to find it gives to action a strength. This perception differences the artisan from the artist. The merely practical man, who may be successful by virtue of a natural shrewdness, soon finds work a drudgery, except it is bringing him money. But the clerk who, as he enters bills of exchange, sees in them the laws of commerce or economic truths, is not only on his way to be a banker, but also to have pleasure in banking. The mechanic, who sees laws of motion and of compression and expansion of materials while handling his engine, is

on the way to be an engineer. Practical men think principles a bore, but it is when the mind is bored by principles that its hidden powers show themselves. When we feel the bite of ideas, then we can say we know the thrill of being. All capable action is the work of ideas. To be curious to know what lies behind appearances, to arrive at reasons, to pry into meanings, to seek the universal in details, to look on the haze of the horizons and feel that there is something beautiful in the far-away of things, which we only just see—this makes character beautiful, and conduct forceful, and action luminous. Idealisms give force and beauty to this Memorabilia.

Eternal life is a ruling phrase here, and eternal life is not longevity; it is the negation of duration. It is a timeless and spaceless being, a condition in which there is no time to be counted and no space which can be measured. Eternal in life is the epoch of the ideal, an æon or era of the ideal, as the Greek word rendered eternal means; an æonian life.

Mysticism is another ground-note in this monograph. The mystic principle in our nature is that which draws us into ourselves, there to see the image of the universe, there to hear the footfalls of our God. Mysticism hears the blackbird in woodlands within us, sees the clouds as shadow and colour in sceneries of the soul. When you have heard the owl screech-

ing hoo-hoo in the night, and heard a sound behind that hooting, making weird the hours, then you have interpreted the speech of the owl. We are microcosms, a little universe within the vast encompassing universe, inhabited by God. The mystic feels the stir of God within him, the Holy Spirit dwelling in him, startles with a Christ forming in him.

The mystic element in this literature is seen from the beginning. The light of mind is the light of the Christ in us. He is the Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, and therefore a Christliness is felt in us. Nicodemus, in the choking dulness of his times, had allowed his soul to come up to the surface, but who had interior capacities. Christ digs below the rubbish to find the interior, and says, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." See what? Where are the eyes to see with? Where is the kingdom which has to be seen? Where is the burgess ticket to be found? It is all within, eyes and kingdom, and burgess-ship, in the arcana of the soul. We are in the silent kingdoms; a province of theirs is in us, if only the spirit was generated within to see it. Thomas wanted to see and touch Christ's person, and Christ is turning the rationalist into a mystic, to see without eyes and touch without hands, unlocking the interior of him. The mystic has Christ's cross within himself; the resurrection

is a spring morning within him; the ascension is an ascendency in him. He asks for no evidences; the credentials are in him. Mysticism is the divine fragment in us, which is sensitive to everything divine, the spirit-self within the sense-self, where as in a tent we meet with God and talk with Him, as was done by the mystic Moses. The last blessedness is the happiness of the mystic. "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed." Christ wanted the touch of Mary Magdalene after he had left the world, making Mary Magdalene a mystic. "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father."

The direct mystic teaching of this literary masterpiece is concentrated in the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters, distilled in such ideas: "I will come to you." "We will come, and make our abode with you." "Abide in me, and I in you." "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

To make ourselves conscious of the world within us is imperative upon us. It is the best of us. We are far too conscious of the world without us. It is in thought and passion and vision that we meet with God. It is not our temptation to be too much in these parts. We have to force ourselves into these mystic regions. The quietist is blamed for being too much with himself, but there is not much danger of the ordinary man overdoing quietism. To like our own soul and enjoy the society

we find there, and to tap the wealth which lies stratified there, is a neglected duty, and the quietists are teaching us our duty. They like the silences of the soul and the stillnesses of nature which speak to the inner silences, and the divine society found in them both, making the soul fragrant of other climates. It is not the extravagance but the essence of religion. "I will come unto you." "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, houses himself with me, and I with him."

My soul, thou art not far from thy Christ. Christ is within thee. In thy breath is the breath of God. See with the eyes of God, glow with the emotions of God, the stir in thy days is from the tides of the Infinite. The tabernacle of God is within thee, and there thou shalt know the Christ that is within thee, there feel the beautiful hope of being, there find that Christ is being formed within thee, the hope of glory. Suchlike is the soliloquy of the mystic.

Idealism and mysticism modify each other, and the wholesomeness of this Memorabilia is seen in putting the two elements alongside of each other. The mystic becomes unreal. The idealist corrects him and calls him to the actual. We can idealise as much as we like, but only by starting from the visible and the palpable. The artist becomes sensuous and the mystic calls him back to his true home within the spirit. The basis of Christendom is the sense of Christ within us, and it has even become hereditary.

But Christ is also in the heavens and there are worlds outside of us.

A third ground-note of the Memorabilia is the symbolism which pervades it. A symbol is a painting from nature, a picture of spiritual ideas and visions. The idealist and the mystic clothe their visions by figures taken from the visible in nature. The outward world is related to the inward world, not by fantasies and accommodations but by the original make of them, as holding the same divine ideas in related realms. Matter, life, mind, spirit; unseen worlds, are in one serial line of gradation, constructed by the same creative thought and emotion. Poesy is the mediator between these realms, and rejoices us by the harmony it makes between sense and spirit, and its instrument is symbolism. The vision of a poet sees the inner unity, and when he reveals this inner unity we feel the pleasures of poetry.

Symbolism is all through the Memorabilia. Jesus is here the poet, calling nature to illumine the supernatural, bringing the outward into a rhythmic relation to the inner. Light, as the imperial principle in nature, is the analogue of the Eternal Mind in Jesus and of the mind region in us, as its fragment. Water, as the kingly agent supreme in the world, is the emblem of the Holy Spirit, supreme over spirits ; and in its queenly action, sculpturing the earth, is the figure of the human life in us as an imitation of the Divine Spirit. Comprehensive symbols these, ever recur-

ring in this literature. The Lamb, the dove, the harvest, the bread, the shepherd and sheep, the fragrance of spices, the sown grain, the country and its inns, the vine, and the most original of all symbols, the blood and the water as pictorial of the moral forces in the death of Christ, are other engravings in the letterpress. Nature surrenders herself to the spiritual, and is assessed all through her parts in the interests of the spiritual world.

Symbolism is the form, hue, and scent in which Nature pictures the infinite viewlessness. Three worlds are ours, the world of faculty within, the visible universe, and the unseennesses which fringe off from the visible, where we see the august First Cause of all things. The senses mediate between the human faculty and Nature; the imagination or the worshipful in us intercedes with us for God. Nature is religious all through and corresponds with our religiousness, and we correspond with the Eternal Father. Nature provides us with the raw materials of those pictures in the galleries of which we worship God. The metaphysics within us, the poetry in nature, and the worshipful in God, are the sublime concordances of religion. God hides everywhere in the human faculty, and religion is the inexpressible and unexpressed discovery of Him there. God hides everywhere in nature, and symbolism is a picturesque etching of the discovery of Him there. Nature is a transparency through which the unseen universe

looks in upon us, and the refracted colours of the unseen are the similitudes, allegories, and parables of religion.

Symbolism makes nature a sacredness, and becomes sacramental of the inmost realities of religion. It maps out for us, with colour, great places in the geography of unexplored continents.

These three notes of idealism, mysticism, and symbolism give to this composition the character of a work of art. The history that is in it is worked up with these elements to produce a half epic, half dramatic literature, a literary phenomenon indeed. And only in this way was a proper biography of Jesus possible. Matthew, Mark, and Luke are artisans of His biography; John is the artist. They are well called Synoptics; giving us a sort of school synopsis or college syllabus; materials for an artist. Froude has said, "The poet is the truest historian. Whatever is properly valuable in history the poet gives us, not events and names, but emotion, action, life. . . . Great men, and all men properly so-called, whatever is genuine and natural in them, lie beyond prose, and can only be really represented by the poet. This is the reason why such men as Alexander, or as Cæsar, or as Cromwell, so perplex us in histories, because they and their actions are beyond the scope of the art through which we have looked at them."[1]

The aim of the Memorabilia is not information

[1] Froude's *Short Studies: Homer*, vol. i. pp. 506, 507.

but impression, and the impression of a singular fact, even the profound intimacy between Christ and the ideal, mystic, and spiritual world, that He is the Son of the Eternal Father as no one else before Him was, and that as such He is the Creator of a life not before found amongst men. It traces the growth and the forms of His consciousness. This intimacy of Jesus colours the literature from beginning to end. And the intended impression is no doubt conveyed, not exactly in the diction which Christ employed when speaking to His untrained students, but in a diction which John later on felt more appropriate. It is visible on the surface that the Memorabilia represents Christ speaking in a style different from that in which He is reported by the Synoptics. This Memorabilia touches the Synoptics only in four places; it selects the occasions where Christ spoke on other topics; it gives detailed conversations and condenses long arguments. Have we the very words of Jesus? Suppose we have not. Does the paper on which the letter is written affect its veracity? We want ideas, not words. Words are the paper on which ideas write themselves. The ideas translated into an idiom of Greek words are ideas still. For an epic or drama it was even necessary that they should suffer this translation.

The thoughts of Christ passed through John's mind as light passes through a prism and is broken

up into its colour contents. Prismatic refractions are an analysis of light, but they are all contained in the light. The clear light of Christ's mind is seen in colour, now one and now another, in the Memorials before us. The colours were all contained in Christ's mind, and they are shown to us in striking combinations. What mind in that age could have originated ideas and emotions such as are here reported, which have not their parallel anywhere? Who but one inspired by Christ, through whom Christ's thoughts had passed as into a prism, could have written this literature? Could such thoughts be an invention? could the situation in which they were spoken be the creation of a novelist? Has a species of human life been ever created by romancing? They are no other than the shivered rays in which the light of Christ's mind, as it passed through John, analysed itself. Perhaps some of John's thoughts had passed into another mind before they found expression in the Memorabilia, but they have not suffered in the transmission. The Memorabilia does not betray the piecing of different minds.

The form of the Memorabilia is much that of a drama; a tragedy in which human character in good and evil develops round the central figure of Christ, who is Himself under doom; life in its hate and in its love for the Holy One develops side by side.

The crucifixion is a shadow which early falls on the drama; from the fifth chapter the strain and the stress and the shock of death are felt; the surf of the storm is blown about. It is a tragedy in which all the characters are living persons and not personations, and the scenes are actual and not creations.

The action of the drama moves by dialogues. Plato's philosophy is taught in the form of the dialogue, and an imitation of the Socratic dialogue can scarcely fail to be suggested to the reader. In the Greek world, where John was posted, and the Greek atmosphere he had long breathed, he would become familiar with the most familiar literature around him, of Greek tragedy and Greek philosophy, and we may expect to see traces of their influence. The Hebrew, preoccupied with the religious ideas of the Old Testament, could not receive much Hellenic culture, but he is sure to be scratched and grooved all over; wholly impervious he could not be. And John will have us understand from the beginning that he is giving a strong Greek colouring to Christian thought, and he shows us that he will not be able always to sustain it. For after the first five verses in the Greek strain he has to stop, and interject a bit of narrative. "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John," and then, taking breath, he resumes the subjective.

The sorrow of the tragedy, victorious by the resurrection, resembles very much the tragedies of

Euripedes, in several of which the chorus strikes an Easter note of triumph—

> O victory, I revere thy sober power,
> Guard thou my life, nor ever cease to crown me.[1]

And this tragedy has the philosopher's prologue of the Logos—"In the beginning was the Eternal Mind;" and the epilogue of the mystic's blessedness—"Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed." In both the substance and form of the Memorabilia we may see a mixture of the Greek tragedy and the Platonic dialogue, such as a Hebrew genius might attempt in the thick of Hellenic civilisation and feebly succeed in it.

It is of the essence of the drama that the persons speak their own character and do their own deeds without the poet painting a life size picture or giving us a theory of the character. The reader does that for himself. No antecedents of Nicodemus are given to us. He puts in three brief appearances on the stage, and we can draw a full length portrait of him. He is a man on whom has fallen the curse of the aristocratic caste and the blight of an arid age. He has become selfish, and perhaps there are some misdeeds on his conscience of ill gotten gains and self-indulgences, and he is trying to preserve the expiring embers of the human fires in the ashes. He

[1] Last words of *Orestes*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Phœnician Virgins*, In a similar strain is the conclusion of *Bacchæ*, *Medea*, *Andromache*, *Alcestis*.

improves his opportunity. He has near lost the vision of the spiritual kingdoms. He will soon be asphyxiated, and he escapes in the dead of night from the mephitic vapours. He cannot understand rudimentary truths. But he gets into the society of Christ, and he gets the hopeful truth that sincere souls, though they have gone far wrong, will come right who cleave to the veracities. He first timidly defends innocence in the presence of a formidable conspiracy. Then he comes into the blaze of light and into the mountain air of inspiration and asks for the dead body of Jesus. This is quite dramatic, and every other character who plays a part in the tragedy is dramatised in the same masterly manner.

The moral character of Pilate is not sketched, nor the intellectual angle at which he stood towards religious truth. He appears for once in the last critical scene, and we see where he is by the part given him to act. He knows his duty, but he has long been omitting duties which cost him anything. He understands justice and kindness, but not when they clash with personal interests. He knows the facts of spiritual science, but he has been obfuscating himself by questioning and doubting them. The sense of the supernatural can still startle him, but he has been long darkening the eternal visions. He goes in and out of the hall of justice, evading inconvenient facts and trying to reconcile the irreconcilable, and is finally overpowered by self-interest to part

company with the Royal Goodness before him. Nothing could be more dramatic.

> The noblest of our princes in ruin sink,
> Retire we to our homes and weep our loss,

says the chorus in the conclusion of the *Hercules* of Euripides.

The drama and the victorious tragedy, the Socratic dialogue and the idealism of Plato, both give form to the Memorabilia.

The character of John lends itself to these characteristics. When we first see him in the training school of Galilee, he is a man with passion as the basis of him, irascible in affection, ambitious, without repose, explosive in collision with untoward incidents, and withal magnetic in emotion, named a Son of Thunder. Up to the crucifixion the vigours of his affectional nature were violences. His resentments are hot enough to ask for fire from heaven to avenge an insult; he is partisan enough to rebuke a man who did good unauthorised by his college; he wants a right hand place in the kingdom, and excites the jealousy of his brethren.

But the death, resurrection, and glorification of Christ have so sunk into him that passionateness has rapidly become passiveness. He is associated with Peter in the inaugurations of the Christian society, but he does not speak; no fire is seen, no

thunder is heard, issuing from him. Peter is the spokesman all through ; John stands by his side, the silent mystic, looking far away into wonderlands. Peter is the body, John the informing spirit ; Peter the granite pillar, John the arch, the spirit that unites the parts into a symmetry. After the fourth chapter of the Acts only once does the name of John appear, and it is only a name. Where is John? He has gone into silence. He is the still, subjective, mystic heart of the Christian society. They have posted him at Ephesus, but John and Ephesus have scarcely a history, except in the recollections and refractions of the mind of Jesus, which have taken the shape of the Memorabilia and the Epistles of love, in which last the reconciliation of all disputes is found in a theology of love. Peter and Paul they have killed ; John is too ethereal to be killed ; you cannot lay hands on a spirit.

Passiveness is an evolution of passion, and the two words of a common origin index the close kinship of the two states. Passion has an openness to outward influence, to which it too readily responds in flashes and sallies. When Christ became an impression upon John in the last scenes, the stormy forces were allayed, and a quiet consciousness was generated, in a melodious responsiveness to such an environment. Perhaps no clearer prophecy was spoken of what Christ was to do for the human faculty than this transformation of John's temper from its passion

into passiveness. And all so natural. Passion normally develops into a tempered quiet susceptibility, when it accepts the finer and higher influences. The warmer passions have the making of genius. A genius for knowledge, for poetry, for heroism, has its beginning in the stormy forces. When passionate natures submit to a higher initiative they become initiatives themselves.

A just modern parallel to the evolution of John's character is Wordsworth. In his childhood and youth he flares up more than once with a passion which might have been disastrous in its issues. His mother was more anxious about him than any of her children, and she died when he was eight years of age. The poet writes that his mother had seen that he would be remarkable for good or evil. "The cause of this was that I was of a stiff, moody, violent temper."[1] His capacity for a violent response to impressions is seen in his putting himself forward as a leader of the Girondist party in France. He was seasonably and forcibly brought home by his friends cutting off his supplies, or he had shared the guillotine fate of that party in May 1793. For years he was afflicted with spasms of the passion which the French Revolution had stirred in him. But the poet afterwards settled down as the calm, mystic genius of Nature, seeing his idealisms in her mirrors, the spirit of Lakelands, the poet of what he himself

[1] Knight's *Wordsworth*, vol. ix. p. 14.

has phrased, "a wise passiveness." Taking Nature for his environment, the passionate poet became the idealist, the mystic, and the symbolist of a new age. Taking Christ for his environment, the passionate John became the idealist, the mystic, and the symbolist of a new religion. Both have given an originality to literature.

The anonymity of the memorials is just like the idyllic quiescences of John's character. How could he obtrude his personality in the silent, mystic world which he pictures? It would be an unseemly invasion. It had to be veiled somehow. The incognito verifies the Johannine inspiration, if not authorship.

CHAPTER III.

THE ETERNAL MIND IN THE WORLD.

JOHN i. 1-13.

"*In the beginning was the Eternal Mind, and the Mind was with God as Fellow and the Mind was God in Essence. In the Eternal Mind all life was comprised, and His life as it appeared in Nature and History was the Light of Men. He is the ideal Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world. He was in the world, and the world was made by Him.*"

"*But amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that man is ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed.*" HERBERT SPENCER.

CHAPTER III.

THE ETERNAL MIND IN THE WORLD.

IT had been an advantage both to clearness and stimulus if the Greek for Word had been left untranslated, like Jehovah in the Hebrew literature. The Greek is Logos, from which our word logic comes. To render it by Word is to use a meaningless vocable; no English reader of the Bible can possibly attach an idea to it. It can only be a Sibylline sound, and yet our Revisers have retained this oracular sound.

It is to no profit to enter into a discussion about the use of Logos in the schools of Alexandria. It is agreed that the ideas in the familiar Greek word are ideas involved in our English words, reason and speech. A popular equivalent for these ideas is Mind. The Eternal Mind is the adequate equivalent for the original. I qualify Mind by Eternal, as that adjective is in the phrase, in the beginning (i. 1). In the beginning was the Eternal Mind, and He was with God in companionship and He was God in essence.

Professor Jowett has said, that "the Divine Mind is the leading religious thought in the later works of Plato. The human mind is a sort of reflection of this." [1] The later Hebrew conception also gives a Divine Companion to the Great First Cause under the figure of Wisdom, who speaks: "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning. When He prepared the heavens I was there. When he appointed the foundations of the earth, then I was with Him." [2] The limits of the human mind, in its attempts at reaching the origin of things, is well illustrated in the similarity of Hebrew and Greek conceptions, the recurrence to the same forms of thought, when thinking of the Eternal Origination. Plato unites the ideas of Wisdom and Mind, and says that the "Mighty Infinite" [3] of the universe "may be justly called Wisdom and Mind." [4]

The beginning of things is really unthinkable, but some conception is essential to human thought and composure. The idea of a Maker of the universe centres and anchors the mind.

Whence we are, and whose we are, who is our Master, and where is our place in the universe, are not quests of curiosity but of practical moment on which our action depends, and the quality of our life. The universe is not lucent, nor we lucid, and

[1] Jowett's Plato, Introduction to *Sophist*, vol. iv. p. 384.
[2] Proverbs viii. 27-29.
[3] *Philebus*, Jowett's Plato, vol. iv. p. 72. [4] *Ibid.*

we have the incapacities of the blind man, with these questions unanswered. But as the new born babe is received into the embraces of air, light, and heat as a loved child of nature, quite as much as in the embraces of a mother's affections, so, as Mind emerges in man, the Infinite Mind receives this prattling image of Himself and whispers into his ear the imperial secret of his whereabouts. Very early, in the very dawn of the human faculty, the inspiration of the Eternal Wisdom shaped this answer, In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth ; God created man in His own image. It is a poetic generalisation, a vision into the profounds of being. The fire hidden in a flint flashes a mere star-like emission, but it is caught up to flame the night. The genius of Hebrew character, and the trend of Hebrew history are to be found in this clear conception. The Greek genius and the trend of Greek history are also to be found in a metaphysical form of this same conception. " That which is created must of necessity be created by a Cause." [1] " He put intelligence in soul, and soul in body, and framed the universe." [2]

The revised and improved edition of this generalisation which has given genius and trend to European history is the ground note of the Johannine Memorabilia, In the beginning was the Eternal Mind, and He was the Fellow of God and He was of the

[1] *Timæus*, Jowett's Plato, vol. iii. p. 612. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 614.

essence of God. And He is identified with Jesus Christ of history.

In the Hebrew idea the Creator is a Power, or better, a Collection of Powers, Elohim, and the universe is an expression of forces, and man a bundle of commandments, which is really the scientific conception of law, though in no Eastern race has science blossomed. In the Greek idea, the Creator is a Mind, and the universe is an expression of ideas and emotions, which is really the poetic conception, and it put forth its finest blossom in our day in our own Wordsworth. In the wedlock of Hebrew and Greek ideas the Christian conception is born, through the mediation of Jesus, and this is the lucidity of the modern world. Science is born in this wedlock, and is the special property of the Western mind. Plato anticipates from afar the vision of science, but he is more concerned with the native idea of his race that Mind is before Matter, and science loses itself in wilds and woods except as it takes this priority as a lamp on its path. "All philosophers are agreed that Mind is the King of heaven and earth." [1] Socrates says, I am "in harmony with the testimony of those who said of old time that Mind rules the universe." [2] "Now God did not make the soul after the body," [3] is an idea which crops up everywhere in the philosophy of the Greeks.

[1] *Philebus*, Jowett's Plato, vol. iv. p. 69. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 72.
[3] *Timæus*, Jowett's Plato, vol. iii. p. 617.

The priority of Mind is the affirmation that prefaces these Memorials. The marriage of Greek and Hebrew thought by the priesthood of Jesus is the vignette on its title-page.

God as Mind is one dominant note of our author. The Creator can only be discerned as the Mind of the universe by our finding mind in the physics of Nature, and emotion in her life. When the sea rolls its waves into you, telling you a rhythmic story of the deep things which lie in you ; when the moonlight sends its quiet sheen into your soul and calms you ; when the honeysuckle passes a fragrance into your memory and you feel the past of affections which years ago thrilled in you ;—when we feel the spirit interfused in light and water and plant, and the life of Nature is translated into something corresponding within us ;—then we understand the preface to the Memorabilia: In the beginning was the Eternal Mind ; all things were born of Him (i. 3); in Him was the life of the universe (i. 4). Certainly we shall not find the meaning of the Logos in those cloudy theorisings about Emanations into which the Alexandrian school was driven by the coercion of saving the Creator from being the author of evil. No such idea as saving the Creator from the responsibility of evil is even hinted at in the Memorabilia. We shall understand the Logos by seeing the Eternal Mind manifesting Himself in the thought and emotion embedded in Nature, which appear in

all their complexity in man, who is at the top of Nature. Daylight will then scatter the Emanation moonshine.

In December 1889, I saw what an observer of sunsets would call a phenomenal afterglow, unusual in idea and feeling. There was a brilliant display of red bars of stratus, and an orange flush of cirrus, and lakes of green haze, but the whole was crossed over by thirteen fan-shaped shadow lines, proceeding from a centre beneath the horizon. The shadow lines may be compared to the spokes of a wheel. They lay across this pageantry of colour, as if to mar it, to tell us not to make too much of the evening effulgences of promise. A fringe of night bounds the day, and ere the ruler of the light dips into the darkness, the night is made to keep a rosy twilight. Light shows its interior splendours in contact with cloud and water dust and dust of glassy crystals, and develops the red end of the spectrum. Heaven confers with earth in its losses and dependences, and comforts it, and will have us remember that it has much for us, though the night is coming. But even over the comforts and hopes are shadows, bars sinister, as if it was illegitimate to rejoice too much, or know too much, or hope too much. Modesty and moderation are advised; the overmuch is not good. The afterglows strike notes of the past and pensiveness in us. Our life rose in love, our birthday is a joy to our parents, re-

flecting the joy of God in us; it will set in the same love. But between the morning and evening there are chequered hours, sins, sorrows, agonies, and though our evenings are full of a hidden light, they are streaked with the sadder memories of the day. As the shadows of the evening fall, there will gleam upon us some brief intimations of the bright interiors of our being; it will be told us that we shall find our best in our worst. But the beautiful vision of God's care and our hopes shall be crossed by those shadow lines which speak of chastening and discipline. The shadow line over the luscious afterglow is a minor rhythm of colour. Our hunger for love and more life, for passion and more work, will carry the minor notes of the pain which our character has required, the cross which must be always in the heart, as the Resurrection is streaked with the dark lines of the crucifixion.

The afterglow speaks to the pathos of our being, and it strikes these notes because it contains the pathos. It carries the colours of affections in its original structure. The physics of vapour and colour and shadow mingling in a sunset is another version of our emotions, and both are versions of the Eternal Mind. The properties of water and light, the behaviour of colour and shadow, are the domain of physics. We pass from the cold region of physics—the mindless—into the warm latitudes of feeling, because they are adjacent countries, the

estate of the same Landlord. We pass from the tropics of the human affections into the Eternal Affection, and there find the sanctuary of worship. The picturesqueness of the afterglow reposes in the human affections, and both repose on the Eternal pathos in God. God comes out in light and colour and we see Him, and see the something in ourselves which answers to Him. The raw material of this pathos is the subject of science; the pathos itself is the matter of our affections; and when we trace science and feeling up to the Venerable Mystery of all feeling in God, we bring in religion, and there we worship pathetic with the past tenses of time. It is not by going to the metaphysical schools of Alexandria, but into the school of a sunset, that we enter into the sublime meaning of the words: In the beginning was the Eternal Mind; all things were made by Mind; He was in the world and the world was made by Him (i. 10).

Take a walk along a lakeside. A lake nestles among hills. It has been dug out in a catastrophe that broke two strata, along a weak line of junction, an anticline which has collapsed as a geologist would say, and then the broken saddle has been scooped by glaciers of the Ice Age. It receives the streams which issue from the corries, and all the torrents which the rains wash down. The pretty face looks up to Alpine heights. It is like Mary sitting at the

feet of Jesus, receiving thought and feeling, for canticles of praise and forces of action. As you walk along the lake-side, thinking into its waters a scud of clouds is caught and reflected on the glassy unruffled surface. Look round and there is a huge boulder, which glaciers have transported from a distant rock region ; it is flecked with lichens, and the polypody fern peeps out from every crevice of it, and the bilberry with its blue vase-like fruit is growing on its mossy back. Move on and stop, and the turtle-dove is cooing in the wood, and not far from you is the corncrake, crying crake, crake ; the capercailzie is watching you from the larch bough. A few feet forward, and the veronica on the roadside, and the foxglove on the stony heap, and the grass of Parnassus in the ditch, are in their best summer dress. A lively waterfall is not far off, and in a bend of the lake you will see the trout leaping out to catch flies, and the moorhen dips down to shun you. A few more steps, and you will see the humble-bee humming to the flowers, who is out in all weathers, and has errands to the clover and to the broom, and to the waterbank at all times. The yellow-hammer will notice you unmoved ; most patient of all birds in his seat, sitting for hours together, and singing love notes in spring, summer, and autumn ; only the winter silences him ; he cannot endure being far from his mate.

Reaching an eminence of slabs of schist, and

looking to the western sky, you saw the horizon barred from west to south with a mass of immovable purple, gray clouds, which looked like and immediately suggested a tangled mountain range. The top was rolled and shaped into a series of castles, domes, aiguilles, peaks, crowning and resting on the long cloudy mass. Above the summit was a clear, white sky, and above this white space of sky were flecks of cloud, as if they formed a cloudy atmosphere over a real mountain country. Below the summit, over the corries and plateaux of the cloudy continent lay a thin vapour of a lighter colour, as if it was a mist covering the lower valleys and spurs of the range, suggesting a real mist, such as we have often seen lying on the lower reaches of a hilly country when the summits are bare against the sky. The simulation of a solid mountain world was perfect. The resemblance of the unsubstantial vapour to the substantial rock is like the resemblance of the transitory to the eternal, which so often misleads us, till we learn by bitter experience that the transitory is not the eternal, but only the vapour of it. Nature dreams her mountains into clouds; clouds are the dreams of the mountains. The same Divine Draughtsman drew the lines of both mountain and cloud.

Here is a stir of mind dispersed in a mile of country, felt in half an hour. The boulder, the corncrake, the bee, the cloud are voices, ripples, sentences,

smiles, frowns, into which the Infinite Mind has written Himself. Every section of Nature seems to make a whole, integrates itself. The poet and the artist see this integration, and the worshipper who chants the wonders of God. In this dispersal of the Infinite Mind we get our symbolisms of the spiritual world. Here is the wardrobe from which language takes its varied dresses. Every word which expresses a moral or spiritual idea is taken from Nature. All the primitive languages, like Celtic, are pictorial, because their relations to Nature are very fresh. The universe is one large Emblem, made up of a thousand small emblems, which repose on the Uncreate, Unoriginate Mind. Allegories are apparitions of the Mind. The lake, the hill, the wood, the veronica are emblems given to us to read, and when our minds are in communion with the Eternal we get the readings.

Inwrought into the liveliness of the waterfall, and the bilberry blueness, and the shyness of the waterhen, is the stir of the Eternal Mind. Creation by Mind implies that every detail of it, and the whole in every part of it, are underlaid by thoughts, are costumes of ideas. Beauty is through her, and ethics is through her, and a soul is through her. If we could bloom with the daisy, and muse with the owl; if we could get the chaffinch to sing into us; if we could be flower and waterfall; if we could disperse ourself into the life of air and sky and

field,—then we would see the beauty in the opening words of the Memorabilia: All things were born of Mind, and without Mind was not anything born (i. 3). Mind was in the world, and the world was made by Him (i. 10). In this way we take abstruseness out of, and put a music into, these simple words.

The rust which attacks wheat is a fungus which requires three hosts to entertain it in order to make out its life-cycle. It is a plant of the lowest type, and is known to science as Uredo. It has three distinct forms in the three guest stages of its history. The spores have a resting stage on dried leaves in winter. In spring they develop and produce spores which are not satisfied with their winter quarters; they must be carried to the barberry, to be entertained on its leaves, where they grow into another form and then spore. These spores require another host, and they find their way to the wheat, where they grow into a third form and produce the third kind of spores, which we have seen as patches of orange dust, and which we call rust. From here they find their winter quarters on dried grass. A cryptogamist requires twenty different words to express the spore forms, the plant forms, the bed and the hotels, which this tiny and lowly creature requires, so many ideas are lodged in the creation of it. Take a stride across the thousand steps from fungus to grass and lily and fir and oak and rose to the seaweed. The seaweed unites both plant and

animal characteristics, locomotion in the larval stage and fixture in the adult stage. From the border region of the seaweed we go on to the ocean flowers and sea anemones and starfishes and bird and mammal, and we reach the Primates. In the Primates we meet with the subtle phenomenon of humour. In the idea of them we see that sly, slant, shy imitation of us, which is of the nature of humour. They mock us unconsciously. We encounter the mockable element in man, just at the junction where flesh is passing into mind, animality into mentality. If man allows vanity, lust, vulgarity in his nature, he delivers himself to be mocked and monkeyed. Mind when it admits these inferior elements is delivered over to Nature, and Nature has her satirist ready. The monkey is there to explain man to himself, who he is, who only apes reason ; very interesting are the monkey's movements, very vulgar and repulsive the man who does not rule himself by the highest.

Nature has found her climax in the Mind of Man, which she has been labouring to produce. The word Nature comes from the future participle of the verb to be born. There is a prophecy in every stage of her of something coming which has not come, but which is in her to produce. Instinct is the flower of all life, and it looks mutely up to mind, and when humour appears and mockery in the primates, mind is not far off. Certain minds

cannot take in the notion of design in Nature, they being overloaded by one set of ideas crowding out every other, a human infirmity. But the look of Nature in her progress upwards to mind is a look of purpose. The purpose of the Eternal Mind is to produce a likeness to Himself as close as parent and child. The Mind—the Eternal Mind—has been aiming at a development of physics and physiology in which will be generated a conscious relation between Him and one of His creatures. Every other relation has been automatic. As Mind emerges from the mindlessness of nature, nature fulfils herself. No greater creature than man is possible. The Evolution of Man into the spiritual kingdoms is now the work of the Eternal Mind. The translation of the spiritual man into his native unseennesses by death is the other work.

When we take a good grasp of the thought that we are the summary of the very varied and very ancient life below us, and the hope of a more varied and more ancient life before us, we know the meaning of the words: In the Eternal Mind was the life of the creation, and this life is the light of men (i. 4). We see who we are, and where we are, and what we are to do, and where we are going. It is space and light for us. We hold shares in what afterwards in the Memorabilia is known as Eternal Life.

Light in the Memorabilia is first the symbol of the Eternal Mind, and then of the mind in man which has emerged in nature. Darkness is mindlessness, the absence of mind. The light of mind now shineth in the darkness of a mindless Nature, and is not obscured or pulled down by it.[1] It is a fixed gain in the creation. Mind remains, finding in physics and physiology her birthplace, finding in the Eternal Mind her first and last homeland.

At this point our author finds that he has gone far enough in abstraction; perhaps the Hebrew was going beyond his depth, and losing his foothold. He stops and interjects narrative into his Greek preface, and takes breath ere he resumes. "There was a man sent by God whose name was John" (i. 6). He takes up the Greek strain after a flap of the wing, recovering himself.

The earliest function which the Mind of man performs is Religion. The structure of the stomach performs the function of digestion; and the structure of the nerves the function of innervation. Mind, faculty, and feeling perform the function of religion. This is one of the largest and clearest facts which has been accented for us with new accents in our day. The most primitive mind as

[1] Mark the force of *κατέλαβεν*, verse 5. The light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness overturns it not.

it now exists, and the most ancient mind which our records register, are steeped in religion. Religion is the worship of the Eternal Mind by the human mind; the reference of the human reason to the Eternal Reason, of Whom it is the Image, Who presses upon it, and is seen everywhere. This is the origin of Religion, about which so much is being written nowadays. The Eternal Mind is the true Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world (i. 9). Man having got light or mind at once worships the Light of lights, the Mind of minds. The human faculty shows this worshipful correspondence, which it opens as soon as it begins its performances in the world.

Dr. Turner was a missionary for forty years in Samoa, one of the Polynesian islands, and saw the islanders pass from paganism into Christianity. The islanders had no idols, but their ideas were steeped in religious conceptions. Nature was to them an incarnation of Divine thought, which awed and thrilled them with a sense of God. One family saw the incarnation in a heron, and another in a cuttle-fish, and a third in a rainbow, and these became objects of fear and reverence as manifestations of the Eternal Power over Nature. Turner says, the gods appeared to them "in some visible incarnation."[1] Very exquisite this childhood of the race, in which the incipient forms of the Incarnation idea appears.

[1] *Samoa, a hundred years ago*, by George Turner, LL.D., p. 17.

The capable Polynesian mind placed above these incarnations a Being whose name implies, as Turner says, the Illimitable and Unrestricted.[1] Mr. Herbert Spencer has been an industrious student of the religions of the world, and his conclusion is, that "extreme attention to religious rites characterises the lower types."[2]

M. Renouf, reading the monuments of the ancient Egyptians, says, "In studying their religion, we have to deal not with a mere sentiment, but with a vast and complicated system of beliefs and institutions resulting from their view of man's relations to the Unseen."[3] Ewald says of the primitive Hebrew, "Something vast and awful stood over against him and compelled him to give up or dare all things in order to approach it and draw it nearer to himself." Swinging round from the old world to the new, we meet the same phenomenon. M. Reville has given us this conclusion of his studies of the Mexican religions, which in their luxury for human sacrifice exceed in voluptuousness anything we know, though the Mexicans and Peruvians were semi-civilised peoples. "Indeed I know not where one could look for so complete a *résumé* of what has constituted in all places, now the smallness and wretchedness, now the grandeur and

[1] *Samoa, a hundred years ago*, p. 52.
[2] *Ecclesiastical Institutions*, p. 20.
[3] M. Renouf's *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 26.

nobleness, of that incomprehensible and irresistible factor of human nature which we call religion." [1]

The saturation of the human mind with religiousness is perfect. The deepest mark on humanity is cut by the religious idea. It is not far from the truth to say that Mind emerges from a religious plasma in Nature itself, or if you like it, a religious plasma constitutes the human faculty. And what is Religion but the sense of God in the soul, the correspondence of the mind with the Eternal Mind, the vision of the Light of lights. Religion is the chant of the awe and the beauty, the hope and the thankfulness which the Mind has felt in the presence of the venerable Mystery Who invests us round. Religion is the ultimate attitude of mind towards the universe, the expression of the sublime purport of being found in God. Sacrifice, prayer, hymn, psalm, have never ceased. In an old book which gives the ideal acts of the ideal humanity in its ideal dawn, Cain and Abel are pictured as bringing each a sacrifice which the conscience of God has inspired.

The Eternal Mind is the true Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world (i. 9), gives him the light of mind. He is the origin of mind in man. Man is the shining of this Light, and religiousness is the direct product of it.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has defined in words terse and true but inadequate in form, the Environment

[1] M. Reville's *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 80.

of the Divine Light which awakes religiousness. In his last words on religion, he says: "But amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that man is ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed."[1] The inadequacy of this conception of God consists in its being the conclusion of biological science; as poetry it is good. Energy means light.

Biology maintains that life is higher than energy, that an oak is on a higher plane than light, and a hawk than heat; protoplasm is more than physics. Mind has appeared in life, and it is still higher; it is the crown of creation. The human brain is the most complex organ found in the zoological series, and thought which accompanies it is the highest endowment. Therefore the Inscrutable Power visible throughout the universe can be adequately represented only in terms of the highest in nature, which is mind. The one absolute certainty is that man is ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Mind, from which all things proceed. And further, as we know Mind only in persons, and personality is the sublime phenomena of Mind, we would get nearer to the mystery of the universe by saying that the one absolute certainty is that man is ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Person, from

[1] "A Retrospect and Prospect," *Nineteenth Century*, January 1884, p. 12.

Whom all things proceed. And once more, love is the highest thing in a person, coming up through lower forms in the energy of heat, and attractions of molecule and affinities of cell, and the differentiation of germ and sperm cells into sex. Glorified sex is Love. Love is glorified energy in the strict scientific sense of the word energy. Therefore we would get still nearer to the heart of the universe by the definition that the one absolute certainty is that man is ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Love, from Whom all things proceed. Mr. Spencer has lost the cunning of his right hand in stopping where he has stopped, and his right hand is biology. The late Professor Clifford, with a fine insight, saw mind-stuff as the primitives even of matter. Mind must supply the materials for the justest conception of the Infinite and Eternal, and Love as the highest in the invisibles of mind carries the conception into a higher realm.

"Love is a great spirit (δαίμων), and like all spirits he is intermediate between the divine and the mortal."[1] "God mingles not with man, but through love all the intercourse and speech (διάλεκτος) of God with man whether awake or asleep is carried on."[2] "In the *Phædrus* and *Symposium* love and philosophy join hands, and one is an aspect of the other."[3] So the Greek thought, God is Love—so the Hebrew sums

[1] *Symposium*, Jowett's Plato, vol. ii. p. 203. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] Jowett's *Introduction to Phædrus*, vol. ii. p. 77.

up. Science must come into line with philosophy and religion and give up its conceits about energy.

The religions of the world have a divine mission and spiritual functions. The distinction between natural and revealed religion is now nearly broken down. All religions are revelations of God in man and to man. Two facts are the basis of all religion, the sense of God in us, and the sense of a Hereafter. These two forces are seen everywhere, dimmer and clearer, in all the religions of the world, the interpretation which lights up the universe for us ; effulgences brighter than the sun ; in which law, truth, duty, and beauty have been found. Hitherto Christ has been read by the teaching of Paul ; it is the more accessible teaching for us, the lower round of the ladder. When Christ shall have been read by the teaching of the Memorabilia, fresh lights, widening the territories of the religious kingdoms, are obtained. In these remarkable words, He is the true Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, we have the sanction for all the religions of the world. In words as pregnant, He was in the world and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not, we have the method of this sanction. The religions of the world are all Christian religions, there is a Christ in them ; but the world is unconscious of Him. It has pleased God to leave the Christ unknown till He is historically revealed in

the flesh. This is the truth in the preface to the Memorabilia, which no attentive reader can miss. The Eternal Mind is informing and had always informed the human mind, has kept the human mind in information of the Eternal, which has organised the religions of the world. Man has not been neglected by God; human nature has not been a hunting ground for the devil; the devil is only the scavenger of it.

We are assisted into the meaning of the ethnic religions by the teaching elsewhere recorded. A Roman centurion had felt the Person of Jesus, and was a secret believer in Him, unknown to Him. The opportunity of a sorrow comes and he is driven to Christ, to seek resource in Him. Christ saw a faith in him, who belonged to the world outside the Hebrew, which was unknown in the more favoured Hebrew world. He delivers Himself on this occasion of a large truth, imperial in character, and imperialisms are overlooked by the human faculty. He says: Many shall come from the east and west and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.[1] To the east of Palestine the meridian lines embrace Assyria, Persia, the Tartaries, India, China. To the west they embrace Greece, Italy, Germany, Britain. When our Lord spoke these words these countries were what we call Pagan or heathen, though it is time we abandoned words

[1] Matt. viii. 11.

which carry associations of human degradation. We should adopt the word ethnic or Gentile for all nations outside the elect Christian world, and the Jew will now be included in the Gentile world. Christ says that spiritual men are to be found in abundance, not merely in exceptions, who are prepared for the spiritual kingdoms by the systems of nature, who will be the equals of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. It is the way of the Memorabilia to give the rationale, the inner idea, to the synoptic records, and the interior significance of Pagan spirituality is found in the words: That was the true Light, the Light of lights, the Ideal Light, Who lighteneth every man that cometh into the world. He was in the world, the root of the nations, and the world was made by Him, and the world was unconscious of Him.

On another occasion Christ repeats the same idea, neglected by our theology, because it could not be squared with its logic. He is asked a question prompted by a serious curiosity, such as has been always asked by anxious souls walled up into a system: Lord, are there few that be saved? The Great Teacher answers the perplexity by first insisting on a personal interest in the great salvation, from which the mind slowly expands its acreage of theological dominion. Then He throws down the walls of the system and removes the benevolent doubt: They shall come from the east and from the west and from the north and from the south, and

shall sit down in the kingdom of God. And behold there are last which shall be first.[1] This means that the number of the saved is not only large, but is found in all nations. Every religion contributes to swell the number. It is the way of the Memorabilia to show us Christ as the conciliation of opposing systems, and this conciliation is done by the interior truth, that He is the Light which lighteneth every man who cometh into the world.

Our traditional theology is just like every other old system. It has done good work, and it requires modification by the admission of those cross-lights which fall upon all knowledge in the course of two or three centuries. When rightly understood it is one road through the spiritual country; but no country is known by seeing it from one road only. Twenty roads must be taken to know the mountains and glens and lakes and plains of a great country. To men who have been seeing the spiritual country from the one road only, a report from other roads will be not only strange but incredible. The Christian ought to be like a Fellow of the Geographical Society, who entertains travellers over unexplored lands and is interested in their story. But this is just what certain minds will not do, and they are the sources of unhappy controversies. It is a misuse of our theology by so-called orthodox men.

The religions of the world are maligned institu-

[1] Luke xiii. 29.

tions, maligned by the theology of the church and by the science of our day. The new science of biology might have helped the old science of theology into a finer estimate of religion, but it has repeated in a more vulgar form the calumnies of theology, oblivious of its own art. Biology encounters religion at the summits of life, and sends it downstairs. Religion must be a science; it is the most persistent factor in the evolution of human life. The theologian is consistent enough in his antipathy to the religions of the world, because he believes in an aboriginal catastrophe which has ruined the race, and cast nine-tenths of mankind in the arms of a semi-omnipotent devilish power, who is the God of this world, and the religions of the world are devil worships. A section of the school of science has revived this belief, and will keep it alive for some time yet, which was fast becoming obsolete. Mr. Spencer and Professor Huxley have traced religion to ghosts seen in the dreams of primitive men. It is quite a problem, humour perhaps of the ghost and grim sort, this tracing the facts of religion to the sight of ghostlands in the dreams of savages. The two articles of faith which have constructed the institutions of religion, are the sense of God and the vision of a hereafter beyond the grave. And Spencer tells us these have been vapours of the night, and then have become masterful inspirations. This is mind in a fog; the universe is too big for us, and confounds us. The imagery of

a dream is a confused reflection and refraction of waking thoughts, worked by a law similar to that of phosphorescence. Light, which has been absorbed in the day and detained in the tissues of some animals, and which is given off at night, is known to science as degraded light, and popularly as phosphorescence, though it has nothing to do with phosphorus. Thought which has left its traces in the brain as it passed through it in the day, appears at night as a network of refractions in the dream. In the language of science a dream is degraded thought. Phosphorescence bids you go back to light to understand it. A dream bids you go back to the day thought. A friend dies, and carries our life with him, and he becomes an emotion within us. God and the universe have taken him; he is still somewhere, unlost to love. Love in collision with death visioning immortality, and assured that there is a home with God for our friends, is the day meaning of the night phantasy. It is a miscarriage of thought of serious import that men who have made large contributions to the thought of our day should not know the difference between phosphorescence and light, between the day thought and the night dream. Surely this earth of ours is a solid island moored in the blue inane around us, and we ourselves are authentic messengers in it; and the history of Moses and David and Paul and Pascal and Livingstone and Shaftesbury is not a

mad coil of phantasms. It is a burlesque and a deliquium of all science to be told by philosophers that the large facts of our religious life have their origin in dreamlands and phosphorescences. It is the despair of science, despair up to the lips. Can you do even jerry-building on such foundations? You dont mean that from the cerebral gas of dreams has risen up the stately structure of Christendom. Opium smoking, which organises rare dreams, ought to be tried to produce a new religion. Can a plasma of opium reveries build up a life? On this theory, the human brain, which is the most finished organ, of intricate traceries and grooves, is a fraud on nature. The human mind, towards which instinct looks up as its crown, turns out to be an imbecility. Evolution stands discredited, and biology is a failure and no science.

Industrious and perspicuous thinkers are attempting to make a science of Religion; biology makes it a science. But they don't see that they employ phrases and words which make it impossible that it could be a science, and this obliviousness is seen in men of the type of Spencer and Huxley, and Andrew Lang. Fish god, bird god, shell worship, plant worship, ancestor worship, magic, necromancy, idolatry, superstition, are a few of the delicate and delicious phrases which are served up in this literature. It is so apparent that these phrases are steeped in as-

sociations which suggest a degraded humanity, and in theological circles of a devil-possessed humanity. No science can be made with such a vocabulary.

The first question to settle is whether the religion you are making into a science is a legitimate product of the human faculty or a disease. Are your researches into a wholesomeness or a pathology? A literature which employs such words as bird worship, shell worship, magic, fetichism, can only suggest religion as a chronic diseased secretion of the human brain. I have not seen it hinted that the bird god is a divine ideality seen in the bird by primitive men, which makes the bird a medium of religious feeling. Ancestor worship is the human ideality seen in departed spirits, which makes them a memory of God and of the spiritual world. We are not told that worship is a method of art or language to express the sense of God felt in the soul, and an effort to make it vivid. Wordsworth says the celandine is an elf telling tales of the sun, a kindly unassuming spirit; he sees a spirit in the woods; the stars have feelings. He says that the dead Lucy Gray is still seen by many upon the wild, that the white doe of Rylstone is the daughter of the Eternal Prime. He says he is a worshipper of Nature. Was Wordsworth a celandine worshipper or a tree worshipper, because he saw the same idea in them as primitive men? Did Wordsworth deify natural objects? Deification is another misleading

word in the study of religion. The vocabulary we are using in the study of the religions of the world would make Wordsworth an idolater, a fetichist, a polytheist, a necromancer. It is a canon of biological science that if you want to understand a primitive structure, such as appears in the lower forms of life, you will get its meaning from the higher form. Read the religions of primitive men, the religions of Nature, by the light of Wordsworth's worship of nature. You can get no science of religion till you abandon such words as idolatry and define such words as worship. We have even failed to perceive that idolatry is *idealatry*, that they both mean vision. The vision of an idea of God seen in nature and the admiration of it is idealatry. This admiration put into art is idolatry. Substitute wonder for worship, and idealatry for idolatry, and you will come at science. When bishops and professors of science worship on All Saints' Day, do they worship ancestors, or is All Saints' Day an evolution of ancestor worship? If so, look with respect on both. Superstition, as the word implies, is a belief stranded into an age with which it is not in perspective, an old belief not in perspective with present attainments, like rudimental organs which have no correlations, but which are very interesting tales of genealogy. A science of religion is only possible when we have recast its entire phraseology and dismissed the associations which cluster round the current vocabulary.

One truth which John makes conspicuous in the Memorabilia is that the beliefs, worships, and customs, and laws of men are lights which have come from the Light of lights, which is the Eternal Mind. He is the true Light which lighteneth every man who cometh into the world, and the light is never eclipsed by the darkness. He was in the world, and the world was made by Him. He underlies the universe; the universe inheres in Him; the life of all nature is the stir of God; the history of all humanity is the history of God; the religions of the world are the varied endeavours of man seeking after the Eternal Mind, putting into art or syntax his desire after God and his homelands with Him, his admiration and adoration of the infinite and the eternal.

Two conceptions of God are possible to the mind, and a combination of the two in various proportions has ruled the religions of the world. An analysis of the proportions is an inquiry for the science of religion. God as over the universe, Creator and Governor; God as in the universe, a Dweller in it, inherent in it, the motion of the air, the thrill of the blackbird, the worship in man. Both conceptions are presented in these Memorials of Jesus, God the presiding Head and Over All of the universe; God the inspiring Heart and the Stir within the universe. He was in the world, the throb and thrill of it. And the world was made by Him,

the Maker and Owner of it, God immanent and God transcendent.

Plato has said, like John, that the origin of worship is in the two facts that the Soul is the Eldest and most Divine of the creation, and that Mind is seen in Nature. Mind, as it appears in man, Plato would call the Soul. The vision of Mind in Nature, and the correspondence of Mind in man with God, excite worship. "No man can be a true worshipper of the Gods who does not know these two principles, that the Soul is the Eldest of all things which are born . . . and he who has not contemplated the mind of nature which is said to exist in the stars." [1]

God as a Power over nature has everywhere excited the loyalty of the human soul. As a Thought in nature, and as a Presence in man, He has been the mystic tumult of the selecter spirits of all races. It is a marvellous phenomenon, this of worship; the worshipful attitude towards the Infinite before Whom we tremble now and rejoice at another time, Who has inspired psalm and hymn, Who has defined right and wrong, unknown to suns and planets, Who has created art and architecture by which beautiful houses have been provided for this attitude. The existence of God cannot be proved, but we don't want a God Whom we can discuss, but a God Whom we can worship. Worship is the discovery of an August Correspondent. The Being of God is an impossible

[1] *Laws*, Jowett's Plato, vol. v. p. 541.

idea for the intellect. It is unthinkable to thought, unutterable to language. Worship triumphs over the unthinkable and the unutterable, over the impossibilities of the intellect, and puts us into communications with God. Worship is the answer of the human faculty to its native Environment.

When a science of religion shall have been made out, it will be found that the evolution of religion has taken the career which is registered in the Memorabilia of John. The Venerable Mystery, the Unthinkable Power, who has excited the worship of the human faculty, is unveiled as the Eternal Father of the Eternal Jesus. In this Reverence, this occult factor is also discovered that there was an unconscious worship of Jesus Himself, who lay, as it were, folded up in nature and humanity.

This daring conception is the dominant note of the Memorabilia, and it is an authentic audacity, verified by the worship of the modern world, which has been given equally to the Father and the Son. It is the cause, reason, and ground of Christendom. It was involved, as a suspected primordial, in the reverences of the ancient world.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ETERNAL MIND IN HUMAN FLESH.

JOHN i. 14-18.

"*And the Eternal Mind was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, and we beheld His splendour, the splendour as of the Only Born of the Father, full of beauty and truth.*"

"*No man hath seen God at any time; the Only Born, the One only Son, Who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him.*"

"*It is the God Incarnate, more than the God of the Jews or of Nature, who being idealized, has taken so great and salutary a hold on the modern mind. And whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left,—a unique figure, not more unlike all His precursors than all His followers, even those who had the direct benefit of His teaching.*" JOHN STUART MILL.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ETERNAL MIND IN HUMAN FLESH.

WE thus reach the royal note of the Memorabilia, which sums up its Greek preface, that the Thought seen in nature, and the Emotion felt in the stir of our being, and the Correspondent discovered in religion, took on the vestment of the flesh. The Personality and Love in the universe and over it was incarnated in the body of Jesus Christ. It was a discovery of perceiving minds. And when the world of men had made this discovery that the worship of ages, this most persistent phenomenon of mind, was the unconscious worship of a Mind and Person who, late in the ages, has appeared in human flesh, it sent a thrill through humanity which still vibrates, the pulse and potency of which is the very life of the highest humanity and of the latest civilisation. That nature and mind were pregnant in all time with Jesus Christ is the discovery that awoke the new consciousness which freshened the Roman and Greek world in its

exhaustions, and is the secret of the revolution which began the new Christian world.

He was in the world and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not (i. 10)—was unconscious of Him. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not (i. 11),—He was unrecognisable by those who had the traditions of Him in their nation's history. This unconsciousness, before Christ became historic, was inevitable. This want of recognition in the Hebrew was due to degeneration.

The Eternal Mind was made or born flesh.

The Incarnation idea has been regarded as a mystery which must stand insular and inexplicable in the world of ideas. It is the commonplace of creation, the idea everywhere in nature. Nature is an incarnation of thought and emotion. A new science has to be created out of the natural sciences, the science that defines and illuminates the thought and feeling impregnating nature. Primitive mind has always stood with reverence and wonder before the phenomena of Nature as an apparition of something behind and beyond Nature, something visible to man of the Eternal Mind, which is both in Nature and which transcends it; theophanies of God. We ourselves are the most accented expressions of God. The expectation from the beginning has been that the manifestation of God was not finished with man, that a more spiritual evolution was imminent, that the immanent Mind in nature and in

man is the prophecy of another phenomenon. When the mind stuff in atom and cell became conscious Mind in man, the creation was capped with its apex. But the evolution of creation could not stop there. A further wonder of Mind was expected and appeared in Jesus Christ. Since mind has organised itself into a personality, there is no difficulty in the conception that the Eternal Mind should be vestured in a personality like Jesus Christ. We may almost expect it. We don't stop even here. A millennial expectancy is still before us, an apparition of mind higher still. The fragment of truth in the crude millenarian ideas is that the history of the Eternal Mind requires some other phase adequately to express itself; is always prophetic. John tells us that the college in Galilee saw the glory of the Only Born of the Father, full of beauty and truth (i. 14). From Him he heard the words, Behold I come quickly. And he wanted another coming, and answered, Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

Parthenism, or a virgin birth, is no difficulty to a naturalist. It is only a difficulty to literary men and metaphysicians who don't know nature and her methods. Parthenogenesis, or sexless generation, is one of the known methods of Nature, far up in the zoological series. If we look at the divine ideas lodged in the creation of bees and ants, and the brain power they possess, they show the intelligence of the vertebrates nearest to man. The

idea of social life, the subdivision of labour, the mathematics of the figure of the hexagon, the architecture of house building, the idea of a queen bee as the centre of the hive economy, like making woman the centre of home, an idea which has only been developed in the highest human civilisation, and the extraordinary instinct which tells them that they can turn a neuter bee into a female by feeding it on a particular kind of food—we see in these the high scale of life which these creatures have reached, and the singular thoughts which the Eternal Mind has put into these creatures. These creatures show parthenism or sexless generation. It is a method of Nature, which having once appeared may appear again. It is a canon of biology that no fact in Nature which has emerged is lost, but is modified or merged into some other fact. The embryo of the highest mammals, including man, goes through the lower forms of life before it takes on its own specific character; the marks and memory of its serial connexions and the past doings of other species, and a great antiquity being preserved. Nature is not cheated of her rights when a parthenian birth takes place in the human family. It is the reappearance of one of her primitive methods. When Wesley sings the Christmas carol—

> Christ by highest heaven adored,
> Christ the everlasting Lord,

Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb,

we are touched in tenderest and most ancient parts of our being, because the truth of Nature is in it.

The worship of Jesus is the ruling fact of the modern world. Worship means that you have an invisible Correspondent who is thinking His thoughts into you. No worship is possible without this inthinking ; it is the occultness in that singular phenomenon.

The worship of Jesus has displaced the old-world worships of Hebrew, Greek, Roman, and Teuton. The incarnation of the Eternal Mind in Jesus Christ has succeeded to the incarnations of divine ideas in Nature. The worship of Jesus has not scattered these worships but absorbed and fulfilled them, taken their place as a gold sovereign does the florin. Noble reversions to the old reverences may be seen all through the Christian age in men like Carlyle, who is a modern Norseman, and of Wordsworth, who is a modern Greek. Existing worships of the old Greek and Teuton type are now passing before our eyes into the worship of Jesus, as in Madagascar, Samoa, and Japan. The true missionary method is not to attack the religions of men, but to show their fulfilment in the worship of Jesus. It is one of the largest facts of our world that the worship of Jesus has served itself as heir and successor to the

worships of the past, legitimating these old world worships and legitimating itself. This worship is the very gain of the modern world, the potencies of which have stimulated latent energies and directed the development of the European races. Worship is the stair by which we go up to God. John sees the fulfilment of a hitherto unfinished creation, the crown of evolution, in the advent of Jesus Christ in the flesh, and he works the visible creation up to this completeness. "And the Eternal Mind became flesh and dwelt amongst us, and we beheld His splendour, the splendour of the Only Born of the Father, full of beauty[1] and truth" (i. 14).

Nature half hides half shows the grace and truth within herself. The Eternal Mind incorporate in Jesus Christ shows wholly the beauty and truth in the universe of God, shows the Love which is the highest element in Mind.

The worship of Jesus is quite an originality in our world. The Hebrews had a genius for religion, but never in the long record of their religious genius did they worship a man. They gloried in Abraham and rejoiced in Moses and David, but they never referred themselves to their departed spirits. Any such reference would have been a profanity. The worship of men was also alien to the Greek genius.

[1] χάρις must be taken in its primary sense of beauty. To render it by gratuity is to put a Pauline meaning into it. It occurs only in this chapter of the Memorabilia.

Herodotus, in his own chatty way, though his chat unconsciously merges into poetry, tells us that two Spartans of birth were sent to the King of the Medes as an expiation for the crime of murdering two Persian heralds. When they arrived at the court of the King, the officers in attendance commanded the victims to worship the King. They answered that they had come to die, but it is not the way of their country that they should worship a man.[1]

Why do we love the old country? why is the heather on the moors, and the hills on which we have looked, and the starlings which we have seen collect in the elm tree, more to us than the Alps of Switzerland and the palms of Arabia? Because they have been printed upon our minds from the plastic days of childhood and are a part of ourselves. You can see elsewhere the umbrageous banian tree, the brilliant bird of paradise, the tremendous falls of Niagara. We like a visit to these sights, but we must return to haunts more familiar. Do you ever weary of the spring lilac or the summer grass field? There seems to be something new in the liquid notes of the mavis every May you hear them, and in the red on the breast of the robin every October you see it. You have seen many autumn frosts turn vermilion the wild cherry leaves, and draw yellow lines on the ground work of green on the laburnum

[1] Herodotus, vii. 136.

leaf, but you are moved with these autumn hues every year. What novelty can touch such delicate chords as the recurring repetitions of these commonplaces. Have we ever too much of them? Have we even enough of them? Now mark, their influence lies in their capacity to become commonplaces. This property of Nature, of its tone and note to insinuate itself into the finer parts of our mind, and to become an unwearying imagery there, contains also this truth that we and Nature are made for each other; fellows in mind, mind answers mind.

Every originality, if it is to be a permanent force, must have the capacity of becoming a commonplace. It must lose its novelty and become a familiarity. It must become the air we breathe, the stars we see, and the food we take, which are wonders of physics, astronomy, and physiology only when we think about them, but daily forces which carry no surprise in them. The worship of Jesus was once a novelty to the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman world, and to our Teutonic forefathers. It has become a currency and a custom, and in its property of becoming a commonplace is its genuineness; contains the truth that we are made for each other; it is our meat and drink. It is the solid common earth beneath our feet, the sapphire daily sky above our head. Our mind answers the Eternal Mind incorporate in Jesus Christ.

When in a high moment of being you ask

yourself, how am I to right myself, how get into line with law and legitimacy, how make straight the crookedness which has got into my history, I say, Worship Jesus. When in a higher moment of being, you find yourself scribbled all over with hints which you would like were explained to you, fugitive writings which elude you, coming and going, and leaving a suspicion behind of a being within a being, an unknown within the known, which you see in glimpse but cannot detain or develop — I say, Worship Jesus, and you will get details and detentions of a gladdening literature. An artist does not paint light, but the light of light, a light which the mind sees, after the eye has done with it. A sculptor does not chisel the mere face that is before him, but a face that looks out of that face, something which lies behind the face he sees. The worship of Jesus has taken us behind sense and behind beauty into other worlds. We are made artists of the spiritual. It has harmonised sense and spirit; put mind and matter into peaceable relations. It has domesticated us into new virtues here and into the auguries of a future elsewhere. The worship of Jesus has made us equal to our situation, in the border strife of two worlds.

The reinforcements of the human faculty by the worship of the Incarnation may be briefly summed up. We know a great fact by its capacity for

work, as a translated force in human affairs: our Christmas carols are inspired by perceptions made lucid to us by the birth in Bethlehem. We find that the Incarnation is a working force in our affairs.

1. The central reinforcement which the Incarnation supplies to the human faculty is the fact of the divine kinship with us, that the Creator has feeling enough to become the creature. A likeness of man to God was very early perceived by seers, and found ample expression in the words, So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him, male and female created He them,—intimating that even in maleness and femaleness there is a likeness to the divine nature. The idea of likeness has developed into kinship by the assistance of the Incarnation. There is a humanness in God is the rumour which has been reported to us by the birth in Bethlehem. This is the highest publication of God's nature made to us, and it is ennobling and relieving. No man hath seen God at any time (i. 18); but the Incarnation brings Him into our feeling, and makes Him more than merely knowable. He is an emotion within us. He cannot be sensed by sight or known to the intellect, because the ranges of sense and mind are limited; but He is felt in the thrill of sympathy.

The Incarnation is a quotation from an occult literature which had not been translated to us. To have read this quotation in the vernacular of Bethle-

hem, and it has made God our Father and the universe a homeland for us. The idea of Emanuel, God with us, fell upon the ancient prophet in a time of national distress; it was an eloquence he employed to restrain a king from foreign alliances,[1] but it was the shadow of an unknown Person whom the prophet could not define, an apparition of the future which pain had struck out in him. As the world grew more alive to its own sadness and man to his sore existence, the Incarnation became a fact, and it awoke an active sympathy with the divine nature, and it was an immense gain to the stock of the world's working forces. God has been an awe and a distance and a magnitude, Who has at one time attracted and at another again repelled. In Hebraism the distance became a vacancy and was often filled up by art, and images became idolatries. Later it became a sullenness, and Pharisaism turned the repulsions into an etiquette, an ingenious feat of compromise. In Hellenism the coercions of religion became an agnosticism, as it is in the culture of our day, and altars were erected in Athens to the Unknowable God. The Incarnation reduces this sullenness into sweetness, and clarifies the agnosticism into knowledge. God is Power in Hebraism appalling the Hebrew at Sinai; He is Thought in Hellenism, attracting the learned caste, repelling the multitude; He is Sympathy in Christianity. Power

[1] Isaiah vii.

and thought are fused into a fire of feeling by the Incarnation; we are kith and kin to the divine nature.

The wise men of the East,—Magi of Babylon and Persia,—astronomers by profession, had looked with an oppression mixed with melancholy on the glorious roll and sweep of the heavens, on the magnitude of the orbs and the distances of their orbits, in the infinities of space. They had admired and anthemed the Power that moved and steadied the forces of the sky. They had been unconsciously educating themselves for an unexpected discovery; they had become sensitive to a new publication of the contents of the universe. Magnitude pressing on the intellect became an evolution of a feeling in the heart. They felt that God in a cradle was more a king of men than in the infinite of the stars. They had explored spaceless space and timeless time, and now they worship a Babe in the cradle in the narrowest limitations of time and space. This is a genuine human perception by the scientific men of the day. God as human is the most striking quotation from the originalities of the universe. This delicate insight by learned men of antiquity is worth accentuating in the present day when the divinity of Jesus is placed in a mythology. They offered unto Him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

God in a cradle, God in school, God in a work-

shop, God teaching men in human language, God weeping, God in thirst, God in death,—this is the new conception of God which freshened an exhausted world and absorbed the essences of old civilisations and created a new age. The pressure of existence was lightened; the melancholy was relieved; the feeling that we are on unfriendly ground was lost. The Eternal Mind was made flesh and dwelt amongst us and we beheld His glory, the glory of the Only Born of the Father, full of beauty and of truth. As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God (i. 12),—men who don't feel that they are strangers in God's world, or mariners wrecked and cast on these islands of time.

When all the thought and emotion in the infinities of Nature are summarised in man, when he is an epitome of the Eternal Mind, it should be no difficulty to us that the Eternal Mind should have assumed human flesh and dwelt amongst us. With an insight, unblurred by prejudice, have the higher minds recognised the Incarnation as a working force in human affairs, making an historical epoch. John Stuart Mill, a philosopher, who did not belong to the Christian school, says: "It is the God Incarnate more than the God of the Jews or of Nature who being idealised, has taken so great and salutary a hold on the modern mind." And Macaulay, with historic picturesqueness, has said: "It was before

Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the synagogue, and the doubts of the academy, and the pride of the portico, and the fasces of the lictor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled to the dust." And Goethe: "But what a task it was . . . to recognise humility and poverty and despite and disgrace and wretchedness, suffering, and death; to recognise them as divine. . . . Of this indeed we find some traces in all ages, but the trace is not the goal; and this being now attained, the human species cannot retrograde; and we may say that the Christian religion having once appeared cannot again vanish, having once assumed the divine shape can be subject to no dissolution."

We are at strife with our bodies; we are ashamed of many of the parts; it is not a fit vehicle for the mind, cumbersome at best, loathsome ofttimes in its secretions and excretions, and only tolerable as a temporary instrument. But we can more than endure the body; we can honour it because God has honoured it by dwelling in it. We don't like the limitations of the mind; we see how easily we could overflow if the walls of the body were taken down. But we honour our boundaries since God enclosed Himself in them. We have bereaved

hearts, lone and sad; but we can live though our loved ones are far away, since God has loved and wept at the grave. We are angry with the work of sin and evil, hating their marks upon us and the visages of them all round us; but we can look the mystery in the face since God was numbered with the transgressors. Death is an unreconciled gloom, and it is to us a comfort to know that we are going the way all the great and holy of our kind have gone. But when we know that the Eternal Mind, the Uncreate Original of us, has passed through these horrid portals, we would not like to be excepted and not taste of death. The Incarnation is a large reconciliation.

We are all dumb poets, smouldering with embers which will not go into speech; we carry an unspoken oppression within of the Eternities from which we have come and into which we are passing. But the reply given to these silences by the Incarnation calms us, doubles our manhood, brightens our skies, and to the evening dusks gives a suffusion, gladdening us beyond all knowing. I once saw a December afterglow, when there was no cloud in the air. The smoke of a manufacturing city lay on the horizon and became a bright brown, from the ragged edges of which a strong orange flush spread over the south-western space of sky, and over this was a delicate pink flush which shaded away into the gray of the zenith. And so the winter evening died away, leaving an

engaging memory of itself. It was suggestive, beyond all speaking, in the strength and delicacy of its colour. So, I thought, the Incarnation gives a suffusion of colour to our evening dusks, and I seemed to hear the echo of an old voice, Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. We fall into the strains of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.

And mark, this improved conception of God has revised our conceptions of man. Always, it has been, that an improved conception of God becomes an active force of revolution in human affairs, rearranging much else for us, drawing a new coast line.

2. The Virgin and the Child have so affected the imagination that they have become subjects of highest Art. A pure motherhood, the beauty of childhood, the virtue of chastity, have become ideals, almost distinctive of the Christian age for their pathos and popularity, and art shows us where the ideals have come from. That woman is the equal of man has become a truism, but it is nowhere accepted as a fact outside the Christian world. It is this truism which has turned polygamy and concubinage into illegalities. A nimbus is round the head of mother and child, and motherhood is a beautiful mystery with its deathless affections, and childhood has become a subject of art for the first

time. In Greece the Homeric women held an honourable place in the house. The story of the Odyssey has its main interest in the absorbing sorrow of Penelope through twenty years for her lost husband. In Rome a temple stood dedicated to chastity, and its vestal fires were kept perpetually burning, and tended by maidens of noble houses, who were selected for this post of highest honour. But the ideals were not sustainable, wanted a sustaining force; the fires burnt out; the sentiment never became popular with an undisputed authority. Our Christmastide sustains the family idea from year to year, the birth in Bethlehem being authoritative. For years past our illustrated prints have given us pictures of girl childhood as Christmas gifts, painting the national sentiment, the Incarnation reinforcing the beauty and pathos of the family idea.

3. The Incarnation has also made central and influential an excellence which was only among the accidents of character in the old world. Humility is a modern force in character. It is a feminine virtue, and could not flourish where woman was not the equal of man. The inheritance of qualities which Christ selects is from the mother's side, and human character is reinforced by meekness and gentleness. The Latin word from which humility comes uniformly means small in stature, feeble in mind, mean in birth. The Greek word for humility was rescued by Christian sentiment from the mean-

ing of sneak and servile. There were humble men before Christ came; Aristotle had defined meekness as a virtue. But it was not a central element of character; courage was; the Spartan type was the cultivated and approved type. The Nativity in Bethlehem rearranged the elements of character; the order went forth from there to instal humility into a great first cause, which had once been crowded away into a corner. The Incarnation has made humility authoritative, and a popular authority. And humility is a power, because it opens us to the finest influences, because it bends before facts, because it can sacrifice self. Obedience is the Hebrew excellence; thought the Greek excellence; valour the Roman excellence. Humility is the Christian excellence, and it is an evolution, which absorbs obedience, thought, and valour, and carries them into fresh correlations.

4. The Incarnation is also a reinforcement of the regard of man for man. We have seen by the light of it what is intrinsically human and what is intrinsically achievable by the human faculty. Christ appears not as learned, or noble or great; the genus humanity being His splendour. It is easy to see the littleness of man; the fever and the fret. He is an obscurity, and Christ gives space and light to the hiddenness in him. It is not easy to get up an interest in men beyond our own country or our own tribe or our own family. The Hebrews were an exclusive people, and never did any good to

the world outside of themselves. The Greeks contemptuously called nations barbarians who did not speak the Greek language. The Romans were larger in their sympathies, but it was a sympathy limited by the necessities of preserving an empire.

It was a new commandment which Paul gave forth when he said, Honour all men. It is not easy for us to give a man living on £50 a year and another £1000 a year the same place in our regard. It is not easy for us to honour the many primitive tribes in their painted or naked bodies. But this is just what the Incarnation has enabled us to do, to conquer our antipathies and to sweeten us with the widest sympathies. We honour Christ, who had not where to lay His head, nor a small coin to pay His taxes when they were due. We have learned to honour the humanness in a man, and not the income in a man, the interior deeps and not the rude circumstance. The reason for this honour is the perception that there are unguessed possibilities in him, and we are enabled to look beyond the rudeness. This perception requires a new light by which to see, and the perceiving mind saw the human splendour in Christ. There was a feeling in the old world for man, a human kindness, but it was never very active, it never kindled into enthusiasm. It was not popular nor contagious. It was dormant, and the Incarnation woke it up, and the death of Christ intensified it. This perception makes the Christian

Church a corporation of benevolence and a missionary society, and the temper and temperature of a church are measured by her missions. There is a Christliness seen in every man. The charities of Christmas time have their motive in the birth in Bethlehem. We are naturalised into a passion for humanity to which we were once strangers.

Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
  Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
  By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing when we cannot prove.

We have but faith; we cannot know,
  For knowledge is of things we see;
  And yet we trust it comes from thee
A beam in darkness, let it grow.

CHAPTER V.

THE HEBREW CONTRIBUTION.

JOHN i. 19-51; iii. 22-30.

"*I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness.*"

"*He that hath the bride is the bridegroom, but the friend of the bridegroom, who standeth and heareth Him, rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice; this my joy therefore is fulfilled.*"

"*He must increase, but I must decrease.*"

"*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.*"

"*I saw the Spirit descending upon Him.*"

"*This is the Son of God.*"

"*Come and see.*"

"*Thou art the Son of God, Thou art the King of Israel.*"

"*Who can describe exhaustively the origin of civil society? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church. For others it must be enough to say, 'the Holy Ghost fell on those that believed.' No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls, the unpaved streets; no man heard the clink of trowel and pickaxe; it descended out of heaven from God.*"—ECCE HOMO.

CHAPTER V.

THE HEBREW CONTRIBUTION.

In a verse of a Hebrew psalm we have two clauses, the one answering the other, modifying the thought, enlarging the emotion, which is called the parallelism of Hebrew poetry. It is a rhythm, a wave of thought and of sentence. Like the answering clauses in a psalm verse, we have in the Memorabilia a larger parallelism, a longer wave, an answering series of studies making long rhythmic undulations. A rhythm is a curve motion, like the sea wave with a crest and trough, like the time beat in music, like the pendulum which measures an arc of space and returns. The only conception which we can form of light is that it is a vibration in an ether, minute lengths of wavelets which start from the sun, reach the eye by a spiral line, and are there translated into what we know as light. A rhythm is a correspondence, or a series of correspondences, which look towards each other and make a harmony, harmonised notes of music, harmonised tones of colour.

A Greek aspect of Christ has been given to us in the preceding section. A Hebrew aspect follows, and the rhythmic wave moves from the Mind by Whom all things were made, Who is the Light and Life of the world, to the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sin of the world. Greek idealism and Hebrew religion, Hellenism and Hebraism, are composed into a rhythm. A rhythm of signs, a rhythm of geography, and a rhythm of pathology, will be noticed in their right places.

A sense of darkness and ignorance made the Greek sorrow. A sense of sin and evil made the Hebrew sorrow. To know, to live with ideas, was the Greek passion; to be holy was the Hebrew passion. Truth and beauty were the attraction to the Greek mind; righteousness and holiness the attraction to the Hebrew mind.

The old world symbols and sacraments, with all the want and sigh and longing they expressed, are condensed into a single sentence. The reference to them is in the single expression, the Lamb of God. It is enough; the whole is there; and it is distilled and compressed. It is introduced to balance the Greek aspects of Christ with which our author starts. The Hebrew aspects are brought in as a rhythmic companion. It is a wonderful feat of genius to compress the Pentateuch in one single phrase, Behold the Lamb of God. The vision before the Baptist is that the old is fulfilled and superseded by the reality in Christ.

One interest which the reforming Baptist has for our author is that he could not be worked into the schools of Jerusalem, that he was unknown to the Temple authorities of the city, that he marked himself out as a child of Nature. He says to the Jerusalem deputation, I have no diploma from the schools; I am not a licentiate of the priesthood; my commission is from Nature. I am an echo of the mountains, the essence of wild flowers, the spirit of the sunset. I am come to make men natural that they may become spiritual. I am an engineer macadamising a way for the spiritual Power among you, who will show the spiritual of God. I am Nature's preface to the new age. I am not a priest, I am not a prophet, I am not even a person. I am a voice, a voice of nature, and a voice of history; voiceless nature and voiceless history have found a voice in me. He is the voice of many sounds and notes, like the mingled fragrances of meadowlands which you cannot trace to any one flower.

The main interest, however, which the reforming Baptist has for John is that he is intensely Hebrew, that he supplied for the Memorials the Hebrew contribution to that Greek conception which is to rule this epoch. The Baptist stands between the old Hebrew world and the new Greek world, and he initiates the new dispensation by extracting the essences of Hebraism, and reading the inner meaning

of its picturesque symbolisms, to be henceforth wedded to the idealism of Greece. A marriage is taking place between the ancient world as the bride, and Christ as the bridegroom. John is the best man at the marriage. A fresh enthusiasm is coming into human nature; a life and a fruitfulness as yet unknown. "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom; but the friend of the bridegroom, who standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly, because of the bridegroom's voice; this my joy, therefore, is fulfilled."[1] And when he adds, in an undertone of sadness, "He must increase, but I must decrease,"[2] he perceives that he is too much in the old to go much farther than he has done. He was produced on the old system, and the new will go past his sympathies. But the groomsman's part is significant. He distils Hebrew history into its pure elements. Christianity is an Evolution.

The essence of sacrifice, ritual, festival, the inner meaning of the old symbolisms and sacraments, are fulfilled in the Lamb of God. The Christ hidden in the reverences and inspirations of religion is now shown. Plato and Greek ideas were focussed in Christ as the Eternal Mind. Moses and the Hebrew system are focussed in Christ as the Lamb of God.

The death of Christ is implied in the phrase, the Lamb of God, and the death makes a rhythmic

[1] John iv. 29. [2] John iv. 30.

wave with the life of the Eternal Mind. The principle in the moral government of God involved in the death of Christ has been variously formulated in the course of the Christian era. It is a death manifestly unlike the death of martyrs; it is a death out of which special virtues have been obtained. To make a science from these virtues and the death is a necessity of logic, but judging from analogies of the lower world, it cannot be a great success. The current doctrine is that it is a vicarious punishment, Christ paying in suffering the dues of human sinfulness. This doctrine is untenable if we regard a guilty conscience as the true punishment of sin, which is indeed the hell of sin. No one affirms a guilty conscience of Christ. Then the punitive element must be some equivalent for the guilty conscience. What is an equivalent for a guilty conscience? No one knows. It must remain an unknown something. Mystery is always present in religion. If you place the theory of substitution and satisfaction in this region of mystery, you do well. It cannot be accepted as knowledge, but as a symbol of the unknown which fringes the known event. If the punishment consists in the death of the body and the shame of crucifixion, you put the death on too low a level; you level it to the martyr's death who suffers not less, and the equivalent cannot be there. Vicariousness is a large principle of the moral government

of the world; but a vicarious punishment alone cannot explain Christ's death. You must put an unknown element in it; you must combine it with other elements; you must put it alongside of other aspects of the death of Christ. And take heed to finality in doctrine; putting the universe into neat portable packets of propositions and phrases, perfumed by passages from psalmist and prophet. Our doctrines should have the variousness and largeness of the Bible, the book of all ages and of all men, of Matthew and John, and Paul and Peter. Don't be afraid of inconsistencies in doctrine, for inconsistencies will be included in a higher consistency, when it is discovered.

In order to remove the death of Christ from the human levels, however exalted, it is best to speak of it as the New Moral Force; as Paul, Christ crucified, the Power of God. When we name it the Moral Force, by the action of which the remission of sin is found, and a redemption from the liabilities of wrong doing, and a revival of the life of God in the soul, then we have removed it far away from the category of the martyr's death. The death of Christ imparts a sense of God's incapacity for ceasing to love the sinner, and the feeling that the consequences of sin will be managed for us by a supreme compensation, and the hope that the expiring embers of life can be fanned into fires. The death is a moral force with these potences, found in no other

death. It is too occult for the inner elements to be explained to us. Some fresh elements will be found by studying death as a phenomenon in God's universe, which study is supplied by this Memorabilia later on.[1] A striking parallel to this difficulty in reaching the inner elements of a moral force is found in the physical force of light, on which our earth wholly depends, and which is the analogue for Christ employed all through the Memorabilia. What is Light? No one knows. One theory of it has supplanted another. It is now believed to be the motion of an ethereal substance so delicate that thousands of its waves enter the eye without wincing it, and this theory is only provisional. Light is a mystery in its inner nature, but it is a supreme working force. As a moral force it is, therefore, no wonder that we cannot enter into the secret of Christ's death, but it is a working power; its working being shown these centuries, resourceful and masterful, a resource in the exigencies of the horrible pit and the miry clay, on which centuries of human souls have leaned in life and in death. There is an element of vicariousness in it, there is an element of satisfaction in it, there is an element of propitiation in it. But they are best included in the phrase the Moral Force. Each aspect can be presented to the soul as a resource, but the Moral Force is the large inclusive aspect.

[1] See John xii. 20-33.

We shall understand the Moral Force of the Divine death by seeing its action on the human soul, by the equation it makes with human experiences.

The passion for forgiveness is universal to religion. It is expressed in primitive religions by sacrifice and psalm; in the riper forms of religion, prayer and hymn are instinct with it. It is everywhere in the literature of religion. No prayer lacks it, and the hymn that strikes the right key in forgiveness is sweet to human feeling. It is one of the pathetic commonplaces of our want. I fear our idea of it is hazy. We are content with praying for it, and have not the experience of it, or if we have the experience we are not able to interpret it to ourselves. It is a generality and we must take it out of the haze.

What is forgiveness as a particular resource in the sense of sin and evil? To desire forgiveness is to desire that we stand on the same terms with God as if we had never done wrong. To know forgiveness is to carry and keep an impression upon our souls that God loves us though we have done evil. It is very simple and yet it needs to be disentangled, so that we see it clear and crisp. Forgiveness as a fact and as an experience is an impression on our minds that God is on our side though we have done wrong and have gone adrift in forbidden ways. To get this impression, with perspective and colour,

means a warm sense of God and a warm religious life.

We have gone far wrong; we have done much evil; for months and years we have persisted in crooked zigzags, evading conscience and eluding law. Our iniquity is great. We should not have done it; we need not have become what we are; we are a grief to ourselves; we know it is a displeasure to the upper powers. We have traversed at various angles the straight ways of the universe. We have disapproved of ourselves, and it is a faint reflection of the disfavour of heaven. All nature moves by law, though it is fated, and we who are free should be like nature and better than nature. In our freedom we should rejoice in law, and make the right and the true our song. We have fallen below ourselves, given the lie to our freedom, made ourselves less than the grass and the caterpillar. And it is now a disease and a pain. It is a grief often too great for us to bear. Prayer would not come to our lips; we tossed about for help. We could not think of love; love refused our thought.

We have heard of forgiveness; we cannot fail to have heard that there is forgiveness with God. But what is it, and how is it to be got? In the medium of repentance the ancient world found forgiveness; the blood of bulls and goats made pictorial the forgiveness. In the new world, a more powerful medium is constructed both to produce a change of

mind and an impression of our restored relations to God, and this is the divine death of Jesus Christ. Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. The Lamb is a symbolism of the transition period, borrowed from the old world, to help on the ideas of the new world.

The death of Christ is a new Moral Force in our world, exhibiting the inner invisible assistances which lie stored up in the universe, for the moral government of souls. It is full of resource for us. In what way it has been an interference in the affairs of men, we can only know by its effects. We try in vain to explain its metaphysics to ourselves.

There is a theology of the atonement, but theology is only an endeavour after a system, requiring revision and restatement periodically, to be in line with new attainments. When truth is hardened up into articles and articles squared into a system, they stifle research. But still in the process of hardening and squaring they start inquiries; they supply a basis from which to explore the divine country; a base line for triangulations. Ideas of imputation and substitution are supposed to explain the whole mystery, and they have done essential service, and brought us so far, but they must take their place alongside of other theories of the interference of Christ's death in our affairs, by which we shall make nearer approaches to the reality.

It is sufficient to accent the fact that the death of Christ is an interference, a mediation, a something which touches heaven as it touches earth, which we may call the new Moral Force. It is exactly like the energies in Nature ; like light and heat, unknown in their inner essence, but royal in their effects. We know the place of the death of Christ as sovereign in the world of souls. Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world (verse 29).

Forgiveness is the first step in the method of taking away. Forgiveness is really a vision of the heart of God seen by the human faculty ; a voice from the Eternal heard in feelings of the human heart, that God is incapable of ceasing to love us. Forgiveness belongs to the silent kingdoms, and the problem of forgiveness is this, how is this silence to become vocal to us and this vision to become visual to us. The death of Christ is the medium of this voice and vision. It is the power by which the feeling is awakened that God still loves us. It is one of the virtues which the soul has found lodged in the crucifixion. Look, and look again with a serious eye, and there steals over the soul the consciousness that God cares for you, that His interest in you has never been interrupted, that your sin was the grief of His love, but not the cessation of it.

We don't know what is done in heaven except as it is reported in our souls, and it is the secret of our inner life to get this report. The simple report in

our darkened souls that God minds us and respects us as much as ever,—this is forgiveness. The spectroscope is an instrument through a slit in which light is allowed to pass of a sun or star, and it is there broken up into colours, and we can then detect in the lines of colour the substances which are burning to make that light. We discover a secret of distant starlands millions and millions of miles off. You expose the spectroscope of your burdened, broken, bewildered spirit to the dying of the Lord Jesus, and from there a lurid light will stream into your soul which will give you a reading of the love of God. When in woe and shame we look to the divine death, and hand our endangered interests and darkened prospects to Him, there is a report heard in our consciousness that we are cared for, looked after, and felt for. You have seen the waters of a lake ruffled and rippled, and nothing is seen in them but the dark deeps. They refuse to take on a picture. You have seen the waters of a lake calm and clear, and now the blue sky and the drifting clouds and moon and stars are reflected in them. These reflections in the lake are so beautiful that the picture is better than the original. You prefer to look down into the lake and see the reflections there rather than the heavens themselves. There is more suggestion, subtlety, and delicacy. And this is forgiveness, the heavens reflected in your soul, the reading of the heart of God, that He feels

for you though you have done wrong, that He has provided for you, that evil will be no barrier to communications, that He will restore you to your place in the universe. No other reading has been such a sensation and an enthusiasm for the human soul as the crucifixion, scattering suspicions, quenching the sense of wrath, softening, calming, encouraging, hope-giving.

Another cluster of old world truths was symbolised by the imagery of redemption. The Baptist finds the original of the moral forces figured by redemption in the death of Jesus Christ. The idea of redemption occurs one hundred and fifty times at least in the Hebrew Scriptures. The range of it is limited in the New Testament, where it occurs about twenty times, where it is absorbed in Christ.

The redemption idea comes from the institution of slavery, and slavery is the economic relation of the weak to the strong, and the idle to the industrious, and the vicious to the virtuous. Men sold themselves to slavery who were unable to maintain single-handed the struggle appointed to all living. Every good feeling and every bad feeling may be provoked in this relation. Every man, from the king on the throne to the beggar, is in turn master and servant. A King is after all the servant of the nation, and our Queen likes her service. To be truly masters of ourselves we need to be the servants of God. But the servant in the ancient world was always the servant till he was redeemed.

The passion for ideas was the Greek passion. The passion for holiness is the Hebrew passion. The way into holiness is barred by arrears. Unpaid duties, neglected opportunities, memories of excess choke the access of the tranquil feeling that God cares for us, so essential to further movement. The responsibility for the past must be redeemed ; a liquidation has to be made ; a congested condition to be relieved. Idleness has lost us much. Work has been scamped. We have not stood to the labour of work, and have not mastered its details. We have neglected the culture of ideas. You liked company, and the smoking room, and the convivial hours. A trifling habit has been induced. Pleasure has sapped your strength ; you liked good eating and drinking ; you have gratified lust, and have exceeded both the legitimate and the temperate limit of sensuous excitement. A habit of self-indulgence has hardened upon you ; a coarseness, muddy thoughts, and base affections have entered in. Money making has brought your being to its surface, choking up the deeper parts. The ambition of being well off, the desire of transitory good, the vulgarity of show, has made sandy and arid large parts of being.

When years have stiffened us into bad habits, and habits have given us the nearly final set and fatal trend, we are no longer masters of ourselves. We have sold ourselves. We are no longer free to use our own faculties, except in a treadmill round,

except as we call the servitude of idleness, excess, and appearance, freedom. This moral condition is pictured to us by the similitude of slavery. The price of redemption is paid to the owner of the slave. God is the master of every soul that is imprisoned in bad habits. It is His laws that draw upon the sinner the sequels of shallowness and coarseness that chain him down.

The death of Christ is a capital in the unseen world on which we draw in the sorrows of our servitude. How do we get it? How do we get our freedom by what Christ has done? Look on Him, gaze on Him, behold the Lamb of God, and His death is translated unto you, and you have the translation in an earnestness. Our being has never looked so serious as since Christ died. Seriousness is the crucifixion translated into us. It is the power in His death transferred to us. The gold in which Christ pays the liabilities of the soul comes to us in the cash of earnestness. The serious temper hurries us up. By strenuousness, in agony, we make up in one year for three years. Our wasted time, our ruined affections, our bankruptcy, is redeemed. The arrears are paid up in the access of this strenuousness.

We wrong ourselves; but we wrong others, and the wrongs we do go past our mending. Strenuousness is of no avail when we have infected others with the germs of evil. Our example has led others on

the downward course, and they have gone down beyond hope. You have taught men to swear; you have helped men to drink; you have contributed a share to the ruin of many souls. Our acts run on, gathering volume with time, to the final account. By the law of heredity the wrong that we have done to any man's soul is propagated from father to son, and the iniquity of the fathers festers into the third and fourth generation, and makes us responsible for spreading mischiefs and miseries, which it is not in our power to recall, and which neither tears nor prayers can atone. The wrongs that we do to others soon carry sequels beyond our control. We are parts in a remorseless social system, where every individual who does wrong counts a good deal in the reciprocations of the society. The later calamities of Israel are traced to Jeroboam, their first king. He diffused the germs of idol worship in the moral atmosphere, and they settled into the social system, and after 250 years disasters came upon them, thick and irreparable, and the nation lost its nationality. For 250 years a refrain occurs in the historic records that this and that king and the nation walked in all the ways of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin. Such is the persistence of hereditary transmissions, and such the fountains of the transmission.

Can the neck of bad habits not be broken? Can mischiefs which have travelled so far not be repaired?

Must our obligations remain unpaid? These questions are inquiries about a man's worth, a man's place, a man's fitness for being, when he has wasted himself on the transitory, and spent himself in evil. They suggest that there is a forfeiture of work, of place, and of fitness, and it is this forfeiture which is expressed in theology by loud colours and called eternal death.

The death of Christ is a moral wealth in our world, which can never be lost to it. When we enter into fellowship with Christ, we become partners in this wealth. As we gaze on that life, as that death streams into us, opening fountains of life in us, it bursts upon us that He is the Master of the moral world, that He binds and looses, that He pays and compensates, and sets up bankrupt fortunes. Your fortunes are now with Him. You hold it as a doctrine that Christ has all power in heaven and earth, but that doctrine must be translated in you as a confidence, or it is barrenness itself. We don't know how the death of Christ finds compensations for the past of us. There are times when we have glimpses of the method, and instantly we find ourselves on the frontiers of the unknowable. We need not be overwise. We know that our yesterdays are not dead, that there is no funeral we can give them. Our perplexities are from the back years, the wastes, the neglects, the slights, from riot and pride, from the ashes of burnt out fires; also from propagations and

transmissions. But the life and death of Christ are translated into us as the confidences of redemption, and as a hope that the wastefulness of life is redeemed. Then it is our jubilee, a jubilation of the soul. Then forfeited estates revert to their owners, the fee-simple of which is not allowed to be sold. This confidence is inspired by our fellowship with Christ, by the loving gaze of the soul upon Him.

The idea of redemption was born that day when the slave population of Hebrews found themselves safe on the other side of the water that separated them from Egypt. It was born in the warm emotions of a woman, and went at once into the music of a hymn. The idea of redemption became a civil institution when, on the fiftieth year, the lost patrimony of every family reverted to its heirs, which had been sold or mortgaged in the stress of bad days. The idea has got its last and richest meaning in the spiritual compensations which Christ has funded in the moral world for the behoof of souls. In the psalmody of the old economy, it was said by the soul who had suffered serious losses, in which all was felt to be gone, crying from the depths, There is plenteous redemption with Him and He will redeem Israel from all his iniquities. The same note is repeated by Paul, in a jubilant tone, in a form of thought, which is becoming obsolete for us, and it is becoming antiquated, because slavery and redemption are not institutions of the western world,

and do not lend themselves easily to the imagery of the mind; but it is fragrant of old world ideas: Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past.

A third group of old world symbolisms which had established themselves as pictures of real human and divine relations is the smearing of the persons of worshippers by blood. Blood is the symbol of life; the life is in the blood. When a worshipper slew a lamb on the altar, the priest took the blood and scattered it on the person of the man, intimating to him his participation in the life of the blood. In the shedding of blood is the remission of sins; in the blood streaming on the person is the sacrament of fellowship in life. This further truth—that there is life for the soul—is compressed in the Johannine phrase of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

Take a definite conception of the old world symbol of cleansing, which is reproduced in Christian prayers and hymns. The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin. The cleansing is a fellowship in life. Forgiveness and redemption lead up to life. The shedding of blood is the symbolism of forgiveness and the smearing of blood is the symbolism of redemption. It is the truth now put

into the Christian sacrament of the supper, that we are made partakers in the purity and vigour of Christ's life. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me and I in him. To be housed with Christ is to be in the societies of His life. It is the truth of mysticism that we live in God.

This life in God is both the strong fact and the beautiful poetry of religion, now specialised as life in the life of Christ. There is nothing transcendental in this life, but everything natural. It is the central truth of creation that every form of matter and every species of life is a divine idea, carrying the pulsations of God. Where does your canary get its song from? where does the honeysuckle get its fragrance from? whose motion does the tide show in its ebb and flow? what speech does the aurora speak in its red, green, and yellow streamers? It is God's life, God's emotions, the eloquence of God, God Himself that we see and hear. We who are the highest of creatures, surely our thought is a throb of God, our affections the glow of God, our history the tides of God's Spirit. Paul reminded the Athenians, in the keynote of his evangelistic address, that one of their poets had said, For in Him we live and move and have our being. He came to show them the new manner of this life in the resurrection of Christ.

We don't displace evil except by life. Life must do it, or it is not done. We can abstain, and we can refuse, but abstinence and negations are prefaces ;

a sense of God's love and the confidence that past obligations are liquidated are good preliminaries. But they are not life, a positive, burning life, the stir and pulse of a new being. Our need is life and more life, an abundant life, a life which is life indeed. We must have more and more of God and Christ in us. We must go where most of God is found. We must do what has the most of Christ in it. We must be what is likest to God and Christ. We know that we are redeemed, and that the past is accounted for, when we have got a future out of it, when sin has made us sensitive to sin, when despair has shown us our unseen resources, when danger has become a motive for a closer walk with God, when we have acquired insight and inspiration.

This life mediates between the dust and divinity which are in us. It reconciles them by making the divinity superior and the dust a servant. It unites flesh and spirit together by giving to the spirit authority over the flesh. It puts into a melodious choir our eternal and our time interests by ruling the time beats by the eternal. It takes the beauty of divinity and puts it upon the dust. We take the things of the highest and lay them on the lowest. The glory of the spirit is conferred on the flesh.

These three — forgiveness, the sense of God's unbroken interest in us—redemption, the confidence that there is no danger and disability from the rear of our years—life, a positive life displacing evil and

the abnormal—these three are implied in this newly coined phrase, the Lamb of God. Doctrines of atonement and schemes of salvation must lead up to these experiences, or they are nothing. These experiences make an equation with the Moral Force in the crucifixion, and the soul finds a career.

We cry to God from the depths, the damp, oozy, unlighted bottoms, into which we fall. There breaks upon us the vision, as of midnight stars: there is forgiveness with thee. We wait for God as those do wait who watch for the morning sun. There breaks upon our ears the song of the morning stars: there is plenteous redemption with Him, and He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities. We long and look for life, and life comes. We carry this freight of life to other worlds of life.

In the look of the future which the wedlock of Christ with humanity opens, the Groomsman sees a specialised quality of life which is to distinguish the Christian centuries. And this is Passion. The ancient religions lack the finer forms of emotion, and in their place excite frenzies and ecstasies. Obedience was a rigour, righteousness a legislation, holiness a beauty to be looked upon. But a passion of goodness for goodness' sake is wanting. In lyric emotions this passionateness was felt, as an effluence of the Spirit of God, as in the 139th Psalm, when the spiritual pressure became a wonder and a praise, though soon

its activity becomes negative again. Do not I hate them that hate thee?—is a jar in the melody of that psalm.[1] Very different would have been the Christian feeling, an inspiration to make known the wonder and the praise to those who hated God. In the thought of prophecy this inspiration was a thing of the future, an expectancy. "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams and young men shall see visions."[2] Plato had spoken of philosophy as a phrenzy, and the phrenzy as an inspiration of the gods. "There is a phrenzy which is the special gift of heaven and the source of the chiefest blessings among men."[3] A fine spiritual phrenzy is in the vision of the Hebrew Baptist. Christ is to baptize with the Holy Ghost (verse 33).

Goodness has two poles, one turns towards God and the other towards man. The love of God was a restrained emotion in the old age, a flashing aurora. The love of man was restricted to the family, the tribe, the nation; all outside, all beyond the river, were rivals, to be watched and fought. Jonah, in a fit of missionary emotion, attempted a mission to Nineveh, and he bungled it, through inexperience. He had no model; he sits under the gourd, a growling prophet. The love of God is the ruling element

[1] Psalm cxxxix. 21. [2] Joel ii. 28.
[3] *Phædrus*, Jowett's Plato, vol. ii. p. 121.

of the Christian age, and the missionary inspiration is a conspicuous activity. The elect goodness is a passion for God and a passion for man. This is the emotion which Christ is to impart to the new age. It is the gift of the Holy Ghost; an abiding, fruitful inspiration. The prayer of the Greek is for light, more knowledge, clear ideas, general notions. The prayer of the Hebrew is for heat, emotion and passion. The prayers are now twined in one, and the prayer of the Christian is for light and heat, which is the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, Who is to abide with us for ever.

Another extract from the old Hebrew world which the Reformer contributes to the thought of the age is the new authority over human affairs seen in Christ. He extracted from ritual the idea of the Lamb, and fixed it in Christ, and titles Him the Lamb of God. He extracts from the longings of psalmists and prophets the desire for a warmer and finer affectional condition, and sees the fulfilment of it in the inspirations of the Holy Ghost to be given by Christ. And again he extracts out of the history of ancient governments the truth of a divine authority, under the presidency of Jesus, whom he calls the Son of God.

Men like to be governed and want strong governments. Men dislike anarchy, in which every man does what is good in his own eyes. Kings are

the joys of a people, and crowns the insignia of a loved authority. God save the King, is a lyric emotion born of the divine providence that supplied the Hebrews with a stable, central authority. When Israel asked a king from Samuel, they asked for a controlling will. When the son of David and the sons of David failed, there was born in the nation a longing for a finer rule and a nobler government. Samuel resisted the gross, realistic demand for a king by a spiritual nation. And the remarkable thing is, the Reforming genius, with his eagle peering eye, goes back and back into far dim centuries of the past and finds the ideal of Samuel in Christ. The realisms of kings and courts, and camps and armies,—he finds their sequel in the Son of God. Autocracy, aristocracy, democracy, are human forms of government. The Reformer, the groomsman at the marriage, finds the Son of God in them, he finds the theocracy in them. Samuel's dream of an invisible king lay in these centuries and becomes now a waking fact. Plato's Republic lay an unworking constitution and becomes a working force. Augustine sees the City of God on earth. A Christly power lay occult in humanity and is revealed in the Son of God. A mystic government in souls, an eternal authority in human institutions, an invisible jurisdiction over races and tribes, are shown in Christ. It will be a new government, and quiet and confidence and security. The

Son of God supersedes the sons of David, and presides over the dynasties.

These three are the forces, visible to the Hebrew seer, which he extricates from the ancient world as its essence: the Lamb of God from sacrifice; the Holy Ghost from the longings after the enthusiasm of religion; the Son of God from the kingly authorities which men had placed over their affairs. The companion forces visible to the Greek eye are: the Universal Mind, the Life, the Light.

The head waters of a river are places of enduring interest; sanctuaries of Nature, around which the imagination of the geographer lingers. The ground is unpromising and unvisited; it is far away from the haunts of men; it is a mountain, or lakelands embosomed in mountains. To have seen the sources of the Nile in the central African lakes made the fortunes of Livingstone. The sources of the Dee are in the highest and longest mountain plateau in Britain, 4200 feet above the sea. Numerous springs bubble up from a granite floor—I have counted twenty-six of them—forming little pools, which unite their waters into a tiny stream, which keeps for a while the 4000 feet plateau and then tumbles down a precipice into the glen which it has furrowed out as its track to the sea. Tufts of *Silene acaulis*, the mountain pink, grow about the springs, and show in July the beautiful pink flowers. This

geographical sanctuary of head waters is not known to many even in this crowded land of ours. Ducal and royal palaces are built on the banks of the Dee lower down, and pleasant homes of many a rural family all along its course, and a University city at the mouth of it. But Braeriach, the third loftiest of British mountains, and Glen Dee, the most frowning of glens, are untravelled parts. Secular history has not come to this mountainous region of the Memorabilia to look at the springs and rills from which modern societies derive themselves. Some future Carlyle or Froude or Green will surely be adventurous enough to attempt this rugged ground, and show us in his own way the generation of European life from the Hebrew and Greek wedlock in the preface to these Memorials.

The head waters of human societies and institutions are ideas and emotions, and we are here presented to those ideas and emotions with which the Christian world began. Here is the beginning of the Christian democracy which has covered all Europe. Here the beginning of the Christian inspiration which has been the finest philanthropy which the world has known. Here the beginning of the Christian ideas which have fertilised ethics, philosophy, art. There is no obscurity about the sources; the ideas and emotions at the sources are the ideas and emotions still. And the remarkable fact remains, that, whether these Memorials were

written in the first or second century, they have hit with unerring instinct upon the sources of the Christian world, as this world in the twentieth century shows the forces of the same ideas and emotions. The remission of sins through Christ; the inspiration by the Spirit of Christ; the royalty over souls by His presence in them, are still the inspiring truths. The Dee at Balmoral Castle and Aberdeen University is water of the same ingredients as on the top of Braeriach.

John, looking upon Jesus as he walked, said to two of his disciples, Behold the Lamb of God (verse 36). The two followed him: Andrew is one, the other is unnamed. Andrew findeth his brother Simon (verse 41). Jesus findeth Philip (verse 43). Philip findeth Nathanael, and Nathanael sees and says, Thou art the Son of God, the King of Israel (verse 49). These five are the bottom course of the Christian Society, the obscure matriculation into the Christian idea and emotion, the growth of which these Memorials trace.

The constitution of the society is half Hebrew and half Greek almost; I say almost, because John, if he had been named, would have turned the balance to the Hebrew side. Andrew and Philip are Greek names; Simon and Nathanael are Hebrew names. The two races divide between them the promise in the human stock, the one strong in ethics, the other strong in ideas. They represent all humanity, in

which these elements mix in varying proportions. Catholicity is seen at the fountains.

The cohesion of the society is a common vision — Behold the Lamb of God; the vision of the original of all ceremonies; the vision of Him who is to inspire humanity with a new enthusiasm; the vision of the Reign of God through Christ. This vision is the common bond of the Christian society, and remains so to this day, an unlost vision. "Come and see" (verses 39, 46)—is the formula of inauguration into the society.

The phenomenon which will appear conspicuous in this society is a specialised communication with the invisible world. The effort of every religion is to establish this communication. Christ announces to Nathanael that the communications He was attempting under the fig tree will become an open estate, a free intercourse between earth and heaven. Hereafter ye shall see heaven opened and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man (verse 51). It will be a habitual estate of the Son of Man, and the sons of men.

When the straight line of our lives has been lost by evil, when we have tried to pour oblivion on what refuses obliviousness, we have beheld the Lamb of God and found invisible resources. When morality has become insipid and duties a drudgery, and the stir of being was hushed, we have received the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and joined the

Christian Society and become missionaries. When the sorrow and mystery of this world has pressed upon us, when like a Greek we were trying to reconcile appearances with realities and could not do it, when like a Hebrew Nathanael we were uttering prayers and leaving God to punctuate them and make sense of them, then we felt the Invisible Reign of Jesus, and we were stayed.

The three vital gases which support all life are oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, which make the air we breathe and the water we drink and the food we take. Hydrogen and nitrogen unite only to make one compound, which we know as ammonia. Ammonia is given to a man in a faint as smelling salts; it is given by the farmer to the exhausted soil. John has been providing ammonia for the sick Hebrew world. And the stimulant is not the revival of Hebrew institutions, but the extraction of their essences, the getting to the originals of them. In the drooping, despairing crises of life our want is the essences and originals of things. There is a thought which has not occurred to you, which if it could be distilled in you, would set you free. There is an emotion which, if you could extract it, would brighten your whole being. There is an event such as has not happened to you, which if you will admit its forces will broaden your being. There is a self-denial which, if you will practise it, will give you the finer finishes of character. What we

are wanting are the essences and originalities which lie in the deeps of us, which Christ calls up.

Pure Hebraism for once we find in this vestibule of the Memorabilia, as also pure Hellenism ; and the two in a rhythmic wave. After this we are more or less in a composite world of Hebrew and Greek. Andrew consorts with Simon, and Philip with Nathaniel, and John stands between, the arbiter conciliating contraries.

CHAPTER VI.

SIGNALLING THE HIGHER NATURAL WORLD.

JOHN ii. 1-11.

"*This beginning of Signs did Jesus in Cana of Galilee and manifested forth His glory, and His disciples believed in Him.*"—JOHN ii. 11.

"*Except ye see Signs and Wonders ye will not believe.*"—JOHN iv. 48.

"*The Works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of me.*"—JOHN v. 36.

"*Meantime in the thick darkness there are not wanting gleams of a better light,—occasional glimpses of the action of man upon nature with his entire force, with reason as well as understanding. Such examples are the traditions of miracles in the earliest antiquity of all nations; the history of Jesus Christ, the achievements of a principle, as in religious and political revolutions and in the abolition of the slave trade; the miracles of enthusiasm, as those reported of Swedenborg, Hohenlohe, and the Shakers; many obvious and yet contested facts, now arranged under the name of Animal Magnetism; prayer, eloquence, self-healing, and the wisdom of children. These are examples of Reason's momentary grasp of the sceptre, the exertions of a power which exists not in time or space, but an instantaneous instreaming causing power.*"

EMERSON.

CHAPTER VI.

SIGNALLING THE HIGHER NATURAL WORLD.

THREE words are used in the Memorabilia to denote the performances which we call miracle: wonder, as awakening the sense of something unexpected, only once; works or doings, as if they were natural to Christ; sign or signal, as intimating something beyond the impression on the senses, something obscure to the human faculty which is made plain, something far off brought near. The ruling words are works and sign. The word miracle ought to be allowed to drop into disuse, and the associations which have collected round it. In the Revised Version the word miracle is dropped.

Miracles in the Memorabilia are regarded as modes of action proper to the personality of Christ. They are His works. Also they are His way of signalling to us the spiritual in Him and in us and all about us, intimations of the unseennesses which beset us round. It is the set aim by the use of these two words to relate the supernatural to

the natural, to teach the naturalness of the supernatural.

Endless discussions, now at the sickening stage, have gone on about the supernatural. Who is supernatural? and what is supernatural? are the simple questions which have not been settled. Is the physics of the sun supernatural? Are the flora and fauna of Sirius supernatural? Is a mind, or personality with twelve senses or twenty-four, supernatural? Is an angel a supernatural being? Then who is or what is? There remains but one Being, and He is God. No one questions this Supernatural Fact, except a few insanitary minds, of whom we make no account, who in the language of the psalm-poet are metaphysical fools,—the fool has said in his heart there is no God. It is not really a question of the magical supernatural as has been understood, but of a higher natural, or another kingdom of the natural in correlation with the lower. I will call the miraculous the Higher Natural, and will dismiss the nomenclature in use as misleading.

The transformation of water into wine is a sign. It is the finger-post which points us to a far-off land. It is the Union Jack, a piece of painted calico, but which expresses an invisible and loved abstraction, —our country; the homelands of the soul. When the Jews asked a sign of Christ's authority after He had taken liberties with the temple arrangements, He says, Destroy this temple and I will build

it up in three days. That is the Storm Drum of spiritual meteorology ; the sign of the resurrection, and signal of a hurricane which will pull down one structure and rear up another.

The thinking Christian world is restive about the Higher Natural world in the Bible record. Devout men have their faith uneasy lest what is said about the impossibility of miracles be true ; men who like to keep with tradition are nervous, feeling somewhat the force of what has been urged, because they know the subject partially ; good men are glad to think that there is a literary refuge in translating miracles into parables. There is an inherent difficulty about exceptional phenomena in an age which has not seen them, and the invasion of the observed order is an offence which requires every consideration for the minds which take the offence. It can only slowly filter down into the thought of the age that the denial of this invasion will create a more serious restiveness. The natural is so unfinished, the human is so ferociously incomplete, that if we did not get the Higher Natural to fulfil the natural, we should become despairing cynics or misanthropes of misery, thinking ourselves into the darkest heresies.

This feverishness has its sources in a supposed contradiction to Nature which the look of a miracle has. Nature is the difficulty. The modern fever against miracles is fed by certain pathogenic germs bred of the scientific mind. There are scientific

men who have nothing but science in them, and who lose the use of other faculties, who are incompetent to speak, whose speeches on miracles are a disease. Unlike Darwin, they do not know their own disqualifying limitations. That noble soul, our leader in science, frankly confessed to an atrophy of the faculties of music, poetry, and philosophy by his addiction to science. It was the penalty he paid for a great faculty ; the sacrifice given to a priest of Nature to offer. Science is only one aspect of the mystery of being, and it is not wisdom on the part of men who do a large business with microscopes and museums and the quantitative analysis to say that there is no other side because they do not see it. There is also a semi-science which does not know the secrets of Nature. There are philosophers like Carlyle anxious for the dignity of man, and literary men like Matthew Arnold alive to the ideal, but not sensitive to science, and yet under its spell, in an atmosphere charged with the microbes of science, who have sent the influenza round with their influential signature. With his wonted half-serious and half-humorous emphasis, Carlyle said of evolution, "all from a mussel"; and again, I will none of this gorilla damnification of human nature. Matthew Arnold made himself merry at the expense of Darwin, and quotes his epoch making utterance with an unsympathetic sneer, "our ancestor was a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears,

probably arboreal in his habits."[1] The proudest generalisation of modern science was to them a mild lunacy, and yet it was the infection from science that determined their attitude towards miracles. There is also a pseudo science. Besides, there is a literature, like *Robert Elsmere*, which takes its key from Evolution, but the authors of which do not and cannot understand evolution, because they are not naturalists, just as theologians attack Evolution who cannot understand it, not being naturalists.

The learned world has long worshipped an idol which David Hume, the accomplished Scotch philosopher, carved with exquisite art, and which he called the uniformity of Nature. Hume said that the uniformities of Nature are so unvarying that no evidence for miracles can make them credible. Hume was not a naturalist, and he did not know nature; and he was doing, like his kind, putting the infinities of nature into a harness of propositions and into the leather traces of phrases, which he called invariable laws, which traces and bit and bridle she has all along refused at the hands of philosophers, for she will not be converted into a four-wheeled landau, driven along macadamised roads by human charioteers.

Nature consists of matter, in certain forms and

[1] *Discourses in America*, pp. 110 and 111. I heard this lecture when these words were an oft-repeated refrain, making amusement for us.

with certain properties, as oxygen, water, iron. It consists also of certain modes of energy, whose action is light, heat, electricity. It consists also of organisms, plants and animals. It consists lastly of mind, which has appeared in Man. Energy acts upon matter as heat on water. Mind acts on energy, matter, and organism.

The properties of matter that we know, and the modes of energy that we know, and the action of mind which has come under our observation, do not exhaust the possibilities of Nature. We shrewdly suspect that we are in a border region beyond which are undiscovered but discoverable lands, and the border is pushed forward from time to time. Other kinds of matter, and other modes of energy, and other actions of mind, both on matter and mind, come within our ken. Aluminium is a possibility which has for some time appeared on the horizon, a metal which lies in the dust and clay in immeasurable quantities. If it could be economically extracted, it would displace iron, and that it can be brought as a rival of iron into the market is a hope of chemistry. If aluminium displaced iron it would change the face of the natural world. Electricity has only been made serviceable within the last fifty years ; its capabilities are the vision of physics. When the age of iron will be succeeded by the age of aluminium, and the age of steam by electricity, the uniformity of nature will look very foolish. Introduce mind into nature

and you disturb at once the set of her uniformities. When mind will act on Nature with a keener force, it will manipulate it into new issues, will introduce new phenomena and new facts which will demand a new calculus.

Mind has been creating new species of plants and animals all along its history. It is just as scientific to speak of the uncounted possibilities of deviation in Nature as it is to speak of its known recurrences. Science has no creed of finality.

The history of organisms is not a history of repetitions of the same forms, but of endless variations. The Coal Age vegetable matter underwent a mineralising process, which only crudely and partially is seen in other ages. Perhaps the sun had got an unusual supply of iron, which became magnetic, and which evolved an electricity, and the light emitted was saturated with a magneto-electricity (on which we depend for electric lighting) which gave to vegetation a character which enabled it to assume the crystalline carbon form we call coal. Perhaps, I say, who knows?—but certainly the vegetation of the Coal Age grew in a climate not known since, and the climatic conditions were uniform over the whole earth, and unlike anything we now have. Vegetation certainly has not had a uniform career. In the Chalk Age there flourished huge monsters, half-fish, half-reptile, fifty feet and a hundred feet long, which swarmed in the lakes and basked on the

shores of the shallow seas. Perhaps the whale is a fortunate survival of these cyclopean amphibians. They have died out because Nature refused even for the sake of such magnificent specimens of her activity to preserve her uniformity, by which alone they had been kept alive. The instability of the Natural world is one of the axioms of biological science. There is a constancy, but parallel with the inconstancies.

The Darwinian system of Nature is based on the principle of variability. That the organic world is in a state of unstable equilibrium is now a postulate of the biological sciences.

Professor Huxley has rebuked this literary worship of an antiquated idol. "I repeat that it is not upon any *a priori* consideration that objections either to the supposed efficacy of prayer in modifying the course of events, or to the supposed occurrence of miracles can be scientifically based. The real objection to my mind, the fatal objection to both these suppositions, is the inadequacy of the evidence to prove any given case of such occurrence which has been adduced."[1] Huxley assumes that he is qualified to sift historical evidence, which in *Robert Elsmere* is formulated as a herculean task. He knows also that minds historically and judicially equipped, fearless, honest, acute minds, have sifted the evidence for miracles and found it adequate, and have staked

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, Nov. 1887, p. 629.

their belief on it. I should think that he has disqualified himself for this task by the intensity of his biological studies, just as Carlyle, an expert in historical evidence, disqualified himself for an opinion on Evolution, which requires the delicate insight and detailed study of three or four of the natural sciences. It is a common phenomenon to see scientific men arguing against design in Nature,—against teleology, as it is called,—and they are innocently unconscious that the idea of design belongs to the realm of philosophy, and that it is impossible for most minds to carry the ideas of different realms in the mind at the same time. Design must be left to the philosopher, who, like Martineau, finds it inevitable to the canons of philosophy.

The principle of uniformity is a superstition in our day, the survival of an ignorance of a past time, when the possibilities of Nature were unknown. The recurrences of Nature create science; the potentialities are the horizons of religion. The frequencies determine the lower realms of Nature, the latencies the higher order which is linked to mind; a fine point of junction, where science and religion meet. Moral evil meets us here as an unexpected possibility, but it determines for us every conception of a higher order. It is the nonconformities of Nature that explain the otherwise inexplicable phenomena of lies and thefts and murders. Science affirms the realm of regularity;

religion affirms the realm of freedom. Thought and will and love are the freedoms of Nature, taking her we know not where. Not until science looks into this free country, and on the oceans of will and love, and hears the foghorn intimating that there is a traffic going on there, and dangerous navigation in foggy weather, will she be disimprisoned from her laws. Human life is not possible within the mechanisms of Nature; we resist them. The sin and evil of this world seem a revolt in the interests of freedom, a disease of resentment. We breathe freely only when we see the mere physical and dead uniformities disturbed by the ideal and the mystic in the universe. Leave religion out of science or philosophy or poetry, and at best you move in the vestry order of ideas. The scientist who denies religion is a clever vestryman, whose aspirations are limited to a glorified vestry of atom and cell. The late Walter Bagehot said, "Whatever may be the grounds for assuming the uniformity of Nature, I hold that there is nothing which the natural mind, unless subjected to a very serious discipline for the express purpose of producing that belief, is likely to assume."[1] And Mr. Ruskin, a thinker of quite another school, has said that he saw no difficulty in the sun standing still; he always expected it would.[2]

Very serious is the misdirection about Nature

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, Aug. 1885, p. 1.
[2] *Ibid.*, Aug. 1885.

which Hume in his ignorance of Nature has given to the mind. Very unwholesome is this attitude for our thinkers towards the ruling Christian ideas which have directed the career of the European nations, because they really introduce a devil element into our world. The ruling Christian forces are the Divinity of Christ, the Resurrection, and the Ascension into the heavens. Dr. Martineau has taken the liberty sorrowfully to call these forces by the name of mythology, and this because he is not a naturalist, and the lower natural world has opened no windows in his mind from which to see the Higher Natural world, and he stumbles at the signs and wonders which have been shown to us by Christ. Professor Harnack has lately written a book of industrious research, and he names it the *History of Christian Dogma.* He should have named it the *History of Christian Delirium*, because the ruling Christian forces are to him products of the fancy, and European history is a world in effigy, queened by picturesque myths which he calls dogma, probable untruths and improbable truths mixed up in the vapours of a romantic twilight. And all this because he is not a naturalist and does not know what nature can produce, and miracles offend a mind untrained to nature's wonders. Martineau and Harnack, Herbert Spencer and Huxley, are treating the dominant Christian factors as theologians have treated the dominant religious factors outside

Christianity. They are affirming irrationality to the human mind in its supreme transactions on this planet. We shall all have to look after our brains, and the biologist must look to his science, for the brain stuff in man is choked with phantasms, and has been relieving itself by throwing off the phosphorescences of the various world religions ; and the last relief was the religion of Jesus, and we are in a world of phantasmal institutions and inspirations.

It has really come to this that when Mind appeared, the creation went wrong, God was defeated, all plans baffled, Mind was an irrationality, and Beelzebub the god of this world. This is the Christian theory saved from its horrible logic by introducing into it the promise of a Supernatural Help, and a restoration which, however, has not been realised after 10,000 years. And the measure of helpless truth which it contains is shown in this that the lines on which Martineau, Matthew Arnold, and Harnack are thinking helplessly converge to the same point that Satan is the prince of this world. If the worship of Jesus is not a certain occult and most beautiful correspondence of the souls of men with the risen and ascended Christ, if the hymns, the art and architecture which the Resurrection and Ascension have excited are only a mimicry, if an enchanting mythology about the divinity of Jesus has produced the ethics and politics of the European drama, then the universe has produced man only to

fool him. This is the plain vernacular of it. To this conclusion the philosopher, the poet, and the historian come when they are not naturalists, and do not know the eventualities in Nature; and the Higher Natural world becomes an offence by the foregone assumption that miracles are impossible, an assumption which an educated naturalist must resent, and which uneducated men refute by their too abundant faith in miracles. We lose our heads in the presence of the mystery of man. This Memorabilia contains some steadying truths from the lead of the words, He is the true Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world. He was in the world, immanent in it, and the world was made by the immanences of Him.

A suspicion ought to be awakened that there is something radically wrong in this whole way of looking at our world, to suspect a fundamental fallacy in conceptions which land us on these fog-lands. I will start these suspicions in the vigorous words of Carlyle. When he was making researches for his life of Frederick the Great, he came upon a clever pamphlet, and very popular, the original MS. of which was sold as a valuable curio. The pamphlet purports to be a morning conversation of Frederick with his nephew, in which the head of the Hohenzollern house recounts the methods by which its greatness was achieved, which methods were lying, cheating, duping, cun-

has been concentrated on the relations of the human soul to the upper world, and yet while you can write books on fishes and roses, you have arrived at nothing more after millenniums of industry and agony than that man has a skull and a stomach. Nature has a good share of meaning till it comes to Man, and then she is befooled, and the Agnostic goes under, entangled in the vapours of Carlyle's devil-element. He knows nothing, can make no sense in all that man has done and said about the soul. The religions of the world have constructed the bridge by which men have passed from the lower natural world to the higher natural world, harmonising the two worlds. When time had told on these structures and the piers of the arches had been mined, a new bridge was constructed by the divine personality of Jesus. This bridge is an offence, and it is an offence because the action of the supernatural world on the natural world is not considered polite or politic, and this because philosophers are not naturalists and know not the capacities of nature. Agnosticism, unable to digest the arrangements of the world, must soon become acid with indigestions, and go into a nightmare of gnosticisms.

Surely Martineau and Harnack and the theologians do not mean to say that if they had the guiding of this world's history, they would have sent it some other way, which would have muzzled

Beelzebub more effectively, which God Almighty has not been able to do. Can they even conceive of any other history for this world than what has been?

This is the quixotic habitude of mind in which we indulge, that any one of us or a committee of the wisest of us would have made a better world of it, if we had the chance. Who switched the European world on the wrong rails, on which it has been going ever since? Was there no human wisdom or power which could have saved the world from the mistake which God Almighty has made? Beelzebub has committed a crime in creation and he has had no ducking as yet, nor is it at all visible that his unjust gains shall be peeled off him. And suppose it had not been switched on these rails, we should have had a Christianity which was no other than a revised Hebraism or an anticipated Mahometanism. Would either of these have made the European world? But what is the use of constructing a hypothetical world. We ought to have been spared the life of Jesus Christ which has been so fearfully misunderstood by the finest of minds. Do you really mean all this, that you wish to reverse the course of the ages, that the name of Jesus Christ should be effaced from the human annals, that the European world is on the wrong lines, that you want back a Hebraism or to instal a Mahometanism? Let us have an argument on these lines.

ning of all sorts; homage to Beelzebub, as Carlyle puts it. On this the Chelsea prophet makes a remark or two which is worth the attention of all interested in the moral government of this world, and the honour of humanity:

It is very certain, if Beelzebub made this world, our Pamphleteer and the huge portion of mankind that follow him are right. But if God made the world, and only leads Beelzebub, as some ugly muzzled bear is led, a longer or shorter temporary dance in this Divine world, and always draws him home again, and peels the unjust gains off him, and ducks him in a certain lake with sure intent to lodge him there to all eternity at last, then our Pamphleteer and the huge portion of mankind that follow him are wrong.[1]

It is plain from the argument of the school that converts miracles into mythology, that this muzzled bear has had no ducking for these two thousand years at least; that indeed he is no muzzled bear at all but quite at large. Mythology is as rampant as ever, duping bishops, doctors, and the missionaries of the Christian enthusiasm and the millions they represent.

Another Carlylean quotation of the tempestuous kind must also be made on this pamphleteer's account of Hohenzollern prosperity:

Ingenious gentlemen who believe that Beelzebub made this world are not a class of gentlemen I can get profit

[1] *Frederick the Great*, vol. i. p. 145. People's Edition.

from. Let them keep at a distance lest mischief fall out between us. They are of the set deserving to be called —and this not in the way of profane swearing, but of solemn wrath and pity, I say of virtuous anger and inexorable reprobation,—the damned set. For, in very deed, they are doomed and damned, by Nature's oldest Act of Parliament, they, and whatsoever thing they do or say or think, unless they can escape from that devil-element.[1]

This devil-element is quite persistent when we are told by Dr. Martineau that the worship of Jesus is inspired by a mythology, and by Professor Huxley that the religions of the world are devil-worships, and by Protestants that the Roman Catholic Church is Antichrist. The Christian saves himself from being suffocated in this devil-element by placing a Christ-element alongside of it, but it is a saving of himself by the skin of his teeth.

The Agnostic saves himself by stopping brain and heart, by syncope, as the physiologist would say. He knows the place of the crayfish in nature, and the place of Jupiter in space; but he does not know the place of Moses, Paul, Francis of Assissi, Luther, Bunyan, and Livingstone, about whom he can give no sane account. The crucifixion of Jesus, the death of martyrs, the passage of a human soul through the flesh and the career of him in death,—these have no meaning except what Nothing has. The attention of the mind for these ten thousand years

[1] *Frederick the Great*, vol. i. p. 146. People's Edition.

Are we so impecunious, so bankrupt, in thought that we must be driven into these crazy and cranky positions? Can we not think out something else about our world which will be a theory worthy of God's creation and man's existence. We must give up this faultfinding with the Creator, and this glorification of Beelzebub. I make this appeal both to Christian thought and to schools outside the Christian. Let us be done with the Satanic hypothesis. A world gone wrong simply means a defeated Creator; a mythology ruling the Christian world means that it was a cruel misfortune that Christ ever came into the world and died in it. To be an Agnostic and to say, I don't know, is to make yourself gratuitously a missionary of vacuousness. And whatever you do, don't make a ditch of miracles in the name of science and fall into it, for modern science has no difficulty with them, and has engineered a highway over them for you.

The whole question of miracles is involved with the question, What is Nature? I shall open those chapters of Nature which have been recently obtained by us and relate them to what we technically call the miracles, but which are the Works of Christ. We shall then see the ladder which Nature has constructed to show us up those terraces by which we reach what we call the Supernatural, but which is really only an extension or exaltation of the Natural

world. We shall then probably lose our sense of the mechanical supernatural.

Our Lord struck the keynote of the Higher Natural and the marvels it contains. When His students asked Him why they could not cast out the nervous poison or correct the cerebral lesion which irritated the brain of a child into epileptic fits, the Lord said, This kind goeth not out but by prayer, or as Mark more graphically puts it, This kind can come forth in no one but by prayer and fasting. This means, translated into our western dialect, that a finer communion with the Invisible world, a superior and more sensitive condition of the spirit, arms us with powers of healing, gives us qualifications which we don't possess. There is nothing magical or supernatural in this more active sensitiveness. It is a more exalted condition of the faculties by society with God. Establish a more magnetic sympathy with the unseen world, get a more copious flow of the life of God, acquire more spiritual capacity, and you will act on the lunatic and the epileptic and the paralytic with healing virtues. A physician will administer for nervous disorders a mustard poultice on the neck, or iodide and bromide of potassium, or the tincture of digitalis, or a liniment of turpentine, or a course of phosphorus. Are the virtues of plants and minerals more powerful than sympathies of mind? Surely the spirit can act on tissue directly to finer

issues than chemical molecules, if only we had the higher conditions of the spirit. Surely phosphorus and turpentine are at best clumsy interventions between the physician and disease, suited to an undergraduate and apprentice stage of our education.

Sir Astley Cooper was asked what he thought was the cause of cancer, and he answered, he knew of no cause except emotion. If emotion can fester into diseased fibre, and often it is sympathetic emotion, emotion taken from another and for another, why should not emotion heal diseased fibre, and particularly sympathetic emotion. The vista which opens before us is clear,—given a certain fine quality or pitch of emotion and it is done. This border region of the impact of mind on mind explains the secret of Christ's healing power. It is the very explanation given by the insight of the historian, Himself took our sickness and suffered our diseases.[1] He who can take into his soul the diseases of others and feel them and live in them as if he had them, and this by the sympathy of His nature, can heal them by occult forces of sympathy. Granted more forceful passion, and miracles of healing would be no uncommon incidents. Make mind a more powerful environment, give it more impact force, and the superior men of our kind will manipulate matter and mould mind to miraculous issues. Given the mind of Christ, and we expect extraordinary effects. Get

[1] Matthew viii. 17.

more will, more affection, and more sympathy, and disease and death will show a miraculous obedience to their impresses. Nature is fixed and fated till Mind becomes its environment, then it is fluid and free and all by the law of fluids and freedom. And what we have seen of the Higher Natural in Christ, are works of the Invisible world of Mind, which compasses us round.

It was said of Sir James Simpson that his presence in a sick room was half the cure, that his personality did quite as much for his patients as his medicines. Virtue went out of his magnetic personality, unknown to himself. Harmonious with his sympathetic forcefulness was his discovery of the greatest boon which suffering humanity has received. Chloroform was first in the suspicion of his sympathies, the vision of a passionate imagination into matter, and then the discovery. The half cure was obtained by the personal element, and the impact of the physician's mind upon the mind of the sufferer. If the personal element had been a little more affectional it would have made healing without the mediation of medicines. For medicines simply mean time, and miracle is the abridgment of time and space. An afflicted woman touched Christ in her pain and modesty. He felt the touch of an unknown hand, and with it the electricity of a delicate pain and a hidden faith, and virtue went out of Him to an unknown person, in the exchange of moral

forces. This virtue is no other than the effluence of a resident sympathy, and pain extracted it from Him. An effluence is extracted from the Scotch physician by the look and confidence of the sufferer. It is the same thing, but on a finer key and a higher plane, that virtue went out of Jesus to heal disease. Moral forces pass from mind to mind along impalpable wires of telepathy. Miracles of healing were Christ's way of signalling to us the Higher Natural, where vast affectional virtues are stored, which can operate on the chemistries of the body and the molecules of matter. We were ready in a new age to be shown these works of the Higher Natural World, to sign to us the forces of our native land.

"The Works" of Jesus are signs and symbols of the principles of the Spiritual Kingdoms. What is the special principle intimated to us by these works of healing? Even this, that our action upon the minds of men, whether in healing of the body or healing of the mind, comes from affection. Nature is not strained in these works. Cultivate a strong affectional nature, quivering with sympathy. Christ came near disease and it became His own by the transmission of sympathy. He was in perfect health, and He had not health because He saw pain, and it became His own pain. Our weakness as philanthropists and missionaries lies in this, that we are not sufficiently identified with the sorrow and mystery of the world. The principle of identifica-

tion is signalled to us in these works. We are too far off from poverty, we are in too good health, we are too comfortable, and we become official philanthropists of annual reports, and subscriptions, and secretaries. Keep your health and rise up in the world, but in your very happiness go down and down and identify yourself with the darkest of situations. It is this identification which is expressed in antique language in the prayer of Moses, Wherefore hast thou afflicted thy servant? Wherefore dost thou lay the burden of all this people upon me? Have I conceived all this people? Have I begotten them?[1]

A young man, in Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, was thrown into what is known as the hypnotic sleep; in the days of my story the phenomenon was known as mesmerism. He was asked to go into the Arctic regions, where the Peterhead whalers were; Peterhead at this time was the headquarters of the whale and seal fishing industry. The hypnotised youth said he saw the fleet, and that the first ship to arrive this season would be the *Hamilton Ross*, and that he saw the captain and surgeon of that whaler engaged in dressing the hand of the second mate, who had lost parts of some of his fingers. Another evening he was put into this same sleep, and he was asked about the fortunes of another whaler, the *Eclipse*. He travelled into those latitudes again without his body,

[1] Numbers xi. 11, 12.

and informed his questioners that he saw the captain of the *Hamilton Ross* engaged in conversation with the captain of the *Eclipse*, and that the news of the *Eclipse* would be told by the captain of the *Hamilton Ross* when he arrived. It happened as the sleeping seer had seen. The *Hamilton Ross* first arrived, the second mate had parts of his fingers shot away, and the captain and surgeon were on that occasion engaged binding up his wounds. Captain Burnet had met Captain Gray of the *Eclipse* and received intelligence from him about the whaling fleet.[1]

Hypnotism is now studied as science by the Psychical Society, and the facts which that Society gives us are carefully sifted. That Society has had Professor Balfour Stewart, and Lord Rayleigh, and Professor Sidgwick as its vice-presidents. It has affirmed through its accredited secretary that "experiment proves that telepathy,—the supersensory transference of thoughts and feelings from one mind to another,—is a fact in Nature."[2] Voltaire wrote tales of the dwellers in Sirius. A traveller asks one of these stellar inhabitants, "How many senses have you?" "Seventy-two," is the reply, "and every day we live we regret that we have so few." Voltaire anticipates telepathy and the Psychical Society, as poets and philosophers always anticipate science, and the prophet anticipates them both.

[1] *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, April 1891, p. 49.

[2] *Ibid.*

For long the sign by which Christ paid the revenue officer, the coin which Peter found in the first fish he caught, looked to me as having a mythic source and a parabolic meaning, an ostentation of a miracle. But in the face of the hypnotic vision it falls into line with Nature. It was even necessary for a Presence like Christ, with the Ideal Mission He had in hand, to show to us the hidden powers which lie in mind. The coin and the fish are a pure vision of mind; the *Hamilton Ross* and the second mate are a pure vision of mind. We see millions of miles into the deeps of space by certain nerve tissues, which are organised into the eye. Why not see half a mile into the deeps of the ocean by the mind? Why not see a hundred yards into the solid crust of the earth and every detail there by the mind, or into the contents of every fish's inside? We might expect Christ, among His works, to have given us hints of the future of mind. Our modern physical science is wholly based on visions of the mind into Nature. A chemist tells us that two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen make water, but he has never seen an atom. The molecule is a vision of mind. A physicist tells us that waves of ether are excited by an energy in the sun, which are translated by the eye into light. But he has not seen the ether or the wave.

Sir Joseph Banks tells us that he was one day botanising over an English down, when he met a

shepherd whom he saluted with the usual weather phrase, "Fine day." "Yaas," said the shepherd, "fine day, but before night there will be heavy rain." Sir Joseph did not mind the weather prophet and wandered away, but went home drenched to the skin. Next day he was on the same ground and met the same shepherd, and he put a gold coin into his hand and asked how he knew that there was going to be rain yesterday. He said, "When I seez my ould ram backing himself against the furze bushes there is sure to be rain by evening time." A certain sheep, one among the flock, has his nerves so strung that they are sensitive to an effect in the atmosphere unperceived by man or beast. A young dog, never far from home, was brought from Ballater, on the banks of the Dee, by rail to Aberdeen, 43 miles, and from Aberdeen taken by rail to Inverurie, 16 miles, making two sides of a triangle. He found his way to Ballater by the third side, by roads and a hilly country. The turtle lays its eggs in the sand and deserts them, but on the day of the hatching returns, calculating to a nicety the sixteen days of incubation.

The animal carries a geometry of space and a calendar of time, and a meteorology in its brain. A trigonometrical survey is excited in its nerves, and an astronomical calculus, and a barometric pressure, unlike anything we know. Nothing deflects the compass or the theodolite in its brain. It is quite

independent of clocks and charts. Nerve tissue shows us these extraordinary capacities. Is Mind not more miraculous than nerve? And shall not its developments dwarf every wonder that it has already shown. Why not turn water into wine by an unknown chemistry. Why not multiply five loaves and feed five thousand by another chemistry. If Christ had not shown the future of mind, we had missed a great deal. It is a help to us to see the freedoms of mind in this space-bound and chemistry-bound and gravitation-bound existence of ours.

Thinking men are actually taking it as a mark of superior thinking to rebel against these liberties. They have got into a sooty atmosphere of partisanship, or the mind, overcrowded with one class of ideas, has no room for more or another class of ideas. Biologists of the rank of Huxley and Spencer, industrious, perspicuous, brave men, prophets to their age, by exclusive attention to one line of thought, have got choked up on other lines. They have even treated the human mind as a miscarriage of Evolution, and religion its dominant phenomenon, as the cap and crown of its irrationalities; the mind capable of a persistent and supreme folly in its religious visions and worships.

The "Works," by which Jesus shows His acquaintance with the economics of the ocean, and superiority to gravitation by walking on the sea, and to chemical conditions of water, are signs, signalling

to us the splendours of Mind, hinting by how little we could acquire a Higher Mind, by how few removes we can gain a new forcefulness. He who worked these Works has a right to say: What shall a man give in exchange for His soul? In this hungry, coarse, drudging existence of ours, when even capable men degrade mind and dont feel its inner fires, it was necessary for an Envoy of the Spiritual World to give us an object lesson on the capabilities of mind, which can never be lost, and which wait an Evolution.

The Resurrection of Lazarus is a huge phenomenon, a "mighty work," but quite within the range of what we know of Nature, within the domains of its credibilities. I contend for nothing more than the inclusion of the works of Christ into the higher probabilities and possibilities of Nature, made visible to us by facts which are not commonly known, and which are not sympathetically interpreted.

Matter shows us properties which are akin to life. A crystal, as a cairngorm, is the regular form which certain compositions of matter take, structures of beauty and colour. Minerals of the same materials as silica and alumina, carbonic acid and lime, will always assume the same form or a geometric modification of it. Crystallisation shows us forces which are akin to the resurrection of the

dead. If a crystal be mutilated it has the property of repairing the injury and of completing the injured surface, and it attends more to this repair than to the uninjured faces, the injured part growing faster than the uninjured face. Crystals which have been chemically corroded and mechanically fractured, whose very unity was gone, will grow again and enlarge and perfect themselves. The one condition is that of Environment, similar materials at hand, a selection of materials to draw upon, and proper temperature, and sometimes another substance unlike that of which the crystal is composed, which seems to act as an irritant and a provocation to the building property. The solid crust of our planet is a history of crystal rejuvenescences. Quartz, mica, felspar, hornblende, break down and build up again. Crystals grow old, decay and die as it were, and become young again.

Professor Judd has recently put this wonderful property into canon-like propositions of science, and I will give his very words,—the italics are his :

"*If a crystal be broken, or mutilated in any way whatever, it possesses the property of repairing its injuries during subsequent growth.*" [1]

"*It does not matter how far internal change and disintegration may have gone on in a crystal—if only a certain small proportion of the unaltered molecules*

[1] The Friday evening discourse, delivered at the Royal Institution, 30th January 1891, by Professor John W. Judd, F.R.S.

remain, the crystal may renew its youth and resume its growth."[1]

I have before me a rock specimen from the schists of the Scotch Highlands, localised for the first time this year. It is a black micaceous schist, in which garnets of the size of strawberries are developed, and as thick as raisins in a plum pudding. On the exposed surface the mica is worn away, leaving the garnets sticking out clean above the mica in which they are bedded. The garnets have been weathered by ten thousand winters, chemically almost dead and the softer material washed out. If these garnets, which have been corroding for centuries, were put into a solution of garnet carrying material, they would repair their wasted form and build themselves up in the crystal form of their native dodecahedrons, and instead of the size of the strawberry they could become that of a child's fist.

In the lower ranges of life we see the presence of a power not unakin to resurrection. A leaf is the least part of a plant, growing by millions; but a few plants have leaves, any fragment of which will produce a new plant. A water-plant from Canada has taken possession of our canals and sluggish streams within the last forty years.[2] A piece of it came by some accident in a ship. A bit of a leaf

[1] The Friday evening discourse, delivered at the Royal Institution, 30th January 1891, by Professor John W. Judd, F.R.S.

[2] Known to science as *Elodea canadensis*. Babington calls it Anacharis.

or stem grows into a plant, and by pieces sticking to the feet of water-birds and carried by them it has become the nuisance of our waters. It does not seed with us. It produces only male flowers. Cut a leaf of the Begonia, or of that gorgeous stove plant the Gloxinia into half a dozen pieces and drop them in sand and each piece will send up a new plant. The foraminifera is on the lowest round of the ladder of animal life,—an Amœba, a mere speck of jelly floating by thousands on the surface of the sea. Tear a small piece off its gelatine body and the fragment will become a new creature. It secretes for itself shells of lime and silica. I have seen 120 forms of these shells, some crude in sculpture, some grotesque, some exquisite, some curious. Break a bit off the shell, and this pulp of life will repair the injury, and the piece put in will be of the pattern of the original. The condition of this rejuvenescence is the Environment; it must be immersed in its native element of salt water. Cut a star-fish into two and each half will become a new creature, with the five arms, and each arm has an eye-spot and a portion of the stomach and ovaries and spermaries,—all which are produced to pattern. A fragment of an arm will bud out into a perfect star-fish. Tear the central body of a sand-star into two pieces, and each piece will develop into a perfect new creature, with its fairy arms and weird form and brick red colours. Cut the worm—*Lumbriculus variegatus*—into any

number of pieces from the middle, and each piece will bud into a complete worm, with mouth, heart, and nerve. This power ceases with the higher animals, but this loss is not a proof of lower vitality, but of something which has taken its place in the higher animals,—a power which is still in the highest vertebrates, involved in them, which may appear again.

Analogy apparently fails here with the dead human body, but does it really? The fragments which become whole are after all mere remnants. Has the molecule of silica and lime life at all, and is that fragment of the worm not as near death as it can be? Is the life in the Gloxinia leaf and the skin of the worm not attenuated enough even to the point of death? Or can you distinguish between the mind-stuff in the molecule and in the cell? If these fragments have the memory in these lower stages of their former individualities to build themselves up again, shall you not concede to the human mind the power of acting in a similar way upon its own dead organism, provided you give it an environment of such a Mind as Christ, and the Infinite Mind of God? I am opening up a vista of Nature by which to see the possibilities and promise that there is in the action of Mind. The phenomena of atom and cell raise unbounded expectations. The rehabilitation of a dead body, in which Mind was, when it gets the environment of the Universal Mind,

is not so out of proportion or perspective with Nature as we have been led to believe. It is so only when the arrangements of Nature are not assimilated to our mind.

The ideal truth which the resurrection "works" sign to us is the Immortality of Mind, that death is a seeming and splendours lie behind it; the idealism of both life and death; rejuvenescences of various kinds. The Resurrection works of Jesus are tidings to us of worlds hanging on our horizons, where mind energies have an evolution into the higher Life Kingdoms.

The mind has its mirages. A mirage is a displacement of a landscape by being seen through different densities of air. The Moray Firth washes the coast of Banffshire on the south, and the coast of Sutherlandshire on the north. A long stretch of the Sutherland hills is visible from the Banff coast. I once saw from the Banff coast the Sutherland hills standing in the air, preternaturally raised, exciting an eerie feeling; the lower land looked as if submerged in a catastrophe, the hills were islands floating grotesquely on the water, as if they were uneasy, in a sea of a brown fawn colour. I felt inclined to run and tell my friends that the Sutherland hills were undergoing a geological cataclysm. The wonder of the Resurrection looks grotesque seen through the medium of a coldness towards the spiritual and a warmth towards the material. Anti-

pathy to religion, the vanity of being superior to the creeds of your country, the pride of being original, make a refractive medium and distort the perspective of the Higher Natural World.

There are also sad temperaments, and cloudy and frosty days, and long rainy evenings for all of us, in which the huge fact of the Resurrection of the body is a distortion.

Miracles are works common to the Higher Natural. They are also signs, signalling to us the ways and modes of this Higher Natural World, the lower terraces of which we now occupy, signing to us the Supernatural which grades up from the plains and meadows into the mysterious mountain ranges which bound our horizon, which we also call the Spiritual World. Nature has the promise in it of the Higher Natural. The works and signs of Christ are prophetic of its possibilities; an outlook into the Kingdoms before us.

The human sincerities educated by science look to miracles as the overflow of the superior mind; mind taking its own native freedoms; the Higher Natural showing its harmonies with the Lower Natural.

The human mind has always recognised that a peerage of the Higher Natural is waiting upon it, and ought to be found even here below. Here is the reason for the existence of systems like theosophy, which attempt first to realise and then to vulgarise

the Higher Natural World, and which lead on to impostures of various kinds, when the human limitations are not perceived, misspelling the whole business with great freedom, and calling it occultism and such like. In anticipation of this peerage, in a hurry for this Higher Natural World, the mind has conceded to the king the power of healing certain inveterate diseases by the royal touch, a faith which has lingered far into the historic period and given to scrofula the name of the king's evil.

Plato, in his philosophy recognises a reserve of power which looks to the Higher Natural or Spiritual World, which he variously calls a divine possession, a superhuman power, something outside the human mind, a dithyrambic, corybantic condition of the faculties.[1] Jowett translates the discovery of this power, felt by Socrates, by the word sign.[2] It was accepted in the Greek world as a perspective of the lower natural that there were exalted conditions of the human faculty. Paul puts these higher conditions alongside of the lower as existing together in early Christian society as gifts of the age. "To one is given through the Spirit the word of wisdom, and to another the word of knowledge according to the same spirit; to another faith in the same spirit, and to another gifts of healing by the same spirit,

[1] *Ion*, Jowett's Plato, vol. i. pp. 247 and 248. *θεῖα δύναμις, ἔνθεοι καὶ κατεχόμενοι, οἱ κορυβαντιῶντες οὐκ ἔκφρονες* are the phrases.

[2] "The sign is a voice which comes to me." *Apology*, Jowett's Plato, vol. i. p. 364.

to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy ; to another discerning of spirits, to another divers kinds of tongues."[1] And this was a creative epoch such as was not known before ; a fiery inspiration was working and revolutionising ; high wrought conditions, whose ordinary performances were moral miracles before which other miracles pale.

But there are moments of being, perhaps of dulness, perhaps of fatigue, when the burden of being is more than usually heavy, when we feel that we would be the better of a Messenger from the Majesty of the Eternal Interiors, from Whom we could receive another spoken authentic report of other modes of being, higher societies, the Spiritual World. We want a Christ again. It is too long since He was here. The silence of the blue space is oppressive, though it be a discipline into a spiritual existence. It is better not to see and yet to believe, but this arrangement is high, and in our languors we crave for lower things. It was once permitted that a Jesus should appear to break the bounds of Nature and the routines of mind, and to reveal the innate splendours of an exalted Personality ; healing the sick by a magnetic sympathy, communicating with Nature by telepathic forces, and showing to us that death holds no sceptre over mind, but is the easy subject of a resurrection power. It is not irreverent to ask for another excursion of the Higher Natural World.

[1] 1 Cor. xii. 8-10.

In every age of perplexity, we look into the heavens The prophets of Israel, when things were becoming putrid, made the nation expectant of a Commissioner from afar. The millenarian expectations, which began with Paul writing to the Thessalonians, and which with a beautiful tenacity and considerable crudeness still hold some of the finest minds, are born of the same desire. Even so come Lord Jesus.

Eight Works are selected for the Memorabilia, three to signal to us the sceptre of Mind over the materialisms of nature, four to signal to us the sceptre of Sympathy over maladies of the body, one the sceptre of Spirit over death. Melodiously, in this work of art, the rhythmic wave of miracle begins with the sovereignty over chemistry, and dies away with the sovereignty over physiology. Water is transmuted into wine. Death made obedient to a higher physiology at the sepulchre of Lazarus. These works are signals of the Higher Natural or the Spiritual World. They are also signals of the truths and principles of the Spiritual World.

The transformation of water into wine is a sign to us of the elevation which the Master of the spiritual world is going to introduce into our lower affairs.

1. The splendours of the Spiritual World are signalled to us at a marriage, not in the temple but in a house, not in the hour of prayer and amid the roll of sacred music, but amid the joys of a marriage.

Marriage lies at the base of human society ; it is an institution created by the principle of Sex. It is from the floor of sex that love begins which grows the flowers of marriage and the fruits of love. It is from the human love that we are educated into the divine love. The Greek word by which Christ expresses His desire for the love of Peter means also to kiss, and the word intimates the derivation of the higher love from the lower. The kiss is the sacrament of sense after love is born. It is something quite melodious to thought as it is melodious to the Memorabilia to see Christ at a marriage making a sacramental wine for it by a Work of chemistry, revealing by the Sign the hidden realities of being, lost sight of in their commonness by the common people, and in their sensuousness by the ascetic who hides himself in dens and celibacy.

The joys of earth are the throbs of God. We are dull enough to miss the supernatural in the natural, the holy which lies all round us. The law of sex, the beauty of woman, the sacredness of parentage, the freshness of childhood, the pathos of home,— in these God manifests His wonders, but we are too dull to see our honours in this commonness. Earth is a drill-ground to us, where we merely mark time. A military evolution is known as marking time. Soldiers move their legs and stamp their feet, but make no progress, they spend time. We live counting the time, going the same rounds, but don't feel

the eternity in everyday life, nor move with the tides which are carrying us to other shores of love and action. Rustic life tends to settle down into ruts. The wine which Christ gave to this rustic marriage is a sacrament of the happy relations of the two worlds, the lower and the higher. There is more in marriage than looks. The work signals the eternal wonder in sex, in love, in birth, and being.

2. The sacramental contribution of wine which Christ makes to this marriage signals also to us the fact that God approves of the order of the human world and is with it, rejoicing in it, and that the disorders of this world do not interfere with His pleasure in man. The Fact is impressed upon us that we have to place sin and pain and death into categories not found by us as yet.

Marriage continues the race, perpetuates the human order, and when Christ contributes wine to a marriage we see the pleasure of God in the continuance and struggle of the race. Christ helps on the gay hours of this marriage. He lays no arrest on the gladness, rather sends it spinning on when it was like to be arrested. Now deal with facts. The feelings with which we go into marriage, the transcendent brightness, the festive happiness, the human festival in it are facts. If this was a condemned world, if children entered it with an imputed curse, if God was angry with the human family, if it was in a condition of revolt, then gladness at a marriage were a disease,

marriage itself an anomaly, and Christ could not have made wine for it. We might have gone into marriage with a funereal inexorability. We are even over-furnished by affections for the perpetuation of the race. It is quite plain that Christ did not believe that the new-born child was a depraved being, or that over the human family there hangs the sword and wrath of God. The individual who sins incurs wrath, and he may go on and become depraved, but marriage does not produce full-grown profligates, only infants. There is plenty of sin in the world, and the sinner soon learns that if he does not pay his debts, heaven will pay them for him with compound interest in prisons and remorse. But that is a different matter from affirming depravity of the infant beginning of the race, or involving the whole order of this world in condemnation, or of setting up a Beelzebub authority. It is a bad use of the English word depravity to apply it to a child, and as bad to apply it to a moral man who is not religious. Theology by slumping does injustice to itself. It requires a sifting, clarifying, and classifying of its ideas.

Childhood is the beginning of us, and Christ has said of it, in harmony with His contribution of joy to this marriage, Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Children are born into the kingdom of heaven, and the kingdom of heaven on earth is composed of beings with a composite nature. There is a coarse grain in a

child which is abundantly known as Original Sin, and there is a fine grain in the child which the theological Dryasdust, though Fertile-as-fungus in names, refuses to give a name, but which I venture to term Original Goodness. Two tendencies are handed to every child, and the Law by which the good shall prevail. That Law is the consecration of the soul to God, the surrender of self to the Spirit of God, into the education of which law the parent becomes sponsor by baptism.

To take up the Cross of Jesus and follow Him is the flower to which childhood should come in its year of reason, will, and choice, and when this blossom has not appeared being is going into mere wood. The child must be told along the whole line of childhood that good and evil are in him by an original gift, and that the law entrusted to him by which victory is secured is a serious charge of being. More of this to come. I will not anticipate.[1]

3. Theology, like all science, attempts to make God's world more systematic than our faculties can ever make it out to be. The doctrines of child depravity and the divine condemnation of the race, and the imputation by which the race has incurred the wrath of God, are instances of a rigid system without attention to facts. They pick a quarrel with the biggest fact of our world, that of the human pleasure in marriage. We may as well quarrel

[1] See Chapter VIII.

with the moonlight as with this queenliest of affections. Christ does not dispute this fact at this marriage, but gives his sanction to it. The truth is men do not believe these doctrines supposed necessary for a system. They go on marrying with joy and defying the creed, and it is not good for creeds to be defied. We keep the birthdays of our children as a family festival, which we should never do if their advent was also the advent of a curse in our world. Universal sinfulness is the kernel in these rough doctrinal nuts.

The Puritan severity against evil is a wholesome contribution to the moral world, and a vigorous tradition amongst us, and it is from the most wholesome feelings that exaggerations of truth come. Exaggeration means that a bright light occupies for the time the entire sky of thought and does not admit of cross lights. There is a kind of falsehood in extremes, but there is also a passion in them, which the golden mean has not. The golden mean is as metallic as gold; the extremes have a charming ethereality for minds like ours. In the tract of time in which we are moving, in an age of light and shade and shading, this contribution of wine to a marriage is a cross light which puts old truths into other perspective. But the Puritan tradition of evil as evil remains a prized heritage.

It is an unworthy feeling which I hear in the air

of our day, this railing at the old theology. That theology has done well by us; it has brought us so far and where we are. It was that interpretation of the universe by which our fathers lived nobly and died bravely. No son despises his patrimony, if he is a wise man. The wise son, however, does not keep his patrimony only but increases it, brings it up to date in the market. A farmer to-day farms the same land as his ancestors, but he works it by rotations and phosphates and drain-pipes. The modern mind is farming the same truth of God, but with ideas and methods unknown to our fathers. Our manufacturers had not been if weavers had not been their fathers. No preferential claims can be allowed to the sons over the sires. It is not the old theology that is bad, but that excess of theology which insists upon keeping the beautiful spindle and refusing the spinning-jenny, which limits the truth of God to a few texts in the Bible, and puts its thumb on a score of others, which claims a finality for one angle of the truth. The idea that the truth of God has only one aspect, and that aspect exhausts and monopolises it, and that it must be kept in forms and phrases three hundred years old, turns theology into one of the most insolent products of the human mind which has deluged us with blood. It is not the fault of the old theology, it is the fault of that exaggeration of theology, which is a human infirmity, against which theology

is continually protesting. Like all science, theology has a native elasticity, and asks to be modified and reset and restated as the Bible is better understood, and as God's universe is better known, as cross-lights fall upon it, and a new arrangement of light and shade is required.

The character of a theology depends upon the genius of the race that makes it, and the genius of the times in which it is made. There are several theologies amongst us, a Scottish theology and an English theology, a Welsh theology and an Irish theology. There are species in these genera, Highland and Lowland in Scottish theology, Anglican and Nonconformist in English theology, and so on. We have recognised in the Bible several theologies, which we name the theology of the Psalms and the theology of Isaiah, the Pauline and the Johannean theology. It is by sympathetically collecting and grouping the genera and species under the Christian order, as naturalists do with plants and animals, that we shall find the beautiful reconciliation of all the theologies and the spiritual universals which hold them all. We shall then learn to expect differences in the same genus, and appreciate the engaging variations which mark the species of a genus and the genera of the great Christian order. Each church will then learn to admire the differences which appear amongst its members. Each man will then see the species and genus which hold him

in his place, dependent upon the structure of his mind and the genius of the race to which he belongs. The capacity for variation is one of the divine properties of theology, as of all vitality.

We are like and unlike the men of the past, but more like than unlike. Our thinking is similar and dissimilar to the thinking of days gone by, but more similar than dissimilar. If an ancestor of ours five hundred years ago rose from the dead he would not be amazed at the aspect of things around him. He would say that telegraph and photograph and Atlantic liners were all in their germs in him, that he saw their day and rejoiced. If Jonathan Edwards came back to us he would say that the so-called advanced theology of our day was contained in his, that when the accidents of both theologies were stripped away the kernel would be the same. And he was the expounder of the most uncompromising doctrine of human depravity.

The wine which Christ contributed to this marriage is sacramental of God's pleasure in our childhood, of earth being a homeland of the Eternal Father, and the joys of marriage as reflections of the joys of heaven. It does not allow the idea of child-depravity, and the curse of God upon the human family, and the condemnation of the human world by an imputation of any kind.

4. The lower natural world shows us vast potential contents when acted on by a Superior Mind. It is

fluid to the action of mind, and its pliancies became wonders before the Mind which Christ brought from the Higher Spiritual World. The works and signs of Christ are once called wonders in the Memorabilia, and wonder is not the most trustworthy feeling. It is with sadness Christ says, Except ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe.[1] Christ wanted faith through intuition ; a quick action of the truthfulness that is in us. He wants us to take to Him because love and religion are our native element, and He is the Master of the realm.

Wonder, however, has a force of its own, and on one occasion Christ would have been satisfied if men had drawn to Him by wonder. Ye seek Me not because ye saw the sign, but because ye did eat of the loaves. You see the terraces higher and lower on which human nature is found, and from which we climb up into the Life Kingdoms. There is a coming into Life through the loaf, mostly of the worthless kind, a crawling on the belly after the reptile fashion. Still the belly has connections with the brain, and a lower motive may pass into a higher motive. There is a coming by the persuasions of the sign, the seeing of the Higher Kingdoms. There is a coming by seeing the works, the seeing of the potential contents of the lower world, by the impact of Christ's mind. There is a coming to Christ by the surprise of Wonder. But highest of all and purest of all is

[1] John iv. 48.

the coming which sees nothing, but comes with the wish and the love. To love God is the best way to God.

Still we think that religion would be easy if we could see the wonders of signs and works. The works of Christ did not make a wide impression and Christ restrained Himself. They were mostly argued away. They made men angry. Christ was crucified by the men who saw these works. They were in the main resultless. The wonder of a miracle will give you a fright, but you cannot keep the fright long, if you don't exchange it with the wish for God. The wonder of a miracle convinces you, but then you were convinced before, that there is a God and an Unseen World. You are not a doubter and you don't lack knowledge. Your want is the desire and the love that draws you to God.

These signs had their value for the serious men of an age in dissolution. We find most of these wonders are done in private. He walks on the sea and is seen only by His twelve students. He turns water into wine at a select family circle, and His students had their faith broadened and brightened. The serious became more serious in a time when much had gone into confusion. The obedient life became more gladly obedient when obedience had become a sullenness. But it is the serious man who must deny himself signs;

take them when they are given, but not ask them. The wonders of God are all around us, and in our years. The sense, the sign, and the sacrament must be sparingly used. The religious man must go in and in, into Himself, into the inner shrines of the life of God.

The man who is not serious will often crave for a great Season, a great Event, a great Movement, which he fondly thinks will work a change on him. Seriousness is not from without but from within. Seriousness is a certain view of life and of the universe dwelling in you, which looks out on all time and space, as on sacraments of the Eternal Awe. Thou hast this seriousness in thyself. Don't seek circumstance. Blame thine heart, the wish, the sin, and the aversion. Hear the words of Jesus, They have Moses and the prophets; if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FOG HORN AND THE STORM SIGNAL.

JOHN ii. 13-25.

"*And the Jews' passover was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting.*"

"*Then answered the Jews and said unto Him, What sign shewest Thou unto us, seeing that Thou doest these things? Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this Temple and in three days I will raise it up again.*"

"*For all human loss and pain there is no comfort, no interpretation, worth a thought, except only in the doctrine of the Resurrection; of which doctrine, remember, it is an immutable fact that all the beautiful work, and all the happy existence of man, has depended on, or consisted in, the hope of it.*"—RUSKIN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FOG HORN AND THE STORM SIGNAL.

In an ideal literature we don't seek time relations. The signal of the ideal given in Cana has a rhythmic relation with the signal given in Jerusalem. We have a rhythm of space, the motion from Galilee into Judæa, the wave from Cana swings round to Jerusalem. A rhythm of sound or of water is, like the pendulum, a wave motion. A mental rhythm is a companion phenomena. The geographical rhythm begins its wave in Galilee, and the wave dies out in Jerusalem. It connects rustic life in Galilee with urban life in Judæa, and one kind of sign with another. What lies in the trough of the wave, or, as the geologist would say, in the hollow of the syncline, is not reported.

It was on the 15th of April that Jerusalem was crowded with pilgrims from the country and the world. The country was looking its best; it was early summer meeting spring. Corn-fields were in green ear. It was called the month of flowers.

Wild lilies, red and white, decked every meadow and sward. Migrant birds had come, and the woods were vocal. The cuckoo was crying its name to the woods, the sound of the turtle was heard in the land. Life in Jerusalem was all holiday; friends met friends and exchanged memories and inquiries. A history is being remembered which was a nation's nativity. The sacredness of the joyous stir was collected in the Temple; the centre of the anniversary; the feast we call the Passover.

Christ appears at the fair in sympathy with its historic associations, as at the marriage in sympathy with a family festival. But a scene in the temple disquieted Him, and became even unendurable. The outer court was changed into a market—ox and dove and lamb were in demand,—and into a bazaar of miscellaneous wares. The court was let to traders by the priests; the traders were, after their wont, driving a business; the priests were drawing a rich revenue of rents, under the cover of sacredness; the traffic was glossed as sacrificial. At the east temple gate stood the stalls of the money brokers, who exchanged Greek, Roman, and other coins for the Hebrew coin, in which alone the Temple tax could be paid by the pilgrims. The money brokers were chief offenders; they charged commissions which were nothing less than fraudulent, and they even had

a bad name in society for their greedy bargains. The cattle yard and the huckstering; the money tables and the haggling for ten per cent and twenty per cent; the ordure of animals, the bleating of lambs, the cries of vendors hawking their wares; this hurlyburly made an invasion of the silence and sweetness which should be the atmosphere of prayer. The whole spectacle was unwholesome, indecent, degrading. It was a prostitution of both trade and religion; it was also a religious sanction to fraud and extortion. The house of prayer had become a den of thieves.

This spectacle of sordidness and sacrilege under ecclesiastical patronage was a sign of the moral condition of Jerusalem, a picture of the temper of the city. It was a scene to fire a prophet. With an extemporised whip, twisted from the cords and straws lying on the desecrated floor, He expelled the vendors and threw down the tables of the exchangers. With perfect composure and discrimination He spares the cages of the harmless doves, and orders them to be taken out. There was a claim in this impassioned force, that He was the true Master of the temple; a subterranean fire breaking out into volcanic activity, reconstructing the coast-line and illuminating the sky with a lurid glare, ominous, prophetic of a new Master. Opposition is cowed by the enthusiasm of the deed. The mammon spirit is shamed; the heart is taken

out of the prostituted trade. The priestly traffickers and their hireling tools are silenced, and the authority which Christ claims is more than half surrendered to Him by the guilty conscience. The soul in pawn longs for a redeemer.

It is only when Religion is in a state of collapse that an intrusion so indecorous can be permitted in the sanctuary of religion. Only when men have become wild in the pursuit of money that such profanation of the sanctities can take place. And we may be sure that in such a pass the prophet is at hand, who with a supreme passion will hurl his thunderbolts at the insolences of the dastards who have forgotten in their greed the common dues and decencies of religion.

The semi-sacred, the secular with the cloak of religion thrown over it, is making religion a convenience, and is one of the odious forms of irreligion. It is a cowardice. The mixture of half religion and half mammon, half God and half self, is a suspicion of total unsoundness. No such article exists as half religion ; pronounce it wholly spurious, a sham of blackest dye. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. There are places where business has to be done in the terms of business. There are places where business has to be idealised by the forces of religion. Bring your sales into the house of God, but in the spirit, offering them to God as honest and honourable deeds. Don't talk religion in the

market place, but make your bargains and sell your shares like the Christian man. Don't take a crucifix on your persons into the market or talk of the cross there, but buy and sell guided by the Spirit of Jesus, and it will be felt without speech or show, by intrinsic effluences.

Merchandise is the chief vocation on earth. To the large majority, the angel of commerce says, sell what you have, buy what you have not, produce much and have much to sell, barter and bargain. The mass of traders make only enough to keep themselves alive. But there is implanted in us the ambition to make more than is enough for daily wants. Acquisitiveness is a human faculty. The desire to acquire and accumulate is native. We want riches. Money and the riches of money are ordained of God. Civilisation is born in the acquisitions of property, in accumulations.

Disparagement of money is not uncommon in the religious world, but it is unreal. The man who disparages it will be glad to get it.

The passion for acquisition is a great faculty; riches a great gift. The danger of a great faculty and a great gift is in proportion to their greatness. Therefore Christ spoke of the deceitfulness of riches. Therefore Paul says, They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and

perdition. "They that will be rich" should be rendered they who will be rich anyhow and by every means, who sacrifice conscience and honour to be rich. The passion to acquire deceives men into dark schemings and smartnesses in business, and into the semblances of religion; the passion to keep becomes a clutching, voracious, unbeautiful thing.

In Jerusalem acquisitiveness has become an evil, passed its appointed bounds, a trespass on the eternal. The money plague is rampant. The passion of the classes is a sordid money temper; the temple itself a good-going concern, the ecclesiastics a joint stock company, the debentures of which are all in their own hands. A moral plague, like a physical, implies previous losses; sincerities and veracities gone, the infinite of God becomes a dream. The diseased acquisitiveness is even using religion for its nefarious earthliness; homage to religion, indeed, but a homage fatal to it. Religion, literature, character, are run into maladies, and Jesus is in collision with the distemper; a mean, lean, and hungry condition.

Religion in the hands of the priests had become a mechanism, law in the hands of the Scribes a scrupulousness, morality in the hands of the Pharisees a reputation, philosophy in the hands of the Sadducees a scepticism. The priests were magicians, the Scribes pedants, the Pharisees moralists without the roots of morality, the Sadducees cynical politicians. The

Jews of Jerusalem were a mixture of all this in various proportions. An unreason infected the people, a diseased reason the ruling magnates. The old genius for holiness has become a genius of sorcery and sophism. This virus explains the hostility which early appears in Jerusalem against Jesus, and which these Memorials trace almost from the beginning, and which ultimately shaped the crucifixion. A materialism possesses Jerusalem, and it is this materialism which the Johannine Memorabilia accentuates. The cancer has eaten far into the tissues of the hierarchy; a slumberous afternoon atmosphere lies over the citizens. Christ is here presented as startling and irritating this cancerous materialism, and for a time galvanising into a fitful life the Jerusalem Jew, whom John calls, "the Jews." How can a man enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born? is the dazed answer to the symbolism of water as the plasma of a spiritual birth, which a respectable Pharisee makes. How can this Man give us His flesh to eat?—is the stupid query to the sacramental idea of a meal. Whither will He go? Will He kill Himself? is the senseless explanation of materialism. Ye know nothing at all, nor consider that it is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not,—is the immoral politics of expediency with which the Chief of the hierarchy

silences the faint qualms of conscience which still linger in holy places. Idealism is lost. Electricity is an analytic force; a current passed into water, and the water is reduced into its primordials of oxygen and hydrogen. Christ is represented all through these Memorials as sifting the materials all around Him, transfiguring the natural, showing the idealities which lie behind water and bread and light and body and death. There are always some who are impressed, who see the spiritual dimly looming away, and they profess a momentary attraction, and Christ searches them also. What sign showest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things? (verse 18).

He discharges currents of electricity into the diseased souls; analysing the money evil and materialism. He finds the nation mentally too fatigued for His originalities, spiritually too diseased for His idealities. A consumption had set in which must run its mortal course. Carlyle described a decadence in his day, with the stormy exaggeration innate in him, not true of our time, but applicable to this insanitary and insane period of Hebraism: "So dark and abstruse, without lamp or authentic finger-post, is the course of pious genius towards the Eternal Kingdoms grown. No fixed highway more; the old spiritual highways and recognised paths to the Eternal now all torn up and flung in heaps, submerged in unalterable boiling mad oceans of

hypocrisy and unbelievability, of brutal living atheism, and damnable dead putrescent cant; surely a tragic pilgrimage for all mortals; Darkness and the mere shadow of Death, enveloping all things from pole to pole, and in the raging gulf-currents, offering us will-o-the-wisps for loadstars,—intimating that there are no stars, nor ever were, except certain old Jew ones, which have now gone out." [1]

A mist from the Eternal oceans envelops in thick folds the Holy City. Holiness is not repudiated; religion is still in the ascendant; the scriptures are much studied; but all is befogged. A fog is mist involved in smoke. John the Baptist has sounded the note of danger in articulate speech. Christ uses the fog horn, which has a sound without words, words without a key; weird, threatening, enigmatic. And it is enough. Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up again (verse 19).

This cryptogram is a compressed speech. The Memorabilia is everywhere a compressed literature, an exemplary conciseness, abbreviated all through, and suffers by abbreviation, and it is suffering in the right direction. The world is overloaded with literature. This dark saying sums up a speech into an aphorism. The speech must have been something like this: "You see this superb temple, its

[1] *Life of Stirling*, p. 85. People's Edition.

colonnades, and corridors, and towers, and finials. The human body is after all the true temple of God. My body more especially enshrines the presence of God amongst men. It is the true Shekinah of the tabernacle. I claim this temple, and therefore I have exercised this authority in it. I have shamed your abuse of it and I have exposed the greed of your priesthood. You will one day destroy my body; you are already thinking of getting me out of the way; I will raise it up again; you will then know who I am when the Resurrection force has rearranged the ideas and inspirations around you. The new order will demand the abolition of the Temple itself, and another Temple society will rise up from its ruins." Christ has heard in the lowing of the driven cattle, and the clatter of the tumbling tables, and the rattle of the falling money, and the curse of the traders, the rumbling of the distant thunder which menaces His death. His presence has begun a rage which will grow into a tragedy. The Johannine Memoir is largely occupied with the Jerusalem ministry of Jesus, with Christ's efforts to save Jerusalem. From the fifth chapter onwards with regular recurrence we are told that the death of Christ is in the stifling air of the city. He became intolerable to the scrofulous hierarchy in its hectic debilities. Every time Christ appears in Jerusalem He feels that the thermal pressure indexes His death. The Resurrection is the sign

for Jerusalem, and it made an impression, for they remembered in the end that He had said, He will rise again. Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up again, is a cryptogram not altogether lost upon an unperceiving people.

The first truth which this cryptogram hides in its recondite deeps is that Christ is the Original of the Hebrew Temple. That sanctuary was His body; the visibility in which He was shown to the Hebrew mind. Christ underlies the Hebrew system. He is the original of its kings, the archetype of its priests, the reason of its prophets. Sacrifice is a picture of His death; His Resurrection the absorption of Hebrew forces for a reconstruction.

But more, Christ is the original of every shrine and every sacrifice which has been offered up amongst all nations. He is the Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world. Therefore the Roman and the Greek and the Teuton have accepted Christianity; in Him they have perceived the reason of human nature and the infinite of God. No other rationale of Christendom can be proposed. Therefore the missionary of to-day has access to all tribes and races, and Christ is accessible to them. As the missionaries of Islam have won vast tracts to the worship of the One God because God underlies humanity, so the Christian missionary is winning the nations for Christ, because more specifically He underlies humanity. The

worship of Christ is the elect worship for man. The forces of natural selection are with it.

This cryptogram becomes luminous to those who have seen a Christliness in the secret places of their soul. When Christ died, when Jerusalem destroyed the body of Christ, the veil of the Temple was rent, and virtually the sanctity of the Temple had departed and its secrets went westwards, and the European mind perceived the Mind of the Eternal in Christ.

The second truth which this cryptogram hides is that the Resurrection is not merely a Wonder but a Force to reconstruct human nature. We see a rearrangement in the spring season. What has rearranged the sap that it flows into the bud and throws the winter sheaths off? what has told the migrant bird that it is time to rearrange its environment? what has rearranged the nerves of the blackbirds that they begin to thrill with song, which had no rhythm in them the winter long? It is light and heat. What has rearranged Paul's Hebrew nature that now he is able to write the Epistle to the Philippians and the Romans? Prudence, years, and sorrow, a grown up son or daughter, will often reconstruct the strata of a man's nature, giving the stratification another dip. These forces have been always in operation. They are in operation now, but they don't make that reconstruction which we call the Christian life. They don't excite the vision of Christ in the heavens and the worship

of Christ on earth; they don't provoke the filial relation between us and God, nor a missionary love to man unfelt before. They do not work that newness which Paul found in the Resurrection of Christ, that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

How did Paul come to be rearranged? Chiefly by the force which lay in the fact of the Resurrection of Christ from the dead. He had been a confidential agent of the dignitaries of the Temple, who were trying hard to suppress the report of the Resurrection. A conspiracy of silence was organised and Paul was in the outer councils of the plot. He had seen that the fact of the Resurrection was a faith of the men who were moving earth and heaven to stamp out the society which had its cohesion in that fact. The fact was whispered amongst the ecclesiastics, that Roman soldiers had witnessed to it, that the tomb was empty. They were uneasy with the untruth they were propagating, and the truth they were concealing. Paul saw the uneasy untruthfulness and searched out the facts. When the noble soul was persuaded of the Reality, and wanted to know only what to do, it was the fact of the Resurrection which shone in him with a blinding brilliance on the Damascus road and rearranged his whole being. He knew it as a fact and he now feels it as a force. He sees the risen Lord, he hears his

Lord. He tells us it was a force, when he wishes the Ephesians to know what is the exceeding greatness of His mighty power which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenlies.

Christ announces in this cryptogram this reconstruction as the inner wonder of the Resurrection. The whole Hebrew system is to be dissolved, and then rearranged. A temple which had its foundations nowhere, but its roof everywhere, will then be raised up. Christ will then be a Spirit ranging over the spirits of men. Greek thought and Roman law will receive His spirit. The juvenile civilisation of the Teutons will take on a refinement and a vigour. The Christian Society will begin which will cover the finest ground of the world.

Destroy this Temple, and in three days I will raise it up again, is a cryptogram, an obscure speech, but after the manner of the wisdom of antiquity. It was classical to speak in paradoxes and parables. A Hebrew philosopher is defined: "A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels; to understand a proverb, and the interpretation; the words of the wise, and their dark sayings."[1] A dark saying is a principle put into an enigma to stir thought and curiosity. It did not really conceal truth, but excited a search for it. The discovery of

[1] Proverbs i. 5, 6.

the meaning by the industry of interpretation made the truth the man's own property. Destroy this temple, was a puzzle for them to find the key. If they failed Christ would give it to them. They did get the key, because they had become familiar with the fact that He had said that He would rise from the dead, and used it for their own purposes at the crucifixion, half credulous, half incredulous.

The Christian church as it rose with the risen Lord is the great sign for Jerusalem. It sealed the doom of the temple, and nothing else would have done but dissolution. Christ hoists the storm drum of spiritual meteorology in the city. Destroy this temple and I will raise it up in three days. Baur has said with rationalistic reason that the Christian church stands on an empty tomb.

Signs change their look as the hills do, looked at from different points. The Christian church is now the sign of the Resurrection. The incredible Resurrection is made credible by the obtrusive fact of the world wide Christian temple. The Resurrection demolished the Hebrew temple, but built up the Christian life and its institutions. The Resurrection was in Jerusalem a sign of the future; the Christian church is in Europe a sign of the past. The past is as invisible to us as the future, or we would not be disputing about it as we fiercely do. History is a vast disputability, and we leave it in the hands of

Carlyle's Dryasdust, or, as I would say, in the hands of Fertile-as-fungus, making anything of everything. History craves for a visibility which is not disputable. The known of to-day gives certainty to the unknown of yesterday; the facts of the present signal the invisible facts of the past. The Christian life of to-day is the sign that the dead body of Jesus was restored to Him; that portent, wonder, and phenomenon is made visible to us by the visibles of Christendom. The Christian life has lost the reason for its existence, if the Resurrection is not the force of its creation. The past of these centuries is visible to us with the light which is in the Christian life of to-day.

History has not attempted to construct the facts of the Christian enthusiasm and institutions without the Resurrection, except by resorting to the wholly incredible data that fictions can create facts, and delusions life. Take the axiom of biology with you that the deeply creased and channeled brain of man is the highest product of Nature, and the mind of man the last and most resplendent evolution in creation,—putting the devil out of your reckoning, for biology has nowhere any concern with him and his doings,—and then give us an account of the Christian life and its institutions. The rationalist account is irrational on that footing. The science of biology resists and resents the insult to life that it has been promoted by myths and phantasms. If

worm life and bird life are verities based on nerve tissue, human life is a profound verity based on brain and mind. The human Christian life is not only a life, but the most remarkable life that has appeared, in potencies and aspirations; and its fires were obtained from the Resurrection. We have small, respectable, and valuable communities who call themselves Christian and explain away the Resurrection and the Memorabilia. But it is no depreciation of the Unitarian community, represented by such noble spirits as Channing and Martineau, to say that the Christian enthusiasm is not with them.

When you are befogged, when mists from the ocean of the Infinite roll over you and get mixed with dust and soot, hear the Easter hymns of the church, look at Christendom singing, big as a continent, continental with art, literature, ethics, missions, then you will hear the fog horn in the chants which warn you of your danger lest you steer your bark on shoal or reef; which also informs you that there is a safe channel and a traffic on these seas. Doubt is the shadow of the Eternal on our time faculties, the fog which the cold and the soot of our nature suck up from the ocean. The upper side of every fog is in the light; the sunny side of doubt is faith. They know, who early in the morning have been on the Swiss Alps, that one of the most exciting of landscapes is to see the mists of the night which wrap and roll on the lower ridges

and valleys lighted up with rainbow hues by the morning sun, and then the tossing and tearing and breaking up of the uneasy mists, and the clearness, as if fresh washed, of the peak, and the precipice, and the fir-wood, and the green slopes.

The forms of faith and the professions of it, without life, will raise fogs. The densest fog, kneaded of thickest carbon particles, is that which self and pleasure and the earthliness of money-making and the ambition of money keeping organise for us, as in Jerusalem.

The prophet is not far off when a collapse of human nature has taken place, and there is a residuum of thought in Jerusalem which is uneasy in this collapse, and is even expecting a change. This expectation was after the manner of the Hebrew race. Priests have always been resisted by prophets, as Aaron by Moses, and kings encountered by saints, as Ahab by Elijah and Theodosius by Ambrose, and nations waked up as by Luther and Knox. And the prophetic fire is resistless. It burns and will not stay burning. A supreme earnestness is the certificate that a prophet has appeared. The enthusiasm of Jesus has kindled a fire in the city. Great sinners are silenced and little sinners are awed, and the embers of conscience all round are stirred in their ashes. The languors of the city are pricked into spasms. Even a hope is awakened that a new order of things is imminent. The brave

assault on a scandalous abuse and lucrative speculation is possible only to the prophet. They see that the Spirit of the Lord God is upon Him, and the people want a further confirmation of His authority. They say, what sign showest thou unto us? This is the way sleepers rub their eyes when they are waked up and don't want to rise and try speaking.

When the sign was given,—the fog horn sounded and the storm drum hoisted,—some believed, but faith is languid and the human uncertainties in Jerusalem are but too visible, and Christ is not going to trust His mission to the fatigued ambiguities of the city,—the human fires all damped down,—for He knew what to expect there. The one man from Judæa who matriculated in His school, Judas of Kerioth, is unpromising. He has chosen His missionaries from highlanders of Naphthali and fishermen of Zebulun, in the region where Greek and Hebrew life had mingled, Galilee of the Gentiles. Many believed on His name, but Jesus did not commit Himself. For He knew what was in the men of Jerusalem (verses 23-25).

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EVOLUTION IDEA.

JOHN iii. 1-21.

"*Except a man be born of water and Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.*"

"*And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.*"

"*For God so loved the world, that He gave His only Begotten Son.*"

"*He that doeth Truth cometh to the Light.*"

"*So far from degrading Humanity or putting it on a level with the animal world, the doctrine of evolution shows us distinctly for the first time how the creation and the perfecting of Man is the goal towards which Nature's work has been tending from the first. We can now see clearly that our new knowledge enlarges tenfold the significance of human life, and makes it seem more than ever the chief object of divine care, the consummate fruition of that creative energy which is manifested throughout the knowable universe.*"—FISKE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EVOLUTION IDEA.

EVOLUTION is a portable word for a cluster of agencies which have directed the course of life on our planet. Present forms of life are not only akin to past forms, but derived from them by descent; life is ever pregnant with new forms which appear as variations and establish themselves as species. Evolution leaves the beginning of life safe in the hands of theology and poetry and metaphysics; it has no meddlesomeness with the beginning. Derivation from the past and potentialities of a future, without creative interference, have been always suspected. But it is only in our day that the manner of this movement has been demonstrated by the industry of Darwin.

Life in its primitive form is indefinite. The jelly fish is a haze, a mass of pulp, lazily swimming, but the definite structure of the horse and the pronounced functions of the lion are dormant in this haze. The tentacles of the jelly fish have become

the pectoral fin of the fish, and that has become the fore limb of the mammal, and that the arm of man. The earliest eye is a pigment spot, a coloured speck in the worm, which becomes a dot of nerve matter in the mussel, which becomes the rods of the insect, and the eye of the mammal. The indefinite in life goes on to pronounce itself and put itself into syntax. And it is done this way. Life lives under external conditions of light and heat and water, and rivals and foragings for food more or less severe, which we now summarise into the handy word, Environment. Environment is an inexorable pressure upon organisms, but environment is friendly and stimulating. It is intended for a melodious correspondence, and life means adjustment to the situation, a balance of internal functions with external forces. When Environment becomes severe it means that it is a call on the creature to put forth a hidden endowment, and make itself equal to the conditions. Life must be attentive to the calls of Environment, which stimulates new structure and function for the equation required. And it is by this stimulus and the capabilities which it draws out, that life has moved from simpler to more complex forms. This general statement is easily made, but details are required and they are without number, and a few will unloop themselves as we go on. Meanwhile this shall suffice, for you must see the wood as well as the trees.

Evolution is not the last word about God's

universe : last words are for angry men and not sober science. But evolution is the largest generalisation which the mind has reached ; the most fertile idea which has fallen on the soil of thought. The victory of an idea was never so complete, and the institutions of the world rest on ideas. The chemist, the astronomer, the historian are thinking in it and working with it, as is the biologist. The theologian has been resisting, but he is falling into line also. Theology is an elastic science, spite of its look of rigidity. It operates on texts, and facts are hard upon texts, and they ask to be reset. A creed is only a diplomacy which helps the mind on for the time and negotiations are always going on with science and philosophy.

Man belongs to Nature and is the terminus thereof. His brain is the highest development of nerve matter ; and mind is the finest blossom of Nature, the triumph of biology and the festival of the triumph. It is the ruling truth of religion that man does not stop with mind, and Evolution confirms it. We have begun a ceaseless moving. That there is a spiritual estate for man, a higher grade, is involved in the idea of Evolution ; that there is an estate after death for us is also in its outlook. God is the environment upon mind, and hard upon it ; the struggle with time and sense are quite historical ; religion, as the equation and adjust-

ment by which harmony is found, is the one reason for its existence. Religion speaks naturally in terms of biological science; a higher birth into a higher estate is an idea in the terms of biology.

A new chapter opens in Nature with Man, but it is the same book and we must read the last chapter by the syntax of the previous chapters. The vocabulary is the same. Spiritual life is made more amenable to us, brought reasonably to us, in our day, when regarded as involved in the unity of the creation, as the climax of the creative idea, for which the creation travails in pain. Life is the ruling word of the Johannine Memorabilia; how can we better know what the highest life is except by looking lovingly at the life all around us and the ideas of God in it which He lovingly put into it. The Christian species of life becomes luminous by the study of the life below which has been all along leading up to it, and to which in the Memorabilia it supplies analogies and homologies.

The look of Nature is from lower to higher. At the foot we find matter, dead as we call it, but mind might be seen in it. It has subtle properties, which are even beyond our faculties to follow. But it has not what we mean by life, that something which the rose and the mavis possess. Packed up in carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and sprinkled with sulphur, we find the marvel of life, which unpacks itself as a green blade and as the chick. At the other end

of the long series, uncounted even by millenniums, there appears mind. Man appears clothed in matter, instinct with life. Matter is regenerated by life ; life is regenerated by mind ; mind is regenerated by something which is greater than mind. Life is a generation in matter ; mind is a generation in life ; spirit is a generation in mind.

We are on the move. We have started on a career in which there is no staying. Mind does not exhaust the possibilities. From lower through many grades of the higher and many more grades of the highest is the doom upon us. Mind must make itself up, we must make up our minds, for an endless journey towards God, a measureless love, an ascending character, from mystery to mystery. Mind is after all the transitory of man, the spirit is the eternal in him. Nature is a word which comes from the future participle, and means about to be born, Our earth is ever in the throe of birth. Her matter is in the process of producing life, lending its elements and properties for the birth of life. Life is ever in the throe of birth, translating its vitalities into mind. that mind may be born of it. Mind is ever in the throe of birth, lending its faculties to the evolution of spirit. Nature is all through pregnant and prophetic with a splendid future. When Nicodemus is in a maze about this procession of nature, our Lord makes it plainer to his dulness by detailing the movement at the other end of the series, saying,

Except a man be born of water and of spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God (verse 5).

Now, mark the point of this teaching. Water is the aqueous basis both of life and of mind. We think in a composition of water, and spirit is the tincture in it which is to give mind a new flavour. Water is the picture of the flesh, the lower self in us, the humanness in us; spirit is the reality of the higher self. Half pictorial and half biological is the teaching, like Plato, in whose dialogues we can never tell where poetry is and where philosophy is. They are artistically blended together; perhaps the finest model of literature and teaching we can have. Our Lord brings into position the lower and the higher self, and the problem of our being is reduced to a simple principle. Which is to develop and rule, the lower or the higher in man? Or better, whether a wedlock cannot be formed between the higher and the lower, giving to the higher its native supremacy, and the obedience of the lower to the higher. In this nuptial there is the birth of the higher being in us which sees the silent, mystic kingdoms. There is a motherhood in us of a higher estate, entreating and expostulating.

The primal method of this movement is good to this day, which is the method of Abraham. It was intimated to him, and the intimation became a definite lettering upon his mind, that he must move out of the place where he was before he could establish a

finer Shemitic species of spirituality, before he could unfold the higher self agitating in him. The modification of tone and temper of which he has become conscious impels him into isolation for further divergence. The incipiences are beseeching for a development. He must get into another atmosphere. He must go into a solitude and an exposure which will draw out of the Divine Environment pressing upon him its best virtues. He must get into a medium in which the Holy Impacts upon his soul will have free and fair play, before he can establish himself as an advanced species of the human kind.

Where are you this day? What is your country? To what human species do you belong? It is sense and self, reason and will; a country of great capabilities and a species richly endowed. A motion is stirring within you, saying, Get thee out of the traditions of Reason and out of the manners of Self; classify thyself in the higher forms of being. If you are to develop the endowment within you and be heirs to a fine future, you must migrate into conditions where more of God is to be had, into stations where more of Christ can reach you. Then you will rank with the spiritual species.

Our Lord, by employing water and birth and wind and light as the basis of His teaching, is giving to Nicodemus the lead of nature. If we are to understand the teaching we must follow that lead. I observe therefore that the supreme stimulus which

wakes up from their sleeping apartments the hidden endowments of the organic world, is now familiarly known as Environment. It means the medium in which life is lived. The composition of this medium is light and heat, which construct climate, and a climate is organised by forces which don't belong to our world. The lark thrills with song by the spring light getting into its brain; the rose puts out its hues by the action of the summer heat; the common curlew migrates from seaside to the moor with heat pressing upon it. The 139th psalm is a lyric of the Divine Environment. It speaks of a presence and a pressure, from which the human spirit cannot escape, and the presence is a joy and the pressure a wonder. God is a Power of impact upon us, communicating with every faculty, stirring thought, judging action, summoning affection. In all places and at all times He is a besetment. The tumult of Him is the emotion that thrills through the psalm. We come into the world endowed with mind, and the Infinite Mind invests us round; we come endowed with will, and the Eternal Will corresponds with our will; as the mother the child, as the parent bird its brood. We come with affection, and a Love higher than the heights and deeper than the depths folds round us. This Presence is the tent of meeting, and a persuasion to open correspondences; it is the vision of God, which unlocks the infinite in our spirits; a beautiful constitution

of things, in which religion, poetry, and science reveal their inner kinship. Put the Evolution idea of environment into the 139th psalm, and you have science and poetry and religion blended together. The environment has become a song of thankfulness: I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; thy works are wonderful, and that my soul knoweth right well.[1]

In this Christian age the Environment has become richer and more potent. We have the Spirit of Christ investing us as well as the Spirit of God. A more solicitous spiritual world is around us, and from the endowments which it has waked up and organised in the Christian world, it is in evidence a more active force, a finer quality of light and heat. The pressure of Jesus, as the crucified and risen presence in the heavens, is the secret of Christendom; and the worship of Jesus, in response to this pressure, is the notable phenomenon of the modern world. And what He said to the first followers is a fact to this day, It is advantageous for you that I go away. If I go away, I will send the Spirit to you. Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

Take a just impression of the metaphor of birth. A birth cannot be except in a living motherhood. A living humanness is essential to the birth of a

[1] Psalm cxxxix. 14.

higher estate. A moral estate which is called Truth is the womb of the heavenly birth. He that doeth truth cometh to the light, is the conclusion of Christ's teaching on the High Birth (verse 21).

All life is by birth, and Christ brings the highest life into line with all the lower forms of it in Nature when He employs the symbol of birth. The mind is a tangle of metaphors, and the overlapping of incongruous metaphors makes confusion if we are not awake to the danger. Avoid the metaphor of death in trespasses and sins when speaking of regeneration. Life from the dead is a resurrection and cannot be regeneration. Birth is from a prior life, the highest is born in the lower, the spiritual in the natural, the divine in the human.

Our first birth is in the flesh, and the flesh is good, and children are born into the kingdom of heaven. A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, but as soon as she is delivered of the child she remembereth no more the anguish for joy that a man is born into the world.[1] The woman's joy in being a mother is by a divine law a reflection of the joy of God in the new born infant, and she has reason to be joyful. Her child is born into the kingdom of heaven. Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. There is a baseness, a coarse grain, in the child, which we call Original Sin; there is a beauty in

[1] John xvi. 21.

the child, a fine grain, for which no name has been found, and which I call Original Goodness. Two drifts,—this double drift is the equipment of the child. A new teaching for children is seeking expression. The child should be told through all his tender years of this double endowment, and not treated as a condemned sinner. Emphasise the beauty as well as the baseness, emphasise the seriousness of the trust, emphasise yet more the problem of the trust. Which shall be victorious, the drift of baseness or the drift of beauty? A law governs the victory, and there is no chance in it. When the years of will and choice come to the child the law of victory is handed to him; a law masterful and operative. Put no little emphasis on this law, presenting it with all awe and attractiveness through the years of child life. The law is no other than consecration to God, the reception of the Holy Spirit, the surrender to the Cross of Jesus, correspondence with the Heavens; an equation with the Divine Environment. The true sin of man is to mutiny against this imperial law of the Almighty.

The youth does not need to be converted, but to be evolved. A high manhood waits him, and he has to will himself into it and reconcile himself to the law of Evolution. Conversion has been defined as a transcendent business, and as a medicine, and, like all medicines, a bitter pill. Evolution is defined as the natural continuity of being, as natural as the

rise of the child into youth, as the truth of being and the importunity of the higher nature, which will become cyclonic with thunder and lightning if not heeded. Evolution is the discovery of a richer life, correspondence with a richer environment. The difference between a jelly fish and a salmon is that the salmon has found out more in life, and corresponds with a greater number of elements. Advance is by complexity. For a young man to correspond with God and the Holy Spirit and Jesus Christ, is to acquire a complexity which makes life affluent, and equal to the situation. The younger sons in the riot of the far country discover in their famishment that the merely human, the unevolved human, is incompetent to cope with the forces around them, and baseness is victorious.

The young man, with the down of his youth on him, is ready for the Spirit of God. He has a valuable property in mind and will, but in his childhood he was a minor of this estate; his majority waits him. Mind is the living motherhood in which the birth of the spiritual nature takes place. We bring up from childhood a rich nature, in the folds of which are hidden unguessed potentialities. But this rich nature is only a half; the other half is with God. The half is a barren fragment; the completing half is with the Spirit of God. Our substance is divided into two portions; the one is with us, the other is with God. We are potential; God

alone can develop our capacities. Born of the flesh, we are flesh,—a half; born of the Spirit we are spirit,— we become whole. As spirits, nature is completed in us. We fulfil ourselves as far as it is permitted to us to go at present. To the young man there comes the hour of agitation, the upward look, the midnight terror, when the Spirit of God broods over the face of the waters; a holy conception is the burden he carries. As you hear the chimes of bells which have travelled from temples of the Infinite calling you to matins and vespers, as you hear the plash of oars round these time islands of yours carrying the spirits of the dead to unknown shores of judgment, go into yourself and say to yourself, "I am not enough in myself; I have not enough when I have myself; I am a barren half in self; a dangerous half in sense. My God, fill me with Thyself. Spirit of God, make me a spirit. Spirit of Christ, give me Thyself within me." In this reception, the spiritual nature is born. We are parochial beings, ruled by sense; we are provincial, with mind only; we are imperial, and related to the universe, as spirits. We are barren without the Spirit of God.

This spiritual nature is imperative upon us, and as a rule, this estate must be gained in early life. It is the only way we make ourselves equal to our situation; the only way we conciliate the interests of the upper and lower worlds and pro-

pitiate the Divine Environment. The dramatic interest in our life consists in our moving all our days on the marches of two worlds. We find the higher moments when we find ourselves on the way to God, the flesh on its way to the spirit. All creatures enjoy life. When the peach ripens its juices, we see that it has sucked in light and heat with delight, and turned them into a flavoured sweetness. When the lark sings its home songs on a bright day we know it is enjoying the light which is pressing into its nerves. Now, why is religion an insipidity or an irritation to you? Why are you not enjoying the religious life? Why do you observe law with a mechanical and growling accuracy? Because there is something intercepting a free communication between you and God. You have not allowed the Spirit to fertilise sense, you are hovering between God and self, and spirit is irritating sense, and God is threatening self. It is like the irritation which the child feels before it cuts its teeth; something is coming which should come, and because it has not arrived the little creature is disturbed all through. Ye must be born again (verse 7).

The paramount problem of the Divine and Christ Environment is this, Are you going to answer the heavens with gladness or sullenness at your heart? Is God to be a menace mingled with a little hate, or is He to be the emotion of an anthem? Is the

Spirit of God to be all round you expostulating, and the heavens all outside you irritating, or are you to get within the heavens as your native country, and Christ to become your correspondent? The unsettled problem is a dangerous problem; it may settle for itself by the loss of the faculty of religion. We are tenants of mind but with an uncertain tenure. Where is a man's mind when he steeps his senses in alcohol? Where is the rationality of the man who will lose an estate for an evening's excitement of betting? Reason alone cannot cope with the situation on the borders of two worlds. We acquire a freehold of mind by the spirit; we occupy the flesh, as proprietors, by the spirit. We enjoy mind only when we have found an estate which is more than mind. Environment is a friendly pressure when life equations itself with it; when the equation is not possible it is disease and fatality.

This birth of character, opening correspondences with God, is not anything miraculous. It is among the expectations of nature; you might have suspected the succession on the lines of nature, the human sequences, the onward procession. The bewilderment of Nicodemus betrays his losses. The movement is like the wind. The wind is born in the air; it is of the nature of the air. It is the air freshening itself, playing itself like a child delighted with the discovery of new powers. The wind is the air going forth on duty, to dry the damp ground, to

cleanse the cornfield, to raise moisture somewhere, to scatter the mist somewhere else. You don't know from what ocean, latitude, or mountain-side the wind started, and you don't know where its circling gusts will spread out and lose themselves. But it is a capacity in the air, and the impression it raises upon us is that it is a free, glad, spontaneous movement. Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again (verse 7). As the wind, so is every one that is born of the Spirit. The generation of a temper which makes God a pleasure, and Christ a happy correspondent, which makes righteousness our own element and goodness a spontaneousness,—this is among the expectations of nature, the series of Nature continued in us.

For mark the point on which our Lord is insisting with Nicodemus is that the evolution of this free, glad species of humanity is demonstrably a truth of nature, that the impact of the Spirit of God upon the souls of men is a matter of common knowledge, that this impact is the strain of a familiar psalm,[1] and the disposition it works is a fact which can be verified. Christ has seen it, a human phenomenon, and is an Eye-witness reporting it. There are some heavenly things which He has to announce as originalities, which the Son of Man who is in heaven, who has seen the Ideal of humanity in heaven, has brought down, but the generation of this select type

[1] Ps. cxxxix.

of character by the Environment of the Spirit of God is not amongst them. He is surprised that so rudimentary a truth of spiritual science should not be familiar to a man in the traditions of a Ruler in Israel. It is just as likely that we, with our Christian traditions, find the naturalness of the spiritual generation a surprise to us. If so, we must unlearn the surprise, and come back to nature and to simplicity.

"We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen, and ye receive not our witness. If I have told you earthly things and you cannot receive them, how shall you believe the heavenly things I have to tell you" (verses 11, 12).

In the science of Nature which has been impressed upon us in these latter days, is the sight of the great struggle appointed to all creatures. To live is a ceaseless struggle, and this warfare is one of the main conditions of calling up new endowments. War is the condition of progress. The strength of the lion, the antlers of deer, the green and blue of the butterfly, the white of the lily of the valley, and the almond fragrance of the hawthorn, are gifts won by conquest. To find food, to contend for grasslands, to displace rivals, to maintain themselves against hard winters and dry summers,—this is the harassing warfare appointed to plants and animals. But it has originated improved structures.

To find a place in the overcrowded market of labour, to fit ourselves into a place, to make a living, to reach a standard of comfort, to find a house and a home, are not obtained by a young human candidate without labour and waiting. Communications with unseen helps, trust in our destiny, a cheerful resolution to do the will of God, which are involved in a spiritual Evolution, are the instruments of our warfare. This is a struggle with circumstance. There is an inner struggle with ourselves. Indolence, haste, lust, levity, lay siege to our resolutions and blunt our weapons.

We are weak, crude, green beings to begin with, making mistakes, doomed to failures. Infancy, childhood, boyhood, the spiritual youthfulness, is the straight line of the human series and sequences. We are protected all along this line, but if spirituality is not begun in the youth, dangers will show themselves in the crudeness. Sin is lurking in our faults, dissolved in our rawness, but it does us no harm till it gets into our purpose and heart, till it has set into wilfulness. The poison of the serpent does no harm taken into the stomach; it is malignant when it enters into the blood and gets into the heart. We allow sin to get there.

And sin in that stage makes the acute struggle of being. Sin, in its ultimate analysis, is impatience with God, a dislike of the terms of existence, or a sullen assent to them. It is a chafing with the

Divine Environment. We want life on our terms; we want happiness in our own way. Sin is a refusal of the definitions which limit us, and of the ideals imposed on us. Sin is the loud affirmation of self. When sin becomes an active refusal to share in the good of being, on the conditions offered, when we take to easy, crooked, impure ways, then we instal it into a principle, and the serpent has inserted its poison into us. This querulousness was the sin of Israel, which broke out into serious activity, in the hardships of the desert life. The people distrusted the plan that brought them there; they were discontented with the struggle appointed to them; they were striving with Moses, and angry with God. The commandments of Sinai had not become a song; the 119th psalm had not been born; and death by the serpent's sting was the picture of the condition.

Our Lord announces another environment for this lapse, and it is Himself, His crucifixion and the love of God as seen in it. This is the new climate for a life threatened with death. The crucifixion is a sight giving us ideas of God unknown before; a heat imparting to us an emotion unfelt before. It provokes penitence, humility, hope; an answering trust. We offer to God the sacrifice of ourselves, once impossible; we take up the ideals against which we had foamed. It is the birth of a freshened

will and freshened service, when it looked as if the key had been turned and we had been locked out of a career. We take up the Cross of being with a broken heart deeply tinctured with sorrow, and we get cast into the moulds of the Christian manhood. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up (verse 14). For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life (verse 16).

The Crucifixion-Love Environment is the heavenly truth, the originality which Christ teaches which He fears will be an incredibility to Nicodemus, but which was His message to reveal. The environment of the Spirit of God is a familiar fact, to which all the religions of the world witness, and which is the reason of their existence. It was nearly a foreign truth to Nicodemus. Perhaps the Christ Environment is so to some of us; but the creation of Christendom is due to it.

Observe carefully that the crucifixion is here associated with the truth of love and no other. Christ explains it by a theology of love; not of imputation, or substitution, or propitiation. Love includes all metaphysics; is the evolution of lower forms of moral forces. Love is the Universal of the particulars included in the atonement, and it is the manner of the Memorabilia to give us the Universal.

The vision of Nature in these days has accented to us the fact that the struggle for existence is severe. The history of this severity is striking. Vast tracts of land have subsided and the sea is where land was, and creatures had to move elsewhere. Marshes are formed where once were deep lakes, killing out aquatic creatures. Cold has succeeded where a warm latitude was, and new structures had to be developed to be adapted to changed temperature. Continents have been split up into islands, and islands joined to mainlands. The physiography of our planet has been hard upon life, killing stiff organisms which could not adapt themselves, modifying others, and the life that we have is a selection of survivals.

God is hard upon Man. Every finer vision of God has come with new demands upon men. The labour to build temples and to offer sacrifices and to maintain a priesthood has been forced upon us by the idea of God. The idea of God is a pressure of ideals upon us. It gives us a sketch of what man is to be,—like God, like the divine original. Abraham found God hard upon him, and he had to develop a special quality to be equal to the situation, even the faith of which he is the father. It was not easy for him to get out of his country. Moses found God hard upon him, and he had to refuse to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter. When Christ came the climate became a severe pressure

upon Jerusalem. He became intolerable by the high human ideals He presented. How is it that the Best of men, the Ideal Man, the most graphic Picture of holiness, to Whom has been accorded the loyalest of devotion for these 2000 years, should have found the treatment of the crucifixion? Why were human interests so opposed to Him that He had no chance other than that of a criminal in our world. The jury that convicted Him was empanelled from the ecclesiastical dignitaries and statesmen of Jerusalem, from magistrates of Rome trained in ideas of justice, from the industrial classes, which, with all their vague impulses, have instincts finer than priests or thinkers. He was crucified by a conspiracy of antipathies. Religious men, men of culture, sceptics, mechanics, and merchants, agreed that the Son of Man should not disturb their routines and traditions. The Human Ideal in Christ was the provocation of that judicial murder; there we see the human contradiction to God.

Now that the crucifixion has been enacted, it becomes a severe environment for us, giving us superior laws of life, calling us to a profounder sense of sin, to a spirit of love and sacrifice, to self-renunciation and self-effacement.

The environment is a kindly force, but it is an exacting kindness. It asks for reciprocity. Meet the crucifixion with your sorrow and sacrifice, meet the love of God with an answering love, then their

action upon you transforms you into a new creature. It is the birth of the Christian character. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved (verse 17).

When you go into a tropic climate and the heat corrodes the liver into abscesses, the constitution is condemned, and you must come home. You cannot cope with the climate. When the winter at home seizes on the pipes and substance of the lungs it condemns the constitution, and you must go abroad and get into conformity. When we won't become Christians, when we do not harmonise ourselves with the Christian impacts, when we resist the crucified presence of Jesus, when we are indifferent to the Crucifixion Love of God, then disease is gendered, and a movement is required. This is the condemnation that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil (verse 19).

The tenses of a Greek verb often require the help of an adverbial phrase to be adequately rendered into English. Their deeds were evil means were continually evil, were evil by habit and repute. This is the uniform sense of the imperfect tense in Greek. The men who are condemned, who don't come into the light, who cannot be conformed to the Christ Environment, are those whose ways are habitually unkind, mean, impure. Men who resign

themselves to cruel and crooked deeds; men whose business is honeycombed with trickeries, whose family life is spotted with licences or embittered by angry tempers; men who are always doing small, shabby, shallow things; men who keep their money, their time, their talents, all to themselves,—these men are condemned by the light which Christ has brought into the world. They are incapable of answering Christ.

We think hard thoughts of the struggle appointed to us,—the perseverance required to get bread, to get clothes, to get housed,—the stress of temptation and the facility with which we yield to evil,—the sorrow in which the poetry of love has long been shut up, the sickness which has emptied life of happiness. It mitigates this sense of hardship when we see that the same doom is upon the humble, mute creatures below us. One of the most pathetic struggles that I know of in nature is the migration of birds. You have seen swallows collect in September as the day is shortening, thinking of another climate, and yet unwilling to leave, feeling the strain of the journey. As the days get colder and food is getting scarce, and there is no hope, they begin their long flight. Hundreds perish on their way to Africa. In April, they find food failing them in Africa, and they start again, resting at Malta and Sicily, beaten and driven at sea, and then crossing the whole width of the continent to find

their quarters with us. Hundreds more have perished. Severity of climate and want of food compel them, but it is a task always of danger. Yet the net result of this labour and fatigue is that they find happiness in the end, and give a fine item of interest to spring. Joyous on the wing and joyous in their labours is the look of the creatures. We hail these travellers, and we would think more of them did we carry an impression of the endurance and death expended in these expeditions. It is a struggle for existence out of which come these happy summer days.

We make ourselves equal to the struggle by the effort we put forth to meet it, though we perish in it. God will not lower His ideas for us; it is not good that He cede His demands. For this law calls up the reserves of our endowments, and we discover how rich we are in possibilities. Abraham developed a genius for faith in the effort to harmonise himself with his environment; Moses developed a genius for law; Peter developed a genius for love; John a genius for idealities. The struggle has called up in the swallow the geographical faculty which lay in its little brain, surer than any compass or chart, a most wonderful endowment in that thimbleful of nerve matter. There has been no struggle in our world so awful as that which ended in the Crucifixion of Jesus, and it was the augmentation which has made the Saviour and the Redeemer. The law of the

crucifixion is seen in its elementary frankness in the severe struggle of the Creation below us. It comes to us and says, with all hopefulness, Take up thy Cross, deny thyself, and follow me. He that loseth his life shall find it.

The selection of a form of life adapted to changed conditions is a work which Nature looks after and about which she is very indulgent, and for this selection a certain pliancy or plasticity of organisation is planted in every organism. Stiff and unyielding forms must break down ; mouldable and adaptable forms survive the stress of environment and struggle. Judas was broken in this effort of adaptation ; Peter developed in this effort, and he needed it all.

A vast stride is made when we pass from boyhood into youth,—from a boy when we bent without a will to the parents' will, and the youth when we have our will in our own hands. We have now to place the will of God in the room of the parents' will and our own. The commandments of God are hard upon every human candidate for a career. The wholesome pliancy for the moulding of our fibre to make a just manhood is Truth. True to God, true to our own constitution, and the Spirit of God looks after every soul in this critical move. He that doeth Truth cometh to the Light, is the conclusion of the teaching given to Nicodemus (verse 21).

The Greek word for truth has a derivation which

gives us the radical idea. The root of the word means that temper which does not allow plain facts to escape, which does not give the go-bye to convictions graved upon our minds, which does not wink or squint at manifest duties.[1] The true man, or the truthful man, or the man who does the truth, is the man who is impatient with shams and shifts, who takes the lead of his best thoughts at the best moments of being, who follows the heavenly vision into its just results. Pilate was a Roman governor educated as a magistrate of Roman law. He was a covetous, money-making, greedy man. He was in a hurry to retire to a villa on the Italian shores of the Mediterranean Sea, which was the ambition of Roman officials. He had learnt in the schools that God and the soul and immortality are debateable uncertainties. But there was no uncertainty about duty, justice, and kindness. In the presence of Christ,—and he hesitates between duty and money, between his sympathy with Christ and his popularity with the multitude, between justice and the villa on the Mediterranean. A light also shone into his inmost soul that the Man before him was an august personage, with a divine commission. Christ said to him that his preparation for a fine career was truthfulness, that he would know the movement to make in that crisis if he were only true. "Every one that is of the truth heareth My

[1] Ἀλήθεια from λανθάνω and α privative.

voice." [1] Pilate received that final thrust on the flint of his untruthful temper, and said, What is truth? half cynical, half serious, and passed into darkness. All pliancy for a finer type of character is gone.

Be just to yourself, just to the facts you know; true to the truths you have never doubted, true to the problems of your being, loyal to the stirs and murmurs within yourself,—and this genuineness is the basis of further movements. Be a true man and you will be a religious man; be a man, nothing more, and with this atmosphere over you, you must be a Christian man. You will move towards God and towards Christ, a change of faculty and emotion will come unto you, hidden endowments will appear correlating the changes, you will be equal to your situation, you will be square for worlds to come. The Spirit of God encompasses you; the Spirit of Christ environs you; the Spirit of Truth will lead you into all truth. You will be the spiritual selection which will survive sin and evil and pain and sorrow. Born of the flesh and you are flesh; born of the spirit and you are spirits. You are new creatures in Christ Jesus. And from the seaward look over the horizons and the hillward look over the valleys, you will discern the Regeneration beyond. Verily verily, I say unto you, that ye who have followed me, in the regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit on

[1] John xviii. 37.

the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel.[1]

Existence is an honour, and hard upon us. We are sketched out for a high estate. Since Christ and the Crucifixion have been the light upon us, existence has become more arduous and more exacting. To be spiritual is the ideal in Nature for us, and Christian spirituality is a superior species of it. To get Christ to think into us as a Correspondent, to have His emotions glowing in us,—to lose law in love, to do our duties lovingly, to bear wrongs still loving men—to be good round hand copies of Christ, to make goodness our meat and our song, to be gladly religious, to efface ourselves and to live in death till death becomes the soil of another existence—this is Christian spirituality. Ye must be born again. Ye must be born again to see the silent, mystic kingdoms of the Eternal Father. The Eternal has a lodging in us; it is ours to turn it into a home.

Correlation is one of those fruitful conceptions which Evolution has added to the stock of our ideas. There is a lizard in Mexico belonging to the genus known as Siren, called Axolotl. It has a water life. It was brought to Paris, and an experiment was tried to get a brood to take to a land life. Most of the brood perished, but a few survived, and they sur-

[1] Matt. xix. 28.

vived by a whole new set of structural correlations, adapting the creature to a changed environment. The siren became a land genus which is known as salamander, and we see how the salamander came to be. The gills of the siren became lungs, the water breathing lung became an air breathing lung. The water tail became a land tail. The eyelids of the siren do not close upon the eye, and in the new creature the eyelids enlarged and completely covered the eye. The carpus and tarsus bones of the siren are cartilaginous, in the transformed creature they became osseous. A new arrangement of teeth followed. The siren lizard has become the salamander lizard. These modifications are correlations of structure and function, and the correlations are adaptations to the land environment.

You have a servant who is young and thoughtless, has no interest in her work, does no more than she can help, and she speaks back. She goes one day to church, perhaps to show her spring bonnet off, and she is arrested and goes home to call on the name of Jesus. Jesus gets into her thoughts; He thinks in her. She discovers another being in herself. The mistress of the house says, this is a change. Here she is, the same young creature, now thinking what next she can do to make the house comfortable, anxious that her work is well done, when a child is sick is quite attentive to the little life. She has acquired thoughtfulness, kind-

ness, industry, a sense of duty, a whole set of changes are correlated. You are a mistress, and you think little of your servants except that you want service from them. You don't care if they get only five or six hours of sleep, whether the washing is big or little, or that their food is sufficient. A book is thrown in your way. It is the life of Livingstone, who spent himself in the service of the poor sable African. Or it is the hymns of Miss Havergal. Or you read in the papers the story of Father Damien, who went out to one of the Pacific Islands to serve lepers, knowing that in that service he must take that last and most loathsome of diseases and share the leper's doom. This pathetic touch belongs to this story, that years before the death of the Catholic missionary, when his mother heard that he had taken leprosy she died of a broken heart. You shut the book and drop the papers, and Christ thinks His love to man in you and inspires you with His sacrifice. You begin to ask for the health of your servant; you make her rest when she has a headache; if there is an unusually hard day's work, you go into the kitchen and give her a hand. You see a Christ in her; Christ is thinking in you. You acquire a human sympathy, an interest in your kind, a sense of the worth of human nature, a whole set of changes are correlated to one another and to the environment of Jesus.

This is spiritual evolution by the environment of the Spirit of the Unseen Lord pressing upon our

souls, and inviting adaptation and making correlations of tone and temper.

The evolution idea makes lucid the truth respecting the function of the World Religions, dawning on us this short while, hidden from us this long while in cloudlands. Their function has been to raise men into the ranks of spirituality, to give to their hills a skyline, and to their ocean a horizon. Evolution had this business on hand when it took charge of man; it gave up the lower creation to man to evolve, and it undertook man. When these religions will be understood, as they are about to be, and the essences of them be seen in the outer forms, their place in the economies of Nature will be visible. As now reported by loving missionaries and unperceiving biologists, they are mere tricks played off on the human mind, phantasms of the brain; and it is inevitable that distant modes of thought should be out of sympathy. The religions of Nature are magic, superstition, devil worship,—it has not occurred to the biologist that it turns his science bottom uppermost when religion is the ruling and yet the most insanitary phenomenon at the summits of life. The scientific biologist betrays the same infirmity as the theologian. The biologist is quite oblivious that no creature could live its life manufacturing phantasms of horror, that on the Darwinian principle this lunacy of religion were fatal in

the struggle appointed to us, the hallucinations themselves had died out, or have killed the creature, diseased with them. They must have been a black death extirpating the race of men. Would the lion or the horse have survived a lunacy of the brain? The theologian is quite oblivious that his Master has said that many shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of heaven with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. Men are qualified everywhere by religion for spirituality; human nature on the move everywhere under the guidance of the Religious Idea. The higher evolution is spirituality, the highest the Christian species of it.

Evolution is the name given for those methods in Nature by which every genus and species is locked one into the other and has a common derivation, moving in a network of lateral and linear descents. The Christian spirituality, the latest and highest genus, was obtained by the absorption of Hebrew, Greek, Teutonic, and Celtic spiritualities; Greek idealisms, Roman culture, Teutonic chastities, and Celtic emotions lending themselves to the higher movement. Within the Christian area and acreage there are various species of spirituality; reversions also to older types. The Catholic spirituality is a big genus, misunderstood by biologist and theologian, Huxley fulminating against it like an Orangeman, Hodge arguing against it as a creed of unlimited incredibility.

Newman and the Romish saints form a Christian genus. But we have to account for Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Darwin, Emerson. Where shall we classify them except amongst spiritual men and reversions to the best types of older and vigorous ages, born of water and of spirit. Carlyle is a Hebrew prophet risen from the dead, without the old Hebrew clothes, which he vociferously discarded, not knowing, perhaps half knowing, that the body was still of Sinai; Matthew Arnold is a Greek Euripedes; Emerson a Teuton writing sagas, a German after Tacitus' own heart. The Christian church taking the lead of biology will easily answer the question where these men and the like of them are to be placed in the societies of another world. Converted and unconverted, saved and unsaved, heaven and hell, are formulas for the Salvation Army of priceless value; loud daubs of crimson and ultramarine, flashing out into the grays and russets of indifference and insipidity. But they cannot work everywhere; God's universe is not a bundle of alternatives, though the human faculty, in its lower terraces, sees by the light of them.

These men, Carlyle and Darwin, and the high company of them, were prophets to their age, brave, strong, true, teachers missioned by God, messengers from the Infinite, and reversions to older types of spirituality. The Hebrew and Greek mould is enough for any man, if he can in these days make

himself out in it; it is even essential that spirits of the antique cast should come back and startle us out of the Christian routines. Carlyle has been the Hebrew teacher of Christian teachers, and Darwin is still a terror to the religious world. And here is something to think about and to put us to second thoughts, that Darwin's message to our world was so absorbing and so regal that religion and much that is handmaid to religion,—poetry, music, and philosophy,—were sacrificed that he may utter the word Evolution, the largest generalisation the mind has reached. We now know, by the light of biology, to classify men, and to understand the obscurer relations of spirituality, and to bring order into confusion. Taylor was the Methodist preacher of Concord, and an intimate friend of Emerson. He writes of Emerson: "Emerson is one of the sweetest creatures God ever made; there is a screw loose somewhere in the machinery, yet I cannot tell where it is, for I never heard it jar. He must go to heaven when he dies, for if he went to hell the devil would not know what to do with him. But he knows no more of the religion of the New Testament than Balaam's ass did of the principles of the Hebrew grammar."[1] Darwin's message helps us to the adjustment of these Methodist and other Christian confusions.

To feel after God, to commune with God, to live in God, to be pressed with the Eternal of things,

[1] *Memoirs of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, by Cabot, vol. i. p. 328.

to see the idealisms—this is spirituality. It is the property of human nature, made good to us by the Spirit of God. Men are born of water and of spirit everywhere. The human is ever ready for the Spirit of God. The Spirit of God brooded over the waters of the primeval seas and made Nature spiritual, and as the Hebrew psalm melodiously and lyrically puts it, man is ever under the brooding wings of the Holy Spirit, that the spiritual in him may come to the birth. The Spirit of the first affections, and the shadowy recollections which are the fountain light of all our being, as Wordsworth says, is everywhere. Christ has come to give the primary intuitions a specialised and even an ultimate evolution. But to understand this last spirituality we must take into account the older spiritualities which have been and still continue. And there is the Christ latent in them, the unconscious Christ who becomes conscious to us in Christianity, and whom it is the missionary duty of the church to make conscious in all lands.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SUBJECTIVE.

JOHN iv. 1-42.

"Jesus answered and said to her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and he would have given thee the water of life.

"Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

"God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work.

"One soweth, and another reapeth.'

CHAPTER IX.

THE SUBJECTIVE.

THERE is an unhappiness in the heart of this woman, and she is longing for an unfound good. The vision of it is before her, and she is dissatisfied with herself, and there is a disturbing secret locked up in her bosom. She wants a reversal of the currents of her history, one of the most improbable things to find. She wants to begin a new history; she thinks she has fountains of good in herself, but which she cannot tap.

This woman is not a dissolute character. Her capacity for loving five husbands shows that the marriageable side of her is in excess. This excess has now thrown her into one of those untoward situations which entangle human lives in mournfulness. A woman has an affectional nature, and ofttimes from the excess of her good qualities, from her fine femininenes, she entangles herself in unworthy affections. Rather than have no affection she has allowed herself a base form of it, and she has felt it and knows that it is

base and bad. She has failed to extricate herself from coils which she cannot uncoil. Her escape can only be by the gift of a new affection, a vision of truth and duty, an enthusiasm which will resuscitate the finer fires of the soul. The hold of evil consists in the absence of good in us, and often in the absence of the passion for good. We need warm and passionate conditions of good ; to master evil in us we need affirmations of good. This Samaritan female is a thoughtful woman, and there have been hours when she has sighed for a flow of a positiveness of good to reverse her history and to replace her in the ranks of humanity. What we get explains what we wanted. She is a noble soul held in the grasp of an ignoble affection. In the extrication she finds we see what she has sighed after. Her need is not the ordinary commonplace of repentance and faith, but the access of a wholesome affection.

The conditions of human souls are very various, and God's methods with them are as various. This variousness comes as a surprise upon us as Christ came in contact with souls and prescribed for them. Christ has no stock methods, no patent medicines, no orthodox formulas. He has almost a new method for each case. He says to Nicodemus, Ye must be born again. He says to the lawyer, Do this and thou shalt live. The woman in Simon's house is saved by love. Her sins, which are many, are forgiven for she loved much. He

says to the Greeks, He that loveth his life shall lose it; he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. Self-effacement is the truth for them. He says to the rich young man, Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me. He asks faith from the blind man whom He has healed, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He saved Zaccheus by becoming his guest. Come down, the Lord says, from that perch, you are rich and you have a fine house, and I shall abide at thy house. He does not ask faith or repentance from this Samaritan woman, saying Go and repent. She is in a longing condition; she wants a pure affection, and Christ says, I will open a fountain of new affections in you, which will satisfy you. The magnetism in Jesus draws her affections into a new direction, and she is to have rest. The water that He gives becomes a well of water within, which springs up into every faculty and affection, and slakes their longings, by a quality of life, which is called eternal or æonian. Living water is spring water, as distinguished from rain water, or water in a reservoir. An affectional sufficiency is to be opened within her, a subterranean spring of unexhausted plenitudes. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (verse 14).

There are human souls in the woe and bondage of an evil passion, uneasy in a fretting yoke, who carry a perpetual wish to better themselves, but who don't see from what quarter help is to come, and who strike the whole gamut from hope to despair and back again to hope, whose uneasiness is their susceptibility for better things. Religious prescriptions, the formulas and liturgies of religion, are not suited to them. Only an affection, a vision, and a truth opened up in them will displace and master the passion that charms and chains them. There are human souls entangled in the consequences of sins and mistakes made in days long gone, dogging their footsteps like the officers of justice with warrants in their hands. They start and startle up with what might happen. Their lives are embittered; they have lost some splendid opportunities. Can they even get the next best when the best has been forfeited? Perhaps they see that they needed humiliations to work humility into them; perhaps a sense of dangerous navigation was needed to keep them awake. Still it is a long legacy of danger and anxiety, and you have wished it had been otherwise and that you had been spared this bitterness. But the quiet, trusting soul finds a way of escape which is surprising, and sees the wonders of God in the bitterness of the years. In unexpected ways, not in a church, but by a well-side, not in priest or clergy, but in

an unknown Stranger who appears in the hours as the Angel of Deliverance, he finds help and resource. If he does not find resource in God, God help him, for there is nothing but degradation before him, and the opiates and stimulants, which aggravate the position. Jesus sits on the well, and there cometh a disconsolate woman of Samaria to draw water (verse 6).

One of the salient features of the Memorabilia is now before us, the exhibition of the human subjectivities, even the reserves of faculty within us, the forces in the human personality, which are waked up by the hand of Christ upon us. We are always potentialities, and often we only see the future of the potencies, and remain unrealised here. There is a world of affection within us, which, in the language of philosophy, is called the subjective in man. To reinforce the subjective is the great function of religion. There is a greatness in us, affluences which we see far away in the haze of suspicions, realms of truth and affection of which we cannot avail ourselves, a womanhood of beauty and a manhood of faculty. Christ assumes the office of giving us the uses of these hidden forces, and the Memorabilia accents this office all through, and history has confirmed the accents, and the Christian civilisation of these centuries is the visible monument of this office. And whether these Memorials of Jesus were written

A.D. 90, or A.D. 140, the verification of these assumptions is the wonder in them. Christ has so touched human nature as to develop it as in no previous epoch. The astounding prophecy of this development, now a commonplace verity, is announced to this woman, who is wanting to master a base passion, and who is wanting unlocked in her a true passion.

It is life we want, and more life, and an abounding life to cope with ourselves, to keep the subjective trust, and Life is the master-word of the Memorabilia. It is life we want to overcome the odious emergencies created by sin and evil, and specially those which the disorders of the affections have induced. To live is to assert ourselves against ourselves, to bring up the reserves of the better self. We want our native resources developed, and Christ says, I am here to wake them up. Truth, beauty, love, all that which is involved in life, are lying dormant in us, or choked up by overlying rubbish. Beneath the shallow sensuousness of us are unguessed capacities for truth, and right, and love, and beauty; beneath the fugitive interests and expediences of time are deathless deeps, asserting themselves by cravings and longings. And Christ says, I am come to find the lower stratum for you: If thou knewest the gift of God, and hadst asked of Him, He would have given thee living water, tapped springs within you welling up into everlasting life (verse 10).

This subjective truth that religion is the opening

up of unsuspected capacities in man is one of the ruling Johannine conceptions. And this subjective truth is symbolised by the expressive figure of flowing springs of water, which are to make this epoch of life, even everlasting life.

The dialogue on the affectional springs and resources is interrupted. Christ comes into closer quarters with the woman's wants. Go call thy husband (verse 16). The woman is sincere and bears a witness against herself in the confessional which Christ makes for her. She has no husband, and she is living in an illicit connection, and she will not call her paramour her husband, and she is silent about him. There are secrets both dark and bright in our lives which we cannot reveal to any human personage, and Christ shows Himself to have something like a Divine vision of human nature, seeing us on all sides, and seeing us in His Divine idea and plan of us. Her reserve is modest, while she will not admit a moral confusion into her distinctions. Her truthfulness has a future. She finds she is in the presence of a Seer, who has seen all round her, perhaps discovered the Divine plan in her entanglements, thus to give her a helping pity and to heal her sorrow with His sympathy.

She changes apparently with abruptness the current of the conversation, as if she was wanting to avoid inconvenient facts. The woman saith unto

Him, Our fathers worshipped in this mountain, and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship (verse 20).

But the movement is not so abrupt as it looks, and it is natural, and encouraged by the Seer. The surgeon has lanced the ulcerous spot, and as it renders, the physician follows with soothing poultices. It is not God's method with us to degrade us, not even to wound our self-respect. His method is to make us sincere, to see things as they are, without squinting or winking, to see moral distinctions without a veil or bias, or twist. When this medium of sincerity is within, no rack of conscience is required; it is a transparency in which the heavens are reflected. Deep graved on the woman's soul is the truth that her case requires a Power other than hers, to extricate her from her base situation. She has been thinking of the sanctuaries where God is to be found, and she is bounded by traditions. The worship on Gerizim had done her no good, brought no liberation to her. Souls which have touched the bottom of evil want something more than local sanctuaries and faith in something other than ritual. They want the temple of Silence, where they can meet the powers of God. Gerizim and Jerusalem are rival sanctuaries, and she wants to know from this prophet the worth of their competing sacredness. Gerizim has failed her, and she will try Jerusalem

if the prophet before her recommends it. She is sore and sad, and her soreness is irritated by the Seer who has seen into her inner history. There is an eye, that we don't see, which looks into us, knows us, understands us, pities us, has healing resources for us. She is in expectation, and it is an expectant bewilderment. She reverences traditions, and her hope, though hitherto baffled, is still in the shrine of Gerizim (verse 20).

This stock question and local orthodoxy are treated by Christ with an imperial idea, which is a master note of the modern world, and the gift of Christ to it.

He delocalises and disimprisons the Presence of God, throws down the pile of every temple that claims to keep His indwelling to itself, opens the gates of a universal religion, unconfined to time, place, and forms. The human soul in its want, sigh, craving, in its love, peace, and joy, is the shrine where God meets with man. The sacredest thing in the world is the spirit of a man, and sacredness is where the spirit of man worships God in the spirit. He is bringing this woman into the sanctuary within her, there to meet with God. The Emperor Marcus Aurelius was the most serious, most exalted, and most spiritual pagan of the Roman age. He says, I worship the God I feel within me. Chrysostom, one of the Fathers, says, The true Shechinah is the soul of man. Our

Lord intimates the comparative superiority of the worship in Jerusalem over the worship in Gerizim, but he announces a worship superior to them both. The superlative worship is the worship within of spirit and of truth. Our Lord distinctly gives the Jews His preference, but He announces a supreme preference which makes little account of the lower preferential claim. God is a Father, and both Jew and Samaritan are levelled up. The Father seeketh sons to be worshipful towards Him, whether they be Jew or Samaritan. Believe Me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither on this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father (verse 21). The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth (verse 23). God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth (verse 24).

Worship is the human answer to the Presence of God within us. It is the one universal fact about human nature; not the flutter of a fear, or the vagueness of a surprise, but a roundly shaped and artistically finished response, endlessly variegated. The quality of the response depends upon the idea we have of our Correspondent. Who is the Invisible Correspondent? He is the Eternal Father, and He is the Spirit of Truth. Therefore our answer must be a filial trust and obedience; therefore we must worship Him in truth. Find out the region within you which is spirit; be true to the sanctities of that

region ; there worship. The temple is the Infinite around us, whose roof is the blueness which overarches us, whose lamps are sun, moon, and stars, whose floor is the granite and the sandstone, and whose incense is the fragrance of flowers, and whose music is the song of birds. The Holy of holies of this Temple is the spirit of a man, built into the architecture of the flesh, the spirit which informs the organisation of the flesh, and which walks beneath this blueness and on this granite. Thus saith the High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth Eternity, whose name is Holy, I dwell in the High and Holy Place, with him also that is of contrite and humble spirit. In this temple God is ; in this Holy of holies of the spirit of a man, God is ; there we worship Him.

What is it to worship God in spirit ?

God is a Spirit, immaterial, invisible, unlocal, an August Diffusion and Concentration, Substance of all substance, Light of lights, the Thought of thought, the Love of love. Because God is our Father, we are spirits broken from His Spirit, organised fragments of His thought and love ; into the nucleus of our personality a spiritual tincture of Himself has been dropped. God is not our Father by a fiction, we are not metaphorically sons. The ruling idea in fatherhood is that the son has a likeness of nature to his paternity, that the father prints himself in his children. Our spirit is the region of idea, love, wish, yearning, wonder, and mystery.

The responsibility upon us is to answer our August Author through this region, by thoughts and affections which are like their original in Him, by bringing our appeals and aspirations to Him here.

There is a voice within you which distinguishes right from wrong, mark that as the print of the Fatherly Spirit upon you. There is an impulse to prayer and to duty born within you, mark that as coming from the central vibrations of the universe, making you true to the spiritual world. You see visions of truth and beauty, calling you away from the base and the false, understand that you have seen God in you, your filiation in Him. Conscience and holiness are the shrines of the spirit. The spirit is the realm of silence within us, and into this realm no voice comes except the voice of the Fatherly Spirit, who is God over all. In the sigh for right, in the speech of prayer, in the look given to truth and beauty, we worship God in spirit.

When we count our money not by the comforts it purchases for us, and prize our talents not by the power they give us, and value our trade not merely by its profits,—when we see that the price of our money and of our genius and of our business is essentially the goodness which has been excited by them into activity,—this is spirituality, and our likeness to our Paternity. When we count our years by the ideas awakened in us, and by the training into character, by the good we have done and the

good we have got,—to see beneath our years, and beneath our sins, and beneath the flesh an Eternal substratum,—this is to move up into latitudes of the Spirit. Once in this region, there the spirit remains. This is to enter not into the temple at Jerusalem or at Gerizim, but the temple of the Father of an Infinite Majesty, and the holy place of this temple is the spirit in a man. Worship puts into syntax and rhythm and sacraments this consciousness of God and its desires and yearnings.

What is it to worship God in truth?

Be true to what you know of God, of His providence which has made a history for you, of His discipline which you have observed, of His mercy which you have experienced—and thank God. Be true to what you know of God's laws, that they should be your own laws, that they are the laws of your own being, which you can violate only by doing violence to yourself,—and pray that you may observe all His statutes and even make them your songs. Be true to the attractions which draw you to God, and to the poles which have been given to you—be true to the north pole of God and the south pole of man—and the expression of this truth, in its failures, and in its aspirings, and in its hopes, is Worship in truth. Don't appear more humble than you are, don't express a penitence which you don't feel, don't say merely what others are saying, don't appear before God in borrowed attitudes.

Don't attitudinise. Be just to conscience, faithful to emotion, brave in squaring conduct to the highest, following the finer traditions of the fathers and the worthy side of things. This is truth, truth in the spirit; and carrying it into the holy place of the spirit, we answer the true God by our truth.

It is said of the spirit, where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty. It is said of truth, the truth shall make you free. The Samaritan woman, like ourselves, is wanting liberty. With the sigh for liberty in her soul, she comes to the well, to meet her unexpected Liberator, to hear the chimes which proclaim her emancipation.

The human subjectivity and its endowments called up by the hand of Christ upon us, the divine spirituality and the human responsiveness to it, are thus presented in homeliest aspects, making us salvable in every situation. Then follows the conversation about the ideal meat and the ideal harvest. Our Memorabilia is always bringing us into the region of subjectivity, spirituality, ideality.

To eat is one of the simple, common, and commanding needs of the flesh. The whole complex organisation of the body demands for its intricate working a bit of bread. This lower region of being is lifted up into its higher relations and analogies. In the real, the ideal is found, and we have before us the germs of the conception which transforms the

central facts of physiology into a sacrament. The actual is always appealing to the ideal; the ideal expostulating with the real. And here is one expostulation. Sitting by the well-side, exhausted with the journey, the disciples hurried into the town to buy food. Returning they find their Master, fresh and in a lively dialogue, fatigue repaired. They wondered if He had been supplied with food. Christ explains His physical restoration. He has found a work to do which has mastered the exhaustion of the body. It was food to Him. He lives on invisible meat, which abstracts Him from circumstance. This mental absorption gives them a teaching and it is the expostulation of the spiritual with the physical, a secret of living, a superiority over circumstance. I have meat to eat that ye know not of (verse 32). My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me and to finish His work (verse 34).

We are sent into the world. We have not come of ourselves; we were not consulted about our coming here, whether we wished it or not. We have not been smuggled into being; it is not an accident. Nature is not sporting with us. We are not here on our own account. We are on the business of another Being. We are sent. In our birth we were engaged into a service; life is the service of the engagement; death fulfils it. It is one of our inspirations that we are in the employ-

ment of heavenly Powers. We hold a commission to work here. The will of God is the original and our work the copy of this engagement, and every true workman has his wages, the wages of an expanded being, which is fitting him for work elsewhere. Our lives may take courses which yield us no special happiness; we row in the shallows and cannot put out to sea; we are shadowed in gloom; we are involved in ways out of which we seek extrication and enlargement, but we don't find them. The affections with which we began life lie in love passages which are now only memories of graves long closed up. The ambitions which lured us on are far away from realities in whose presence we are, present facts very unlike the romance on which we looked in days long gone. We may take life with a sombre quiescence; we may lose heart and interest. The stimulant to rally us is the thought that we are in the employ of upper Powers, that we have got to do the will of Another, which will we must adopt. We are sent, and life is the despatch put into our hands, which slowly opens its pages to us.

Christ is always transfiguring the natural into its spiritual forms. He is showing to His students the background of the Infinite behind, and the granite of the ground underneath, them. He is expressing truths which are vivid to Him, that they may acquire the same vividness to them. He says, I am sent into the world; I have come on the business of An-

other; I am here by authority of my Father; He has given me a work to do. It is my food to do His Will. It will be a festival to finish it (verses 32-34).

There is a Will over us, as there is over the curvatures of the coast, over the instincts of the butterfly, over the sky lines of the mountain which cuts curves against the sky. Our freedom consists in consenting to the authority of this Will. There is a necessity upon us as upon the sun which drags the planets along with him and pays them for their company by the light and life he gives to them. Our freedom consists in finding love and light in this necessity. Wherever this Will takes you, go with it; whatever this necessity bids you do, do it, and somewhere Will shall be lost in love, and necessity in freedom. As we act, our duties collect into something which emerges and shapes itself into a Mission. As we grow, our work is seen as not ours. We are agents, and what we get here are the commissions of an agency. The desire is then born in us to finish this agency and enter into partnership. It raises the value of our years to think that we are here finishing a service for God.

Song is a glowing expression of thought. To possess yourself with the idea that you are sent into the world with a message, that you are endeavouring to utter this message in these years, that your work is an equation with the Will of God—this gives a song-like expression to life. Dwell upon the

idea that the family in which you were born was a special gift to this end, that the business in which you find a living, that the incidents which have chequered your history and the stains which the weather has left on you, are a continuous training for this embassy. Life will then read like a poem. Sin and evil will remain as minor notes in this harmony, and they will give that pathos and plaintiveness which make minor notes so necessary to the best music. To know ourselves as divine appointments in this world, to make ourselves bright with the idea that we are finishing a work for God,— this gives the emotion of sacredness to us. The embassy heals the radical selfishness as well as the slavishness of our nature. It transfigures necessities into liberties. And the thing that this sacredness is likest to is the daily meal. The meal makes us vivid with nerve and muscle. The eye loses its light and glazes, and the foot its spring and becomes stone, when we are without food. Food is the condition of physical vividness. The sacredness, that we are sent, gives vividness to our souls, and the sacrament of this idea is very properly expressed by the meal which gives vividness to the body.

We have here the rudimentary idea which is developed into the ideal food of the sixth chapter, and which ultimately crystallised into the realistic sacrament by which the life of Christ in us is made vivid to us. I have meat to eat that ye know not

of (verse 32). My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work (verse 34). Later, I am the Bread of Life (vi. 48). And last, Take, eat, this is my body (Matt. xxvi. 26).

As Christ was exhibiting the superiority of the inner and ideal life over circumstance, He is interrupted. The bread which He told His disciples He was eating, and which He was idealising to them, has become a banquet. He sees an expectant company coming out of the town. The sight of these human beings drawn by the missionary report of the Samaritan woman, puts Him into another line of reverie and precept. The will of God becomes a willingness of service ; the compulsions of service are transmuted into gladness.

The season is January, the season of spring in Palestine. Corn-lands are already bright with the earliest green. There are four months to harvest ; harvest is in May. Christ points His students to the wheatfields, and says, You say there are yet four months and then cometh harvest. Nature is governed by the rigour of cause and effect, and there is an interval before effects relate themselves. Sowing and reaping are removed by the space of a few months. But now look up and see the human harvest, sowing has become reaping, with scarcely an interval. You were saying to yourselves, following the etiquette of society, He should

not have been talking to the woman. You see what I was doing. I was sowing the woman's soul; I was preparing a harvest for you, which I am going to leave you to collect. Lift up your eyes, and in these human souls coming to Me, you will see the human fields white already to harvest.

This is the way to understand the rapid transition from the 34th to the 35th verse, from the ideal meat to the real harvest, from idealism to realism, and again to the spiritual harvest (verse 36).

Our Lord is exceeding sensitive to Nature, as He is the original mind of Nature. He is in the open air of this journey, and He is idealising Nature, making the natural the minister to the spiritual. He has symbolised the deeps of the human subjectivity by the springs of water. He has opened a well of water in the woman. He has spiritualised the Temples of Gerizim and Jerusalem, and delocalised worship. He has found a sacrament in bread. And now He reads the ideal in the corn-fields. Christ is the genius of ideality.

Christ is going to leave the harvest to His students; the further prosecution and confirmation of the work of that day. He will leave them to teach, organise, construct the Christian society in Samaria.[1] He is going to make actual the ideal saying, one soweth and another reapeth. A beauti-

[1] Acts viii. 5-15.

ful tenderness this. He wants them to share His joy; He wants them to taste the love of service. He throws Himself in the background; He will allow them to baptize and to become sympathetic with the joys of souls who have found a promised land. They are to have the delights of harvest home, that they may not be disappointed if they have to leave the fruits of their labour to be gathered by others. I am sending you to reap that whereon ye have bestowed no labour.[1] Be contented to see others joyfully reaping of that which you have laboriously sown.

Continuity is stamped on the constitution of things. A family parentage links nations together and they form a wide cousinhood. A short life strings the long generations in a serial line. We are in our turn debtors to the past and creditors to the future. We leave much undone which is done by those who follow us. We reap the good sown by our sires; we sow for the grandchildren whom we never see. The creation by the law of evolution is one long geological continuousness. To be selfish is a blunder. You make money and keep it selfishly. In a generation or two it is dissipated, partly squandered, partly distributed; the hoard is broken up in a way that

[1] It will save a deal of straining if ἀπέστειλα be emended to ἀποστέλλω; the historic tense into the present progressive. I am sending you to reap—not, I have sent you to reap. The reaping will be when He is gone, as told in Acts viii.

you would not have liked. You might have made a finer dissipation of it, if you had distributed it in your day. We are forced to contribute to the universe. Don't let the law of continuity abstract out of us an unwilling contribution; give it generously. Take up this law, look it up and down and follow it with heart, positively benefiting others in our lifetime, and not be forced to do it after we are dead. Couple your good with the good of others, and look down the generations and see your good a growing good. Link yourself with the reapers of the future by substantial contributions. If you are successful as thinkers originating ideas, as traders making money, as family men, seeing your children get on,—if you have reaped,—then go on to sow, and sow broadcast. Set also gleaners on your harvest-fields, strangers who may share your affections, your money, and your ideas. Perhaps a poor Ruth may be found gleaning at the corners, who will become the mother of kings yet unborn. The shores of continents and centuries are washed by the same ocean. The greater good in our world is done by unhistoric characters, men and women in their homes teaching their children, in their neighbourhood aiding the poor and fallen, among their friends illustrating honour, and truth, and justice. They are soon forgotten in the history of the world. They sowed and passed away, and they

have joined the illustrious majority above whose sowing they had reaped. The reaper receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.

Which is greater, cause or effect? Cause is labour; effect is the wages of it. Cause is seed; effect is the tree. Cause is sowing; effect is harvest. The conversation at the well is unplanned; it is an incident in the journey to Galilee, but it has succeeded, it has traced impressions which in an hour have become missionary, and the woman has called a town out. The sowing has ripened into a harvest. Every teacher has the rudest materials before him, which look as unpromising as the Samaritan woman, but he is a cause. The visitor or the collector, who drops a few ideas and sympathies in his rounds, works apparently with blunt tools. But he is a cause. Christ at first confused the woman with His words, but touched her with His sympathies. The missionary enthusiast who sends clothes to the orphan and Testaments to the African is a sower of undying seed; and the missionary himself, whose grave is in a foreign soil, is a corn of wheat fallen to the ground to be an augmentation of life. He is a cause. The sower must be content to be the sower, and it is enough; he is a cause, and the effect is contained in the cause. One soweth and another reapeth your effects.

We sow after all for unseen worlds; the shores of unknown worlds are coupled with this known world. The dead and the living form one society. The work of this life is continuous with the work of the hereafter. The joy of Harvest home is yet to be. The Elsewhere keeps your effects for a festival.

It is a surprise that some of the most select truths given to our world should have been formulated in a casual manner, at a roadside, beside a country well, to an obscure woman of dubious antecedents. We should have expected these esoteric communications to be rehearsed in a school of prophets in Jerusalem, or philosophers in Athens, or to shrewd legislators in the forum of Rome. To speak them to a woman disordered in her nature, and with a muddy history, has no appropriateness. It is a satire on learning, an irony of religion; one of those paradoxes which develop all along the line of Christ's work on earth. Christ discovers where potentialities are; where capable subjectivities are. Great things have come from the academy and the temple, but as great things have come from the wayside and the wellside. It is true this Samaritan female is not an ordinary woman, though imprisoned in the bars of a degradation. She is quivering with magnetisms; she is longing for a liberation. There is opportunity in our lives. Quickly she confesses the

evil secret in her home. Quickly she breaks the shackles of ritualism. Quickly she sees that Gerizim and Jerusalem are sanctuaries only when the heart is sacred. Quickly she worships the Father in spirit and truth. Quickly she becomes the missionary of these originalities. All in the space of an hour or two. Still Christ throws the orthodox and the conventional into confusion.

Originality is both irritating and stimulating. The ideal, the mystic, the symbolic which Jesus was revealing were giving men much trouble. Originality irritates the religious classes, who will not be taken out of their indolent ways of thinking, who have a standing grievance against it, and heresy and heterodoxy are bad words ready for it. Originality humbles also the conceits of clever men who think that they know enough and no one must teach them.

The conduct of Christ scandalises society. His students marvelled that He talked with the woman. He becomes a guest of Zaccheus to the annoyance of custom. Conduct is original; His ethics is a provocation. And if we will learn from the surprise before us, we will entertain original ideas, and feel that we need them. They are stimulating. We settle down, by the inertia of our minds, into worn-out forms of thought and accustomed phrases. We need freshness both of idea and fashion. Our modern heresies are partly the imprudence of men in giving

imperfect expression to original ideas, but mainly the dulness of men who cannot entertain originalities. When you get a teaching in a form to which you are not accustomed, feel that this freshness is a stimulus to thought. If it irritates you, so much the better. If you don't understand it, feel that you will understand it. Wish to understand it; don't defend yourself against it. If our Lord had spoken to this woman the formulas of the Scribes and the phrases of the Pharisees, if He had treated this woman with the customary etiquette of silence and pleased His disciples, if this woman had not been confused by the teaching, and the disciples offended at this disrespect of custom, nothing would have occurred at the well of Sychar to record. There had been no history.

In the alluvial of these conversations we find nuggets of gold washed down from the mountain-mind of Christ, of idealism, mysticism, and symbolism.

CHAPTER X.

MYSTICISM.

JOHN v.

"*My Father worketh hitherto and I work. The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do, for what things soever He doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise. For the Father loveth the Son, and sheweth Him all things that Himself doeth, and He will shew Him greater works than these, that ye may marvel.*"

"*For they are terribly practical people these Mystics, quiet students and devotees, as they may seem. They go, or seem to go, down to the roots of things, after a way of their own; and lay foundations—be they sound or unsound—those who come after them cannot choose but build; as we are building now. For our forefathers were Mystics for generations; they were Mystics in the forests of Germany and in the dales of Norway; they were Mystics in the convents and the universities of the Middle Ages; they were Mystics, all the deepest and noblest minds o them, during the Elizabethan era.*"—KINGSLEY.

"*The Father everywhere quickeneth the dead. The Son quickeneth whom He will. The Father selects no one, but hath committed* THE SELECTION *to the Son. The Father hath given power to the Son to make a Selection, for He is the Son of Man. They that are in their graves shall hear also the voice of the Son of Man and shall come forth.*

"*Ye have not His reason abiding in you. Ye have not the love of God in you. Ye will not come unto Me that ye might enter into the election. Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of Me.*"

CHAPTER X.

MYSTICISM.

THERE are three forms which religious experience has taken, three aspects in which the human soul has visioned the Divine relations; the High and Holy Love has pressed upon the human faculty with three kinds of impact. These relations are popularly known as God for us, which I shall call the Defensive relation, covered by the Pauline doctrine of justification, and which we have pretty well overdone for the time being; God with us, we walking with God, which I shall call the Peripatetic experience, or the Fellowship relation; God in us, which is the Mystic relation and the profoundest, to find God in us, and which belongs to this era of time in which we are moving. In the traditions which John gave to the Church we see a presentation of those aspects of Christ's teaching, in which the indwelling of God and the immanence of Christ in creation are accentuated. Oarsmen pulling a boat must take their time from the stroke oar. Readers of the Memorabilia must take their time

from the mysticism of Jesus, or they will not row straight or make much way on the sea of thought here. There has been a suspicion all along that there is a type of thought in John to which no sufficient respect has been paid.

The earliest and mildest form in which Christ presented His mystic relations to God is in the words, My Father worketh and I work (verse 17). He does not work in a partnership with His Father, each having His own department, but it is the same work. My Father and I work in each other and indistinguishably. In God's works see Me working; in My works see the Father working. There is no division of labour; it is identification in labour. The Father loveth the Son and showeth Him all things that Himself doeth (verse 20). In the body, Christ is the subject of intimacies and informations of unseen worlds, and He works by the light of these secret reports made in His inner being. There is no manuscript or tablet from which He reads what His Father is doing; it is in Himself that He finds His Father and His works. He brought this literature with Him; it has been unfolding page after page before Him, and it has been illuminated by the Holy Spirit which dwells in Him. Christ works by sights and impulses within Him which are the stir of His Father in Him, and His deeds must be accepted as those of the Father. The Father thinks in Christ's thought, feels in Christ's feeling, acts in

Christ's acts. Christ is luminous within by the inhabitation of the Father there.

Christ has shown the force of His impact on disease, and fault is found with Him. He has healed an incurable afflicted for thirty-eight years (verses 1-9). The Mind which has a mystic homestead in God must act on matter and mind with unwonted results. The collision with the churchmen of Jerusalem is the occasion for His mysticism to flash up. The human contradiction brings His inner self into splendent affirmation.

Mysticism thus finds a definition that it is the consciousness in the soul of the Divine Presence, whom Christ calls His Father, who inarched the Spirit of Jesus and infolded Him, as the walls of a building a space of ground. In this Divine Enclosure Christ moved, and in the light of this Enclosure His acts must be seen. Mysticism is of the essence of religion, and we must recover it from that viewiness with which it is supposed to have affinities.

The mysticism innate in Jesus shows its early blossom in the communion which He holds with Nature. We are in daily contact with the moan of the wave, and the twitter of the robin, the honeysuckled brushwood, and the clover fragrance. They send the thoughts which God has put into them to us; unconsciously passages between them and us go on;

they make suggestions to us. We cannot escape the society of Nature; when we enjoy it we know something of the mystic world within us. From Nature we get the imagery by which the unseen order gets expressed. Christ is much in this society. He is on the lake of Galilee alone, as the Spirit of the water and the storm. He is on the hills of the eastern shore alone in midnight prayers as the Spirit of the mountains. He took the society of Nature in the cornfields of Sychar, on the heights of Hermon, from the moonlight in Gethsemane. When alone we may be sure His communion is with the world He has made, and the Father from Whom He has come. The symbolism from Nature which He habitually employs comes from His intimacies with it. His parables show that He allowed Nature to think in Him; they are His society with Nature organised into thought.

You make a mountain excursion on a summer's day. At the foot of the mountain, in a stagnant pool, you will come upon a water weed, known as the bladderwort. Take up the floating plant, it is not rooted and it is about a foot long, with leaves which are mere lines of green, but to them are attached bladders. The bladder has a doorway closed by a valve, a mechanism something like a mouse-trap, which catches insects and shrimps and even the fry of fish, and eats them. It is an exception in plant life in more ways than one. Now look for the idea

in it and you will perhaps see that in souls streaked with exceptions, and unlike other souls, there is still a Divine idea, and that of a striking kind, that even in the mire you will find a truth of God about man ; ideas of God in obscure places of humanity, but which require searching. It is not by every eye that the bladderwort is seen or known. But when you have seen it a communication will go on between you and it.—You pass on into a wood up a lower spur of your hill, and you hear the cuckoo crying its name, a bird unlike other birds, which puts its eggs into the nests of other birds, for strangers to bring up its young, like children brought up in a boarding school. It is a bird you hear but don't see, and its notes are so marked that we are constrained to listen to them as if it was lonely in the woods and unknown, as if some want in its breast could be satisfied by the forest echoing its unseen presence, in its estate of practical homelessness. Can we hear, in this note an emotion of God Himself, that He wishes Himself to be known, that He is alone without the love of His creatures, that, though He has all, He wants us and longs for us :— perhaps too this truth about ourselves, that it is God's idea that some of His higher creatures be brought up in other than their own homes, orphans for whom He provides foster-mothers. When you have heard the cuckoo, a dialogue will go on between you and it about migration, a homeless

childhood, and loneliness, about being heard and not seen.

You step on to moss and dwarfed heather and the higher parts, and you meet the tarn, and here other feelings of God echo themselves. The Lochan-na-Larig, or the lakelet of the pass, in the Scotch Highlands, has an indefinable charm to the mountaineer. It marks the region of the pass and the watershed. It is a beauty amid wildness; it looks at you; something in gentle motion amid ruggedness; it invites you amid repulsions. If there is a precipice on one of the sides, its look is the more tender. It is a restfulness. It calms you while the mountain threatens you with its precipices, heights, arduousness. The emotions of rest and peace are in it; the tender and loving, and the surprise of the unexpected. You can sit here a long while. When you have made the acquaintance of one of our exquisite lakes it will be a society to you when you are far from it, a female friend to talk to, exciting the desire to feel over again the spirit of beauty and surprise and repose which hovers about it.—You next reach a long narrow ridge. There is a mist in the east and the sun is westering, and your figure casts a rainbow arch on the mist and your picture exaggerated is mirrored in the centre of the orange, green, and pink frame, and you become a phantom of the hills, which the Germans have named the Spectre

of the Brocken, a spectralness, which, if you once see it, gives you an idea of weirdness and the strangenesses which lie stowed away in the universe; and the memory is eerie with them. The Brocken is the play of light and water on the high mountains; a romance in the midst of seriousness and stupendousness. There is even a grave humour in this atmospheric effect. The Brocken has sent messages to you which will require thinking over.

And now you are on the summit. On one side are piled up tablets of schist torn by the winter's ice from the parent mass. On another side is the polished and striated surface of a massive schist block telling tales of the Ice Age, which gave the last ploughing and sculpturing to make earth the abode of man. In a third place you will see the schist whose plates are artistically crumpled either by pressure or by the loss of heat, like the puckering of the apple when its juices are drying. You look away from what is beside you, and you see the confusion of hills as far as eye can reach, and you ask for the ideas which lie in the plan of this complicated structure. Distance, magnitude, antiquity, majesty, are ideas born in you. The mountain will for long be a correspondent of yours, you making inquiries about its wonders.

Communion with Nature has been a lost art since communion was begun with Christ. Christianity supplanted Nature, and very fittingly because

Nature is only a small expression of the Eternal Mind. Now we have the Mind of Christ in a literature. It is evolutional that society with Nature should pass into society with Christ, because it was the passage of particulars into the universal. After this education we go back to the particulars and rediscover this primitive art and mystics are the teachers of it.

When Nature sends her thoughts and feelings into you and you take them and think and feel them, you are in a conversation with Nature. When the tenderness of spring and the romance of summer and the melancholy of autumn play upon your soul, your soul is answering the speech of Nature. Keep that society, and it passes into society with God. The Greeks were sensitive to the soul in Nature, and they conversed with Oreads of the mountains and Dryads of the wood and Sylphs of the air. We have begun a communion with Nature, and our whole population swarms out every summer over lakelands and moorlands to meet the soul of Nature. We see and call the pictures which air, sea, and land present, beautiful, but we go no further than this exclamation, and the soul is not found. We are not yet deep in communion with Nature, though we have Wordsworth's poetry as the hymn of this communion. But we are getting on, and the mystic souls are educating us. We are all poets of the sunset and the waterfall and the fernery of the hills ;

we are all priests, who should lead the choir of Nature, and send the chant of our society with Nature up to God.

Primitive man, whom we with sufficient rudeness and insufficient idealism call the savage, conversed with the rainbow and the octopus and the heron, till the conversation became serious with the presence of God, and he saw incarnations and worshipped. The biologist and the theologian have invented ugly words to express their scorn of his ideas, but he is a mystic like unto his Lord, and he links himself to the Christianity represented by Wordsworth. Kingsley, with true insight, calls our Teutonic ancestors in the forests of Germany and on the fiords of Norway, mystics.

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?
Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?" [1]

Mysticism further shows itself in Christ feeling the stir of God in Himself. Jesus says, The Father showeth Him all things that He Himself doeth (verse 20). On the plate of His Being are being continually printed what the Father is doing, and He is emotional with the literature. And later on He said, what is deeper in mysticism, believe Me that

[1] *The Higher Pantheism*, by Tennyson.

I am in the Father and the Father in Me. We cannot conceive this indwelling, but it is the only way in which the inner intimacies of the soul can be expressed. Somehow, and in some sense, Christ is in the Being of His Father, infolded there. Here comes light on that overlooked sentence, "the Son of Man who is in heaven" (iii. 13). The Son of Man when on earth was in heaven also, because the Father showed Him all things that Himself doeth. Space is lost, is nowhere in these intimacies. He heard His Father's voice; He saw His shape. The Son can do nothing but what He seeth the Father do (verse 19). The Son seeth the Father in Himself.

The science of these intimacies is mysticism, and the finer consciousness of the religious life is informed with them. The higher spirits of religion have sought this consciousness of God in gropings, which in Christ was luminousness itself. Every man with a genius for religion understands them, has moments lucid with them, seems to approach the sanctuary of them, knows them at last as something which belongs to the inner secrets of the soul, looks to a future in which he will be in them. But all souls have the lower consciousness which in its exalted form is called mysticism. Conscience making us awful with right and wrong, the sense of law asking us to be harmonious with it, to long and look for God as the desire of the soul,—these are voices and footsteps of God within us.

The function of the religious faculty is to show God to us that we may see ourselves in God. Where is the religious faculty? You are wholly religious from top to bottom of you. God makes His apparition in conscience, in volition, in the sense of beauty, in faith, in love. The sensitiveness is all over us, like the nervous system, a universal presence; in our sensitiveness to music and art, to literature and philosophy, the indwelling of God is felt. We pray that God may visit us with His Spirit. Where is the seat we offer to the Heavenly Visitor? It is within us. God is the conclusion of every part of us. The ages differ, men differ, the thoughts of men differ, but beneath the changing costumes two realities are ever present, God and the Soul. The Soul is God's last and favourite creation; the creative idea is capped and crowned with the Soul; nothing greater, nothing dearer has God made, the likest to Himself, the image of His inner self, as the primeval bard has put it. Where is God with emphasis but in the Soul; His tabernacle, His temple, His shrine. I dwell in the high and holy place with Him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.

Those are our higher moments, which startle us, when we feel our thought as a ripple raised on the ocean of the Divine thought, our emotion as a throb of the heart of God, our insight as a gleam

of the open secret of the universe, and our sins as the disapproval of a Judge within us. There are hours when we live years. We have all known the face, which sank down into our soul as the angel of our being, as a surprise of beauty, and which as child, mother, husband is ever beside us. To feel this love as the beauty of God Himself, this is communion with the Divine within us. Lips have touched ours, glances have printed themselves upon the imagination, we have letters that we will not part with but will read over and over, tones which we seem to be always hearing as in a repeating chamber—to feel the Eternity that is in them, is the mysticism which lies in us. It is society with our own memory. For a long time we may possess a power unknown to us, and then it is discovered to us. Mysticism is one of these hidden possessions. It will be said to you and you will wake up with it, What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost Who is in you, which ye have of God and you are not your own.

Once more the mystic sees God in His years. The Son can do nothing of Himself but what He seeth the Father do, for what things soever He doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise (verse 19). The days of Christ are inwoven with the actions of God, are eventful with the Father's programme; the history of Jesus is a divine drama. In His works God was working. I seek

not mine will, but the will of the Father who hath sent Me (verse 30).

Next to ourselves, our years are more our own than anything else, which get inwoven with our deeds, our character, our history, which become eventful. We soon become a network of events, chequered, intricate, an administration which we don't see through. God is here, He works Himself into them if only you would see Him. And we who have gone wrong and inserted the weft of evil into the warp of the years, we more specially might see God in these events. Where the sin, and sigh, and sorrow of man is, where the wish and the longing for God is, where the stir and tumult of the Eternal is throbbing within,—there God is not merely watching over us, there God is mixed up with us. He is moving in the sigh. He is the wish and the stir.

It is really not worth while giving our few days and our frets and fevers a history, if God is not working in us, in the conscience and in disapprovals, in thought and love, making our years the story of His own presence. You have known an evil in your life which with years has only become bigger and more intricate. You have known a sorrow which with years has sunk down into the deeper silences of the soul. If in this sin and in this sorrow you have not heard God speaking in you, why, the universe will be to you a cruel machine crushing hearts, mauling souls. To have heard God in them is to have

made acquaintance with some of the secret things of God, a sight into the mystery of being, making your years more prolific. When you have gone far wrong and darkness has fallen upon you and you still feel that His mercy lasts always, that He forgives gladly and redeems mightily, that He makes crooked places straight, and that all this has happened to make Himself more actual to you,—in this you will find the Christ in you.

Our years are a manuscript in God's handwriting, a leaf or two of His own Eternal Being. The mystic soul says, O God, my life is Thy making, my years are Thy history, my wrong-doing is with Thee. Take my years and let me so see them that I see Thee in them, and feel Thee in them.—We see the sun by the sun ; we see God by the God in us ; we see the fatherly of God by the filial in us. Mysticism is a simple matter ; it is the basis of all religion ; it is religion in its higher activities.

These three are the composition of mysticism,—communion with Nature, in which God makes His appearance unto the soul,—the soul in society with itself, where we meet with God as in a tent of meeting,—communion with our years where God hides and reveals Himself unto us in their past and pluperfect tenses. These are the rudiments of the science of mysticism. We shall encounter its profounder elements later on. The inner life of Jesus is illuminated for us by friction with Jerusalem

opposition. The inmost life will be seen in the pathetic parting He took with His disciples in the week before His death. The mystic feels a soul in Nature, a soul in himself, a soul in the years, and all in God. Mysticism is in its essence the devotional spirit, which keeps the society of God in prayers, messages, thanksgivings, in which unspeakable passages between the soul and God are incidents.[1]

Mysticism is not a visionary or ecstatic condition. The mysticism of Jesus was not the trances of golden languors, luxuries of feeling. It was a life, a practice, it flashed from Him in the collisions of a missionary activity. My Father worketh hitherto, and I work (verse 17). What things soever the Father doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise (verse 19). Mysticism is a working force, making industries and toils visional with God, weaving finer threads into action and endeavour. It is nourished by action and endeavour, and not by reveries.

To make shoes with a loving finish, to hew freestone putting a graceful line in every stroke of the chisel, to cut cloth with the science that studies the flow of the human form, to sweep the crossing with care,—in this conscientiousness of labour you will find God within you. To have means, to

[1] For devotional reading of the mystic kind in its more modern expression, see Dr. Matheson's charming booklets, *My Aspirations*, *Voices of the Spirit*, *Moments on the Mount.*

be happy, to carve your way into success, then to see that it is of God, and you will discover God in your happiness. To lie down in consumption and cough a young life out, to be poor and poorly endowed with faculty, and to accept your little capacity and little life, in this acquiescence you will find Christ. To have mean opportunities, and to have energy thrown upon hindrances which would not push aside, and to take cheerfully a life which has not come to much, in these efforts you will hear the footfalls of God in you. To see ideals and eminences of excellence, and to breathe your prayer for them, and to offer to do what is loyalest and best in you—in these prayers and loyalties you will see the Christ in you.

Mysticism means the inner life and its intimacies, a society with the unseen order which influences the actual prose world. It means an industry in work which has its likeness to the unwearying work of God,—My Father worketh hitherto and I work. It is a provoking acquisition, a refining irritation. God is pressing you in every faculty ; Christ is making a Holy Place for Himself in you ; you are a temple, and hymns are sung and homilies read in you. You cannot foul this sanctuary ; you cannot be tepid in this society. You are a host that entertains a heavenly guest. Who would think of stabling a horse even for one night in Westminster Abbey. Mysticism makes you intimate with God,

and in this intimacy you are changed into the image of Christ,—from image to image, and sympathy to sympathy, from work to work, from Christ to Christ.

Mysticism is the Greek element in religion. Mysticism, this seeing of God in Nature, and in the soul, and in our years, is the Greek contribution to thought; it made his world of ideas. The Hebrew idea placed God over nature, and outside the soul and separate from our years; it made his robustness in righteousness. The Greek mind saw Oreads and Dryads and Naiads all about; the invisible of hill, and wood, and water. This sense of beauty probably did lower responsibility and soften the human fibre. Homer makes Priam console Helen, stung with a sense of guilt and disaster, "not thou,—dear child, but the gods are responsible for this."[1] This is not said in a spirit of carelessness, but with the melancholy which lay as the lower stratum in the Greek mind, the melancholy of the unreconciled elements of freedom and fate. The common Greek particle ἄν, without which the Greek could neither speak nor write, and the moods which went with it are a monument of that feeling of wholesome uncertainty which was the property of the Greek mind, and which gave it inquisitiveness. The myths of Orestes and Œdipus, worked up by

[1] *Iliad* iii. 164; vi. 344.

Sophocles and Euripides, are attempts at reconciling the freedom of man and his fate, including them in a large Divine plan. Orestes represents the human will, daring and guilty. Œdipus represents the Divine disposal of man after His own will. Orestes acts a crime. Œdipus suffers a crime; no guilt is felt by him, and the unknown is helplessly referred to the law of heredity. "All this is fixed."[1]

Paul, when in Athens, perceived by the force of genius that he must introduce the mystic element to influence the Greek mind, and he quotes the mystic idea from a Greek poet, "for in Him we live and move and have our being." He made no impression in the city. He probably could not reconcile the Greek and the Hebrew elements; he was too deep in the Hebrew idea; he could not take the Greek viewpoint, though with his usual catholicity he attempted it. But the doctrine of vicarious suffering which Paul later on gave to religious science, contained the Greek mysticism. God sent His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, who was delivered for our offences, who was made sin for us. The doctrine of substitution which has taken such hold on the mind is only a rudimentary form of the most mysterious truth of mysticism, that God has His place in the sin and shame, and evil and sorrow, of the world He has made; is involved in it; has His suffering in it.

[1] Last line of *Œdipus at Colonos*.

The Hebrew went to a beautiful length with God when he heard the voice of God saying, There, I will meet with the children of Israel, and I will dwell among them. He went farther into the beauty of religion, when he saw the intimacy of Moses with God and attempted to express it, and having no vocabulary for ideas of intuition and intimacy, he says, And the Lord talked with Moses, and He spake unto Moses face to face. The Hebrew tabernacle was an enclosure for this intimacy, where as in a tent God conversed with Moses. Christ takes us farther into the interior intimacy, when He says, The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do. The Father loveth the Son and showeth Him all things that Himself doeth (verses 19, 20).

Mysticism unreconciled with responsibility becomes an extravagance as faith unreconciled to works. The Greek reconciled freedom and fate by the sense of melancholy and mystery which lay in him ; the Hebrew reconciled these opposed factors by the sense of law and order, whensoever his unphilosophical temper needed to reconcile ; the Christian mind reconciles the oppositions by love. If any man love me, my Father and I will come unto him and make our abode with him (xiv. 23). He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, lovingly becomes my guest at the family board, dwelleth in me and I in him (vi. 56). We are responsible beings.

We also make God responsible for the order and disorder of the world, and it can only be done rightly by the religious spirit with love in it. When with love we blend melancholy and mystery and righteousness from the ancient world, we have gained the Christian complexity. We are needing imperiously the Greek element of mysticism to look fair and straight, with comfort, at the universe, in this our day of science and cross lights of various kinds. We must remember that it was into the associations of the Greek language that Christian ideas ultimately migrated and found their home.

We are too Hebrew; our want is that we be more Greek; a just proportion of the two tempers is the harmony for which we are struggling in our day, which will give freedom to our thinking. Our theology is too Eastern; we want our Westernism in it. We are western in everything except our religious ideas. The dominance to this day of the Hebrew idea shows the permanent truth which is in it; but it must be supplemented. We are getting more and more incapable of the purely Hebrew conceptions. The Greek conceptions, underlying what I have called mysticism, must be allowed scope, and Christian theology have more of the Western flavour such as this Memorabilia contributes.

The Hebrew lived on contradictions; he contradicted everybody and everything; exclusiveness and

thrawnness[1]—to use an expressive Scotch word—was his element, his virtue and his weakness. He contradicted the politics of every nation around him; prophets repudiated alliance with every country. He contradicted every system of religion around him; contrariness was his element. The Greek lived in harmony. He wished to unite sense and spirit, one with many, beauty with truth. And it is this harmonising spirit which is the modern method, and the mystic element in the soul gives us this breadth without the loss of intenseness; unites oppositions and keeps the enthusiasm of the soul.

Our modern science has put on the old Hebrew clothes, and sets itself up against poetry, religion, art. Science is everything!—but to be ruled by one set of ideas is the great affliction of human nature.

The healing of a disease is the occasion of these mystic flashes of thought, which illuminate so much for us. Two diseases are also brought into conjunction by that law of rhythm which rules the Memorabilia (iv. 46; v. 1-5),—innocent disease and guilty disease; the suffering of a child which cannot be traced to bad causes in him, the suffering of thirty-eight years traced to profligacy.

In the Memorabilia we find Hebrew society uniformly divided by two designations, "the Jews" and

[1] Thrawn = stiffnecked.

"the multitude." By the Jews our author means the men of Jerusalem and the country of Judæa; the Jews express the tendencies working in the society of the metropolis. By the multitude he means the men of the country, which would be equivalent to Galileans, the rural Jew. To the rural Jew, our Lord says, Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe (iv. 48); sign is joined to wonder; country susceptibilities are stirred by wonder. Socrates says that wonder is the feeling of a philosopher, and philosophy begins with wonder. "He was not a bad genealogist who said that Iris, the messenger of heaven, is the child of wonder."[1] For the benefit of the Jerusalem Jew, our Lord calls his miracles, works; the supernatural is to him the superstitious; the power which the morbid human faculty in its feeble incompetences calls supernatural, Christ calls natural, and Jerusalem needs to be recalled to Nature. My father worketh hitherto, and I work (verse 17). And ye shall see greater works than this of healing, even the work of making life (verse 20).

Our thinking is singularly oblique. Christ has actually done the greater work of calling up a human life, creating an economy which we call the Christian life, but we do not allow Him the lower power of producing bodily health. He can create a moral life; he cannot create bodily health. This

[1] *Theætetus*. Jowett's *Plato*, vol. iv. p. 302.

is what the objection to miracles comes to. It is a disease of science ; an inconsequence of mind.

By virtue of his interior intimacies with the invisible world, Christ is to do greater works than healing diseases of the body. Three particulars of these greater works are defined.

1. He is the Creator of a life. He develops a special type of life, which has received a distinctive appellation, the Christian life. Stress must be laid on this feature of the life that it is a specialised type, a selection from the general. The Father creates the general type, which is everywhere, a persistent religiousness ; the sense of the Heaven-Father, familiar to us in the Latin word Jupiter, has organised the religious spirit of the world. The Son evolves a speciality, which is henceforth the elect religion. This idea of selection is expanded in the next chapter ; here it is in germ. The Christian life is a life within the large life of humanity ; an interior life, life in a mystic sanctuary which Christ has opened up for us ; a special enthusiasm wakened up in human nature. It has created an ethical and political atmosphere which we call the Christian civilisation, but itself is a nucleus within this civilisation.

This is the meaning of the antique words, which require a paraphrase to be made accessible. For as the Father raiseth the dead and quickeneth them ; even so the Son quickeneth whom He will (verse

21). The Father is giving life to souls everywhere; the Son giveth life to whom He will, wherever He finds affinities. The religions of nature are a dim generality; the religion of Christ a preferred selection.

2. Christ is Law to this life; legislator and judge of it; Himself the standard of character and conduct. In this epoch, and by this selection, how we look standing beside Him marks approval or disapproval. We accept Him, He is accepted, as the Son of Man, the Universal Man, not Hebrew or Greek, French or German or English. The Ideal has sorely baffled us, but we have no other, and it is a just one, which has our assent. The original of ourselves in Christ is our unrest, but we prefer the unrest, since we have found our true self. And we expect a considerate judgment because He is the Son of Man, because He knows it is hard to be ideally human. But the Ideal is in us; the image of Christ will develop. Except for the hidden things to be revealed in us after death, there is no reason visible why a creature like man should have appeared in the arena of nature and as its crown and crest. He is a tangle of contradictions, involved in a border strife of sense and spirit, of law and love, and in the conflicting environments of earth and heaven.

The word judgment ought to be rigorously excluded from the Bible; except you want to obscure its thought. In the compass of a few lines the same

Greek word is rendered judgment, condemnation, damnation, a frank confession that great scholars had lost their bearings. In the revised version the word is rendered judgment uniformly, in a kind of helplessness. We must look back to the primary meaning of the Greek word, which is division, separation, selection, preference.[1] The Father selects no man (verse 22); the life He gives is a generalised type, in which there is no marked preference. The Greek, the Roman, the Brahman, the Polynesian are variations of the same type. The Son creates a specialised type of life out of the general, which is a preference and a selection. The Father hath committed this selection and its characteristics to the Son, to be approved and disapproved by Him. He is Law to this life.

3. The future reconstructions of this select life are in Christ's hands. It is interesting to trace the evolution of the resurrection idea. We have the rudimentary form of it before us, but the riper form of it is fully developed in the scene of sorrow in Bethany later on. The details of the human future after death are beyond our knowing; not conceivable to the human faculty. The large feature is clear enough; the modes and fashions get wrapt in impenetrable folds. The reconstruction idea must therefore be painted, and the picture is that of a

[1] κρίσις from κρίνω; Latin *cerno*; to separate, choose, from which our word discern is derived.

sleep in the grave and a day of wakening by the voice of the Lifegiver, the earth fissuring all over its surface, the particles of the dissolved body obeying the voice, and the imprisoned sleepers recovering the scattered particles and issuing out of opened tombs; a striking picture. In Bethany, to susceptible souls, thrilled with affection and shocked by death, in that season when death and love have made an anger in the soul, Christ insisted on Martha taking herself away from the idea of a distant reconstruction. He wished her to regard the resurrection as immediate on death, as we shall see when we come to the death arrangements shown in that sorrow. But just now, speaking to barbaric minds, it is interesting to notice that the tomb and the voice and the awakened sleepers is the picture of the future. The conception of the future is in a state of transition.

Of all the illusions in our world, death is the largest and an unsuccessful one. The human mind has not only not succumbed to the death phantasm, but has extracted out of it the realities of life, and it is the property of all healthy illusions to lead on to realities which they cover, and which it is our discipline to find out. Illusions are native to the imperfect mind. Death as a phenomenon is destruction, but phenomenal in this that it disenchants itself, and we do not believe in the appearance presented to us, or rather are lured on to look behind it. They who do not feel the passion of the second

life have succumbed to the illusion. Somehow the illusion has the virtue to force on us the fact of re-appearance; the phenomenon is transfigured. Behind the real of death is seen gleaming the ideal life. Christ comes to specialise a human life, and He not only reinforces our intuitions of immortality, but shows Himself as the power in whom the forces of this preferential life are immortal; who will make the future good for us. He is Himself human and in the possession of a deathless being, and humanity in Him cannot be abolished, no more than Himself, no human personality merged into the ocean from which it rose, no human incarnation of the divine emotion called back into the Holy Abyss from which it has issued. Death is a medium of the rebuilding of the life disengaged from flesh and form. He assures us that the specialisation in Him has the mastery of death, and death is a seeming. He repeats that the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth (verses 28, 29). The Lifegiver makes Himself responsible for the future.

We are passing into conclusions which are not in our hands, and it is a consolation to know that there is One who takes charge of these conclusions.

To constitute Himself the Creator and the Law and the Architect beyond death of a human life are enormous pretensions. Pretentiousness has a brief day, and a literature of it, whether written in the

first or second century, had not long survived. These claims have been justified by history, and therefore the literature lives of insight and foresight.

We enter into the interior intimacies of mysticism by no abstruse, cavernous initiation. It is plain sailing, a familiar road, and our Lord tells His hearers how they had shut themselves out from the sanctuary.

1. We enter into the inner place by preserving the Eternal Reason in us. Ye have not His word abiding in you (verse 39). The original for word is Logos, which occurs in the preface of the Memorabilia as a name for Christ, which I have rendered the Eternal Mind. The Eternal Mind is here affirmed as the possession of the Father, and is indeed a communication to the Son. Our reason is lighted at the Eternal Reason, and it is our distinctive endowment. Keep the light, use it, give it scope, cultivate it. Man is man, by the reason which is a dim twilight in creation and becomes daylight in him. Be reasonable. Religion is this reason organised in institution. Reason and religion are ours in this way. Christ bases our perception of Him on native endowment, and the failure to perceive Him is a sign of the losses we have sustained. There is a Christliness in us, because there is Reason in us which perceives the immanent Christ, as some One whom we had known, who is indeed ours, as One

who is hidden in the folds of our original structure. Our reason, when it retains its original native structure, will discern the Christ who has appeared. Sure is this responsiveness; there may be a little argument about it, but our reason answers to the Eternal Reason in Christ. There is a logos in us to perceive the Logos of the Father and of the Son. Christianity is a reasonableness.

Sophisms can take the place of Reason. The Hebrew has taken his place on the outside of the temple of reason. He is sophistical all through. He likes the courts and corridors of reason, but not the Holy Place, and confuses the one with the other. Ye have not His Reason abiding in you.

2. Close by reason is love; in co-operation with reason is love. Love is native to us also; the affectional parts of us. We begin with the love of parents; we end by loving our children; lodged in the crypts of sex, and developed by sacraments in the family, our love is a copy of the love of God, and it asks for the Original. To love God is more natural than any other love; it is going to the sources. To be full of kindness towards God is to find the old home, and every other kindness is kindled at this hearth. We have come from God, and we are going back to our homelands with Him. To feel after Him is to touch the floor of our being. It belongs to the fires of the soul, and the fires can be damped; perhaps some embers are always there

in the ashes of expiring fires. When Christ says, Ye have not the love of God in you (verse 42), He is explaining a phenomenon before Him of losses; He is raking the ashes to find the red embers still left. He will take us into the mystic intimacies.

3. The will must be enlisted in the interests of this intimacy; it must co-operate with reason and love. The will is composed of wishes; volition works in the direction of our likings; they give the bias and bent to the will. Like the highest in you, and you will preserve the purity of your reason and of your love. Like the lowest, and reason is warped and love is cooled down. Insight is refracted by wishes; intuition blinded by our likings. The will is the ultimate power of determination; we are determined by its resolves; our direction is obtained by it. Reason and love are overruled by the will that goes by inferior wishes and likings. Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life (verse 40).

The liking which was fatal in Jerusalem to the intimacies of the soul was the liking for social reputation, which involved much else of the seamy, the muddy, and the shady in our nature. To appear well before men has an insidiousness of evil in it; it demoralises motive and impulse; it gives a baseness to action. It is a worthy motive for a while; society is a help to us, and the respect of our

fellows is a good to be sought. But it must not become too big or last too long; it must go on to take the hand of higher motives, and become an effect and not a cause; an effect also to be watched. One of the serious adulterations from which religion suffers in its growth is the ambition to appear well before our fellows. It brings us custom and credit, and it will lift us into worldly positions. It gives us appearance. A religious man, if he has only a small fraction of religion, must be respectable. He must be that at least, and it is serviceable. When religion becomes serviceable for other ends than its own, that of making us good and bringing us nearer to the heart of the universe, it is being subordinated, and it will not endure or survive a subordinate place; and now you have the most odious phenomenon of pharisaism. Reason and love and wish must compose religion; goodness must be sought for goodness' sake; God for God's sake. The reason for piety is piety's self. When religion is in favour for the social consideration it brings us, you have a bad root producing good, and it is a masterpiece of evil when it produces good and makes itself look respectable. "I" is the erectest letter in literature without a bay or bend in it, so I think some one has said. So is Egoism erect as a pole, but also as wooden as a pole. Religion is altruism towards God and towards man; going out of ourself. It saves us from woodenness.

Christ unmasks the religion of Jerusalem, and says, How can ye believe who seek honour one from another (verse 44)?

Literature is the expression of a nation's perceptions; and when a people have perceived, men rise on the horizon from the misty multitude, and move up into the sky as suns who put their light into literature, who write what is best and highest in their kind, the conclusions of the most perceiving minds; who reveal what is working in souls, who give expression to what every one thinks and cannot speak with either prosody or syntax. These lights are the bards and prophets and philosophers of the nations. The Hebrews created a literature; the Greeks also. The form of the literature may be historical, poetical, philosophical, but its contents are the same,—God and the soul, the report of God to the soul, and the intimacies of the soul with Him. Christ claims the poet and the prophet as the reflection of Himself; they wrote of Him. The occasion requires that He claim to be the subject of Hebrew literature. We make the same claim for Greek literature. He is there, and the Christian religion found its first expression in the Greek language, and took in the associations which words give to translated ideas.

God has been reported to us in Christ; the soul has found in Christ its cause and ground. Christ

underlies man ; human history is the history of the Christ,—this is the burden of the Memorabilia. He is the Eternal Mind in the universe, incarnate in nature, incarnate in man. Literature which has reason and love in it has Christ in it. Moses wrote of Me. Search the literatures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of Me (verse 39).

CHAPTER XI.

IDEALITIES.

JOHN vi. 1-21.

"*Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?*"

"*They see Jesus walking on the sea and drawing nigh to the ship, and they were afraid.*"

"*Idealism sees the world in God.*"—EMERSON.

"*A deep below the deep,*
And a height beyond the height,
Our hearing is not hearing,
And our seeing is not sight."—TENNYSON.

CHAPTER XI.

IDEALITIES.

A MIRACLE is the action of a Superior Mind on matter and mind. It is an intimation to us of the existence of sympathetic forces of a superior pressure, but on lines which reach up from the known to the unknown. It is an intimation to us of the ideal world which invests us round, in which time and space and sense are either absent or absorbed into other conditions. A miracle is the abridgment of time and space, a superior manipulation of physics, chemistry, physiology by a high order of Mind. It is an intimation to us of the Higher Order of Mind to which we are succeeding. Miracles point to idealities.

This miracle of an ample meal for five thousand people from a few loaves and fishes is a signal to us of the truth that God has plenty of comfort for us, but that He will not give it to us. It is not good for us to have plenty to eat and much to live upon. We are put on scanty allowances with a special in-

tention. God wants to practise us in industry, wants us to work hard and to work well, because to do a bit of work is better for us than to be comfortable. God wants to drill us into thinking and feeling. To think hard and to feel right, to see into the heart of things, to have ideas and emotions, are long before driving in a carriage or sitting on a velvet sofa. God wants us to pull ourselves up to the highest and the best in us, to do right, to love law, to be good, and this moral effort is before a large credit in the bank, or a fine house and garden. If the world yielded to us too much of its good, if we were outwardly comfortable, we would think matter was the whole of us, and we had our best here. We are here kept in a poor way that we may know that our best is in moral qualities and spiritual excellence, that our best is yet to come, and is not here. This miracle is a light into the fact that it is not want of will or of means in God that keeps us poor in this world, but a plan, with a definite purpose, in our education.

It is of the first consequence for us to understand that it is God's plan to bring up His creatures in the school of poverty; of choice, preferring it to every other. He wishes to exercise us in the virtues; He wishes to keep us discontented with our time-interests; He wishes us to set store on the unknown future of other worlds. It is not an accident that life is a struggle for bread. The men

who make money are the men who begin with little or nothing. It is scarcely a fair start to a young man to have much to begin with ; it is a damper on his activity ; it is a positive disadvantage. And the money a man makes is a small affair compared with the industry, the endeavour, the honour which have been developed, and the indolence and pleasure which have been conquered in the process of making it. It is a fine sight to see the successful lawyer, statesman, and physician, but it is the finer sight, on which God looks, to see the thought, the emotion, the self-denial, the battle by which the positions have been attained. This world is so made that only labour, thrift, force, courage have room in it. There is no room in it for pleasure or idleness or ostentation, which are at best knocked about in it. They are poor craven souls who are wanting money to be spared the great struggle in which mind and heart are won. It is the struggle to get a good foothold in the world that makes us superior to it and saves us from being parasites on the transitory.

This miracle of plenty was once performed that we may know that there is bread and to spare with God, and only once, that we may learn that this is not a world for happiness, but for holiness. It is a sign to us of the plenitude in God and of the struggle appointed to us, that we may win truth and beauty. These are the idealities which we find in it. Go into

the market and hear the quotations of wheat and cotton. Go into the warehouse and see the bales of jute and flax. Go into the building yard and see the iron hulk on the stocks, and hear the story of freights and cargoes. Go into the hall of science and learn the future of aluminium and of electricity. See the deposits of the merchant and the investments of the millionaire. It is grand; it is a fine conquest of the material, but it is not the substance of life; they are the shell and circumstance. They are the trappings and the accidents. Christ says, and this brief mortality of ours says it is true, Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you.[1] These are the mere additions and appendages, quite dispensable. Work not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life (verse 27).

Mark the sublime purpose which God has in bringing up the great majority of His creatures in the school of poverty. It is that we, by force of brain, conquer this whole black kingdom of want and famine around us and make it a domain of light; and in the ups and downs of this effort that we see the unseen provinces which are in the silent kingdoms for us, and far away to see our true kingdom which is not here. We are creatures unfulfilled in the material world, superlatively so. Arrange your

[1] Matt. vi. 31.

thoughts in this way, and you get on the right side of the great struggle appointed to you. The miracle is an intimation in the realm of sense of the superiority, also appointed to us.

The method which Christ employs to multiply the scanty meal is a signal to us of another ideality. In it we see the principle by which the earthly is increased in value, expanded into service, and transfigured in quality. We say that the multiplication was done by Power, but power is a vague idea. What power? It was not the power of will, caprice, or dictation, the power which a wealthy man has of throwing ten thousand pounds into the sea. Christ's power of multiplication lay in his pity and passion for men. It was the feeling which the hungry men excited in Him that called up the nascent power to feed them. His desire that they should find their eternal interests in the medium of Himself stirred in Him the power to give them this sign. We read that He was moved with compassion when He saw the famished multitude.

Your child works at sums in multiplication. Two figures are set to him, one which he calls the multiplicand, the other the multiplier. The multiplier increases the multiplicand, and a product is got. The five loaves and two fishes are the multiplicand, the pity and passion for men in the soul of Jesus is the multiplier. The physical multiplied by the spiritual becomes a product and productive.

It is so with us. You make a pound a week, or ten pounds a week. It is little enough; but multiply that by the love you have for your wife and child, by your duty to your employer, by obedience to God's law, by honesty and truth. Put these moral elements into your wages, and you have increased their value a hundredfold. Multiply a year of time by thought, and it is worth five ordinary years. Multiply thought by enthusiasm, and you have augmented the value of your ideas. Multiply the natural by the spiritual, and the natural is so enriched that it spreads out into another world; this world does not give it scope enough. You don't farm with a plough, but with brains. You don't bring up a family on porridge, but on love. The Tay bridge is not built of iron, but by mathematics. We don't live in flesh and blood, but in faith and goodness and purity. We go further than the nature that is in us by receiving the Holy Spirit of our nature. It is in the holy hours of existence that our poor earthly endowments, these five loaves and two fishes, get augmented with the forces of eternity.

I had a friend who died not long ago leaving about a quarter of a million. He had no family, and he left it to nephews who were mainly minors and who were already well off. He left nothing to charity, church, or missions, for the good of men or the cause of God. What was that money worth? Really nothing at all. It had no multiplier; it was a

barren pile; it was left, like the body, to afflict the earth with more dust and ashes. I don't know how he appeared before the Judge of all the earth with such a will in his right hand. He was a good man, and he must have received a hundred stripes on his back before he was sent up higher. He chargeth His angels with folly. Ten thousand pounds might have been so left as to be worth a million, by multiplying them with the service for men and enthusiasm for Christ. The spiritual multiplies the physical; the supernatural augments the natural. Or they remain ciphers, barren, dry. He was moved with compassion when He saw the multitude.

Another ideality which the signal of the miracle points is the value of the natural. Christ did not turn stones into bread and fish. He began with the five loaves and two fishes and honoured them by making them the basis of His miracle. He did not scorn the natural; He used it. He expanded the natural into the supernatural.

The value of the natural is signalled to us. Begin with what you have; begin with the natural. What have you to-day? Perhaps it is a sin, a pain, a care, a tangle. Come and bring it to Christ, and out of them He will bring a spiritual good to you. The magic of spring brings out of the dead and dry ground a new world of life. When from the sin you have found the love of God's forgiveness; when in pain you have got an insight into the wonders of

your being; when out of the care has come peace, and the tangle has thrown you upon unseen resources —it is a large and satisfying ideality. There is a continuity in what God does. Christ asks you, How many loaves have you? You want to break away from the past and begin a career. Christ comes to you and says, What have you; how many loaves have you? You can only escape from the past by getting a future out of it. You must extract out of it penitence and sorrow and cleaving to God. God will not allow you to throw away that past of yours; He will not let it be waste. He will economise it; He will work it up into a future. The back years may be a dunghill; He will use the dung of it for the cornfield, and the flower gardens that are to be.

Perhaps you have some fine moral qualities that you can bring, in answer to the query, How many loaves have ye? You are chaste, temperate, honourable, kind. These fine dispositions don't make piety; they are of the earth and of the best of earth; but they are freestone and granite for the temple of the spirit. God does not scorn these dispositions; they are not to be minimised; they are to be utilised. He will work up the moral into the spiritual; He will expand the natural into the supernatural; He will transfigure the human into the divine. He will make wine, but there must be water given to Him. He will renovate you, but there must be water and spirit already there, humanness must

be there, before the Spirit of God can generate the spiritual in you. You want a new life. You will not get a bran new thing made in heaven and sent down to you, like a newly made star. It will come to you out of the old life, when you have brought it to God.

God comes to you and says, How many loaves have you? The basis of this profusion is five loaves and two fishes. The basis of the mental is the sensuous; the sense of beauty wakes up from the lines and hues of Nature and the sex feeling in us. Idealise as much as you like, but proceed from the real. The spiritual has its roots in the moral; the natural grades up to the supernatural.

Yet another ideality is read in the signal of this miracle, and that is the virtue of thrift. The fragments of this plentiful meal are collected in twelve baskets. God is an economist, a thrifty Creator, who wastes nothing. The natural is not swamped by the supernatural, but made more normally natural. This miracle is a signal to us of the virtue of thrift.

Thrift is a strong natural virtue, and hard to practise. We are wasters. Thrift is the gathering up of scraps of time, banking the coppers of money, utilising fragments of reading. It requires character. A student must utilise the minutes of his hours, and this means determination to acquire knowledge. A thrifty tradesman will give small touches to his

work and finish it with care, and these small attentions will soon make him a master tradesman. A thrifty young man will deny himself superfluities like tobacco, and put shillings and pennies into the savings banks. A thrifty housewife will gather up scraps of bread and make something of them. We all need a thrifty scrupulousness in eating and drinking to keep our brains clear for work. In many a household the neglect of this virtue of thrift is the leak in the ship's bottom which sinks it. It used to be said in the olden times that builders built with the trowel in one hand and a sword in the other. In our day, builders must build with the trowel in the right hand and thrift in the left.

Friendly societies, like that of the Foresters' and Shepherds', have shown us what an ideality can do when it is clearly perceived and organised into an institution. There are now 12,600 such societies in the country with 4,800,000 members, and thirteen millions of invested money. They are the successors of the guilds of trade in the Middle Ages. They began with the object of cultivating social feelings, and at first the social feeling was generally shown in the public-house. But all that has passed away, and the Friendly Societies are now for mutual help in the struggle of existence. These figures show the power which there is in the organisation of numbers and of pennies and sixpences, and the powerful help which they give in times of need. I call friendly

societies brotherhoods of thrift; they bring men to take an interest in each other, and there is nothing so unwholesome as a man to be occupied only with his own affairs.

The value of thrift consists in the determination which men make to mend the unfriendly circumstances of life, a purpose to conquer in the battle, a forethought for the shadows which fall on all of us. Provident habits mean independence, and by them we get on the right side of providence. It is one of the most difficult things to economise, hard to practise specially the small economies, to have our baskets at hand in which to gather up the remnants. This miracle of supernatural abundance comes to teach us this hard lesson, and to persuade us to practise it by the example of Christ. God wastes nothing. We are kept down in this world, limited in our means; but we keep up by provident, careful habits. Thrift is an ideality.

Beautiful things are found in refuse. The refuse of our gasworks was at one time thrown away. A chemist discovered that it contained fine colours, and now it is a large industry, the extraction of coal tar colours by which calico is printed and silk dyed. Strong things are found in refuse. We pour out, all animals pour out, by their breath a refuse of the body, a noxious refuse, carbonic acid gas. But nature uses it up. Plants breathe in the gas by their leaves which we breathe out by our lungs, and

it is the refuse you give to plants which makes wood. The spar of the merchantman is composed of the refuse of your breath. Take heed to the remnants of time, of money, of small thoughts and feelings. Nature around us is economical in its expenditure. The heavens above us are economical in their expenditure. Gather up the fragments that remain.

These four idealities may be read in this miracle, —the truth of thrift, gather the fragments that remain; the value of the natural as the basis of the spiritual, there is a lad here who hath five barley loaves and two small fishes; the multiplier of pity and passion by which the small store is augmented, He had compassion on the multitude; and that we are not in this world to be made comfortable. These four invisibles may be seen signalled by this miraculous meal.

The stimulus of this wonder has made an impression on the people, but the impression is of the baser sort, and on the surface. Their imagination has been inflamed that they have got a King who can keep them from want and toil. They were going to crown Him as the King of Plenty, who will keep the kitchen full, and the cottage furnished. Christ retreats before this political frenzy into the recesses of the hilly country. When Jesus saw that they would take Him by force to make Him a king He departed again into a mountain alone (verse 15).

Night came down, and the people slept over this socialistic movement. While they were sleeping, His disciples were rowing across the lake to the western side, and they were caught in a squall. Christ appears in the storm, treading on the swell of the waters, and the surf falling as flowers round His feet.

To get a bare living is a difficulty; to get a comfortable living is harder still; to find a living worthy of spirits of our make is impossible. The best of us do not get what we should get. But there is another difficulty as sharp as this. We are caged in this body of ours, and the law of gravitation is sore upon us. We cannot fall ten feet without breaking a bone, and twenty feet without a concussion of the brain. Only the other day 500 passengers on board a steamer were drowned, forced to the bottom by the law of gravitation. During the last year 474 sailing ships and steamers were lost, and at least 5000 of our seamen. A bird is more than we are, can ride in the air, and defy gravitation.

It is quite refreshing to see our Lord introducing to us an ideal world and abolishing the human imprisonment by His independence of wind and water. He is the Son of Man, the Ideal Man, and He shows us the human contents as they shall be. This is as it should be; the human melodies are here. The spirit within us craves to be uncaged, set free from the bars of physiologies and physics,

which bind the world below us. The cherubim in Hebrew art had wings, which symbolised our freedom, when we are truly human, in the ideal of us. Nicolson is a common name in the Isle of Skye. It means the son of the water wraith. The Celtic peasantry, familiar with the wild Atlantic swell and surf, and knowing how impotent they were among the elements, and yet that they were more than the guillemots and terns which ride the storms, pictured to themselves the human superiority over matter, the ideal of which is the water wraith, the Nixey of the waters.

There are moments when we detach ourselves from the body, and range thinking through space, and then come back to ourselves feeling that we have too little room and that we must have more, and look to finding it elsewhere, not here. When we see Christ walking on the sea we feel that we have the pledge of this roomy future. But we are afraid when we come near our own ideals; we are troubled at the ghostliness that is in us. "It is I; be not afraid" (verse 20), is a voice which calms us, saying, "My child, thou art not content with thy limitations; do not be afraid of thine own freedom. I am the Spirit of the lake, as thou shalt be a spirit of God."

Sleeping over this business has made no abatement in the revolutionary ardour of the people. They meet Christ the next morning, and they offer Him

a throne with conditions; and they are the sordid conditions of a sordid mood. They are to get their living by the charity of their King; He is to make a social millennium for them. Charity is a good thing, but there are three kinds of it. There is a charity which relieves immediate distress and no more, which has no permanent value. There is a charity which helps men to help themselves, and there is a charity which so helps men that they in their turn help others. The two last are great moral forces, when we help men to help themselves, and when we so help men that they go on to help others. A kingdom of mere charities is a pitiful and hurtful Poor's-house. These poor Galileans are in this abject mood. But the situation is complicated. It is flattering to Christ to be within sight of a kingdom; it is fascinating to the people to be within sight of a social millennium. It is an appeal to the highest in Christ, to be King of men; it is an appeal to the lowest in the people to be the charity children of a miraculous King. Christ cold-waters this political pauper movement when He says, Ye seek Me not because ye saw the miracles and heard the intimation of the ideal in them, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled (verse 26). Work not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life which the Son of Man shall give unto you (verse 27).

Our primary thought should be about our higher self, about the soul that is in us, the man within the man, who asks for other than wheaten or oaten bread. We must begin with our inner, finer nature. We have a body in common with the animals; but we have a soul in likeness to God Almighty. This is a world not dedicated to the making of money, but dedicated to the making of a soul. A soul is given to each of us to be made, like unto the image of Christ Himself. It has taken a thousand generations, a great antiquity, to bring us here, and here we are. A thousand generations to come are waiting to see what bread we are living on, and what life we will make out and contribute to them. Every man should know and feel that he is sent into the world, a commissioned individual, a messenger for God. Our message is to find our soul, and to get bread for it. By faith in Christ, by initiating yourself into the heavenly society, by communion with things invisible, by knowing the bounty of unseen resources, you find a soul. Keep the interests of the soul first, and the lesser and lower interests will take care of themselves. Pennies are found by pounds. We are classed with the ape on the one side wanting bread, and with the angel on the other wanting God. We hold the creation below us by the royalty of mind, and hold the angel above us in the destinations of mind. And it is the angel in us to which the whole creation points as the goal terminus

for us. This is the work of God that ye believe in Him whom He hath sent (verse 29). My Father giveth you the true Bread (verse 32).

The Bread of God is He who cometh down from heaven, and giveth life to the world (verse 33). Bread nourishes life, and life has two elements—strength and pleasure. To live we must be strong. Christ is your strength against the evil around you—bad company, sensuous attractions, the smiles of temptation. It is, moreover, a pleasure to live. Life in God must be a real pleasure. Religion is a life, and a wholesome life is a gladness. Christ calls it everlasting life, a large, perennial, splendid life. There is pain in the Christian life, but it is the pain of seeking greater and higher pleasures, like the pain of climbing a great mountain.

You must often have thought of two silences—the silence of the stars above you and the silence of the graves around you. And here we are, chattering, speaking, brawling between these stillnesses. Our true speech is to work well, to love much, to do great good. Be true to your home and family, loyal to your God and Saviour, friendly to all men around you. And somehow this speech blends wonderfully with the silences and seems one with it. Hunger is a chattering thing, and the thirst for alcohol a brawling thing, grating harshly between these silences of the stars and the graves. The harmony is in the development of the ideal, the

invisible, and the silent elements of our being. I am the Bread of Life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst (verse 35).

The ideal stuff that is in a man, the something which hovers round him as a spirit of eternity, it is this which makes this world tolerable and in the heart of it credible to us. It was really not worth while making a creature like man except this ideal world lay on the horizon of him, except he was in training for idealities; except this life is the rough scaffolding by which he reaches the home of them in God. Man on the summits of nature is the flower of it, and certainly not a very fragrant one; he is so crude and cramped and coarse; spirit and sense unharmonised, reason and affection at variance, incapable of keeping law which every cat does; now a happy-go-lucky sort of chap, now a remorseful and despairful spirit; now waltzing, satyr-like, with every seduction going, and again houseless, breadless, frostbitten; a drudge of toil or a scraper of money, and again incapable of work, lazy, thriftless, shiftless; when he is most respectable he is treading the round of petty duties and pettier fashions, nothing high or heroic about him; tortured by consumptions and rheumatisms; nothing great about him except his leg or his beard; if he is an able man and is sore tempted he will water stocks and gerrymander votes; religious lives drag through the

mud bemired; saintly souls on whom the sequels and shadows of evil press heavily; good creatures from the ore of whose goodness you have to abstract forty per cent of dross;—dear human beings in this hard, bare, rough arena of existence, sighing for better things but never seeing them, liking life and life eluding them. All this is true and much more. But after all is said, there is a universe of idealities in him. There is much behind appearance, much behind this opaque body of facts, and its dust, dirt, and tagraggery. There is another side to all this.

Jesus is the reason for man; His miracles signal the dignity of the ideal in man. He has unveiled the hidden interior of us in its idealities. We love our kind for the possibilities that lie sleeping in us. We belong to a respectable race.

CHAPTER XII.

NATURAL SELECTION.

JOHN vi. 24-47; 59-71.

"Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles; but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled. Work not for the meat which perisheth."

"What shall we do that we might work the works of God?"

"I am the Bread of Life. He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth in Me shall never thirst."

"All that the Father giveth Me shall come unto Me."

"No man can come to me, except the Father who hath sent Me draw him."

"Whatever other causes have been at work, Natural Selection is supreme, to an extent which even Darwin himself hesitated to claim for it."

WALLACE.

CHAPTER XII.

NATURAL SELECTION.

NATURAL SELECTION is the handy phrase by which the biologist expresses the survival of a species of life in the wreck of other species. Natural Selection will thus express that specialisation of structure and function by which species of life have asserted themselves against contending influences. It means the upward movement into finer forms and the forward movement into possession by which this assertion was ruled. It means the outfit by which the conquest of circumstances has been achieved. External to condition, and Natural Selection means adaptation to it. Internal to structure and function, it means the modification of them. The equation between external and internal is Survival or Salvation.

The special aspect of Natural Selection to which our attention is called by the teaching before us is specialisation.

In the language of Calvinistic theology, salvation is Election, or the selection of souls; and this has

been the repulsive feature of that system of thought which has all along produced the most robust and magnetic of characters. If election had been defined as the Christian specialisation of character for a particular epoch of our world's history, it had not the hard look it has borne. But everything about a truth cannot be said at once. The theological conception takes on another complexion when the biological conception is placed alongside of it.

Specialised forms of organic life supply parallels and parables to the spiritual life.

When our Lord said, Ye seek Me, not because ye saw the signs of the higher world and were drawn to it, but because ye are in the loafing mood and want the bread of charity (verse 26), it was a gentle satire on the baseness in human nature, the servility to the transitory. When the people said, What shall we do that we might work the works of God (verse 28), it was a shaft of light from the deeps through the surface baseness. When again they said, Lord, evermore give us this Bread (verse 34), the memory of the unseen kingdoms is there, though blurred. These gleams of the ideal world are answered by Christ when He said, I am the Bread of Life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst (verse 35). A movement is required of the whole soul, figured by coming. A committal of our interests

and purposes is next required, couched in the antique phrase, believing on Me, or, as it should be literally rendered, believing in Me.[1] To believe a person is to trust his veracity. To believe on or into a person is to entrust yourself to his care, kindness, and resource.

At this moment an infinite pity and melancholy possessed the soul of Jesus—pity for the incapacity of the human beings around Him, melancholy at the picture thus presented of His own limitations. He has begun a creative work, but it cannot be hurried. Time is His trial. He cannot collect numbers; popularity is His temptation. He has to limit Himself to a minority. Christ is a difficulty to the men of His day, to the men of all time. He was a difficulty, and therefore did not appear for four thousand years, or, what is more like it, for forty thousand years after man began His career. He underlies humanity, He is the secret and the reason of it; but humanity is on too low a scale to understand its own greatness. He could not have become sooner historic and recognisable; He remains long immanent and unknown. Now that He has come, and Christendom brought into existence, we have only touched the fringe of Him. The Church of Rome is the largest body of Christians, and is a monument to the human feebleness. It is a rude and rudimentary type of Christianity,

[1] ὁ πιστεύων εἰς ἐμέ.

and yet all that is possible to the human faculty, so rude that when a higher type rose it called the lower type, Antichrist. In the Oratory of Birmingham, lately presided over by Cardinal Newman, I saw a painting of Christ with His heart exposed and cut open, and blood flowing from the wound—a gross, offensive picture to me. But it is there to make accessible to the feeble human faculty the idealities in Jesus. Quakerism, at the other end, witnesses to the same feebleness. It was too ideal, without sacrament, without prayer, without speech. It has been dying from the beginning. Religion is universal, but spiritual religion is an election out of the universal, and the finer forms of spiritual religion are inner elections within this.

Christ comforts Himself and comforts the poor humanity, though not without serious admonitions, by the doctrine of election. All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out (verse 37). And again, No man can come to Me, except the Father who hath sent Me draw him: and I will raise him up at the last day (verse 44).

There is an infinite melancholy in the doctrine of Election, but it is true. Fresh light has been thrown upon it by the doctrine of Natural Selection which has made Nature new to us. The great factor in this law is the ceaseless struggle for exist-

ence, the fierceness of which Tennyson has caught up in the strain—"Nature, red in tooth and claw with ravine." The melancholy of being deepens with this theory, which the Eternal Mind in Nature must always feel, but it puts Nature and us in the same doom,—in the fellowship of a large scheme, the justification of which God will make to us in good time. It is a coincidence worth noticing that Paul felt this same sadness in Nature when he came to discuss the doctrine of election. He places a plaintive feeling as a preface to his Rabbinical dialectic. He says: For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now, and not only it, but we ourselves.[1] As he approaches the theme of Gentile election and Hebrew rejection, we find him in a profound sorrow: I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh.[2]

The result of Natural Selection is the formation of new species of life by specialising certain structures, and moulding and adapting the whole organism to changed conditions. The life that survives the struggle for food, the struggle with rivals which contest the ground, the struggle with changes of land surface and ocean surroundings, the struggle with heat and cold, evolves latent endowments and harmonises itself with the conditioning elements. Darwin defines Natural Selection as "the preservation of

[1] Rom. viii. 22, 23. [2] Rom. ix. 2, 3.

favoured races in the struggle for life." It may also be defined as the adaptation of life to changed conditions by the evolution of improved structures. The principle of specialisation is the contribution which Natural Selection makes to the doctrine of Election to freshen it.

There is a striking parallel between the history of life in nature and the history of the spiritual life in man. In the geological epoch which immediately precedes the advent of man, which is known as the Tertiary Age, we have the general forms of the present existing plants and animals.

The very general forms of the palm and the beech, the horse and the deer and the lion, appear in that early period of this Age known as Eocene. In the second period, known as Meiocene, these primitive forms are modified, and a distinct approach is made to existing forms. The horse form of this period walks on three toes, while in the previous period he walked on four; the *Hyracotherium* form of the Eocene has become the *Anchitherium* of the Meiocene. The deer forms of the Meiocene have short, straight antlers, while the Eocene forms are without antlers. In the third period, known as Pleiocene, the horse is walking on one toe, while the other two toes are there but do not touch the ground, the *Anchitherium* horse of the Meiocene is succeeded by the *Hipparion* horse of the Pleiocene. The deer has in this period acquired branched and

even intricate antlers. In the fourth period, known as Pleistocene, we have the present genus of the horse, called *Equus*, which walks on one toe, and the other toes of the previous period have disappeared, but are represented by the long bones of the foot, and these long bones are shrunk into mere splints. This is a historical gradation of life, a line of evolution, a method of Nature, the gradual ascension of a generalised form into a marked speciality, and all along showing its ancestral links and lineages. The glory of the horse, its specific characteristics, consist in the modification of its foot, to which its rare structure and rare habits have been correlated. It has pleased the Creator to give us the horse as the most specialised form in the entire zoological series.

We place Life into class, order, genus, and species, and subs of them. The class to which the horse belongs exists in the Eocene period, the Mammalia. The order to which it belongs exists in the Meiocene, the Ungulate or hoofed. The sub-order to which it belongs appears in the Pleiocene, the Perissodactyle or odd toed. The genus to which it belongs appears in the Pleistocene, the Equus, and later on the true species, the *Equus caballus*.

The geological horizons, which mean the antiquity of Creation, ought to supply us with historical parallels of the spiritual horizons, for there is a unity of plan in the creation, as Bishop Butler long ago

told us. We ought to suspect the parallel and seek it. Here it is, generally: Before the day of Abraham, we have a very general form of spirituality, in Babylonian, Egyptian, and other humanities. In Abraham the type is distinctly modified, and Hebrew spirituality is an approach to the Christian. Hebrew spirituality gets specialised by the prophets, and Greek spirituality by the philosophers. Then comes the last specialisation which we call the Christian, which carried human life into its most elect forms.

Is this historical coincidence accidental? Geologists have seen four marked horizons in the Tertiary Age, which is the geological age immediately before man. Theologians quite independently have seen four horizons of spiritual history. Hard and fast boundary lines don't exist anywhere, but the general outlook of geology and theology has a wonderful parallel and parable. The Eocene horizon of Nature corresponds to the spiritual life before Abraham; the Meiocene to the spirituality after Abraham; the Pleiocene to the era of the prophets and philosophers; the Pleistocene to the Christian. Eocene means the dawn of the new; Meiocene, the less new; Pleiocene, the more new; Pleistocene, the most new.

The Eternal Mind was in the world, and the world was made by Him. The Eternal Mind was made flesh and we beheld His glory, full of beauty and of truth. The Divine Immanence in the world

made the geological ages; the Divine Immanence in man made the human ages; the Divine Immanence in the Incarnation has made the election of the Christian Age.

What now is meant by the generalised type and the specialised form? Popularly this: The horse in the Eocene period is both a flesh feeder and grass feeder. He was a frequenter of both water and land country, an amphibian. His brain capacity was small, and as such his instincts were general. This means a composite creature. The specialised form is a departure from these indefinite customs and manners, and the horse ends in being a pure grass feeder and wholly a land animal, and more specially adapted to dry and hard ground and open plains. He has a brain with a rich correspondence with the outer world, so rich that between him and man there has sprung up a fellowship such as no other animal has shown, and he has helped man materially in his career of civilisation. Man could scarcely have been civilised without the horse. And man has found in him a pliancy for still more specialised forms, and has obtained it by selective breeding. All this means election, selection, specialisation. The parable is beautiful.

An interesting parallel is before us. If the natural of the world and the spiritual in man are the work of the Divine Sovereign Mind, the parallel is just, and we must look for companion phenomena.

Before Abraham's day, man is a worshipper of the powers in Nature, and the word Elohim is a fossil, like *Anchitherium* and *Hipparion*, in which we read this ancient worship. He sees Divine Incarnations in physics and organisms; in the appearance of Nature he finds divine forms, like unto gods and goddesses. This is a generalised worship. Morality is also in a generalised condition. Polygamy is universal; the love of the sexes is not concentrated. Kindness is a diluted, dim, indefinite feeling, and, in keeping, slavery is a universal institution. Abraham began a specialising movement. He worships the one God; and Elohim, from being once the plural of number, is now the plural of dignity, and the name for the Divine Unity. Moses found a more specialised perception of God, and gave to it the name of Jehovah. Prophets and philosophers succeeded, and still more specialised religion, ethics, politics. A final specialisation was longed after and waited for, and was effected by the manifestation of Jesus. The worship of Jesus is the specialised worship of this latter age, which has absorbed the worship of the powers of Nature and every other perception of God, which intensifies the worship of God as Father and as Spirit. Even the prophets had never said, God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and truth. The fundamental institution of marriage is specialised and restricted to one man and one

woman, and the moralities which collect round marriage are also specialised. Philanthropy becomes intense as the enthusiasm of humanity, and with it have come hospitals, asylums, homes, missions. Man has become the Christian species.

Life is the master word of the Memorabilia, and we must look at the life in far back ages, and all around us, and all below us, as it came from the Eternal Mind, to understand the last, subtle, beautiful phase of it in spirituality; and in that specialised spirituality which the Incarnation of the Eternal Mind has excited.

This is an historical parallel. Where is the personal equation? What is specialisation in the life of a creature, and what is the companion phenomenon in the spiritual world, the specialising of an individual soul?

Specialisation of life consists in the loss of a part or parts, which were once prominent in the life history of a creature, such as the suppression of all the bones of the foot in the horse except one. Suppression is thus a factor in specialisation. The suppression of certain beliefs, trusts, ceremonies, was necessary before Abraham passed into the higher spiritual species. In the souls of the men who were developed in fellowship with Christ, in His followers, you see a shrinkage going on till they lost faith in the temple, the priesthood, and its sacrifices. A great deal of Hebraism became functionless to them, and

one of them called it in almost the language of biology, the rudiments of the world, vestigial of the past. The obsoleteness of portions of our conceptions, trusts, practices, is essential to the elect forms of the spiritual life. We must crucify the flesh with the lusts thereof.

The acquisition of new parts or a new part is necessary to specialisation, as in the case of the antlers of the deer, the carriage of which requires a change of structure all over. The perception of the Divinity of Jesus was the new fact which determined the development of the early disciples. It specialised them. This perception had been slowly growing for three years, and then came into the glory of its antlered form, when Peter said, To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God (verse 69). They are now on the upward move.

Specialisation further consists in the modification of parts, by way of improvement, complexity, and finer utilities. It may be safely said that in the whole range of creation no structure has become so improved, so complex, and so modified as the foot of the horse. Its cartilages, ligaments, horny and fatty tissues, its cushions and its integuments, make a marvellous complexity and mechanism. The creature is a favourite of the Creator; and the result of this favouritism is to produce the

noblest work of God, by a process of specialisation quite historical. In the neck and head of the horse we see the perfection of gracefullest curves; in the shaking of the mane and the tossing of the head we see a joy of puissance and freedom; in patience, courage, speed, and flexibility it has no match. He goes into battle with pride; he carries the heavy burdens of commerce with endurance. No parable is so on all fours with human election as the life history and character of the horse and the deer. As the Hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after God.[1] Dost thou give strength to the Horse? Dost thou clothe his neck with the waving mane? He paweth on the plain, and rejoiceth in his thoughts; he laugheth at fear and is never dismayed. He cannot contain himself at the blast of the trumpet; he scenteth the battle from afar.[2] In that day there shall be on the bells of the Horses—HOLINESS TO THE LORD.[3]

Here is a parable of the methods and issues of the elect specialised life which Christ has come to give to us. The life is seen in patience and endurance, and the bearing of burdens; in courage, action, battle; in doing duties with fleetness of foot, in the obedience of joy, in gracefulness all over. It is into character that election issues, the character of the saint and the hero, which carries into the world the knighthood of the human idea. The election is

[1] Ps. xlii. 1. [2] Job xxxix. 19-26. [3] Zech. xiv. 20.

an assimilation to Christ, the human soul improved, refined, intensified into the likenesses of Christ. From the dimness and vagueness of the previous ages, there issue a definiteness and sharpness of character.

The stimulus to specialisation has been mentioned as the pressing environment appointed to all living. Abraham is in strife with the Shemitic environment; Moses with the Egyptian. Both are pressed hard by the Infinite God. The environment is hard upon them and stimulates specialisation. The Crucified and Ascended Jesus is our environment and evokes the Christian election.

The office of Christ is specialisation; the same that the Eternal Mind in nature is performing by Natural Selection the Eternal Mind in the flesh is performing by Spiritual Selection. The Father draws men so far. When ethnic religions have done their perfect work, men are ready for Christ. The Personality, the Resurrection and the Ascension of Jesus, make the climate and sin and self-make the struggle by which the Christian species is organised. Out of the religions of the world the Christian spirituality is specialised. Call election spiritual selection, and you will understand it as the method by which a specialised type of character for a new period is obtained, a procedure which has its counterpart in the natural world. Calvinism is quite reasonable. When Wesley said to Whitefield, Your God is my

devil, he had felt keenly that Whitefield's doctrine of the divine sovereignty made God's action despotic in the disposal of man. Wesley does not improve upon Whitefield by making the human sovereignty supreme. Whitefield's was the more robust and even kindly theory, which places the sovereignty of selection in the Father's hand. Man is a poor creature to be the sovereign of his own destiny. But election is natural selection for a new order of humanity.

On this occasion the specialisation, the selection, the election, is the sorrow of Jesus. He has to be satisfied with an obscure minority. We know the feeling in these democratic days of ours, when numbers look askance at us, and the numeration of votes is against us. With pain He sees the human incapacities, the defection begun, the ideal too high, the sifting, the limited election. The Jews in Jerusalem are in the agony of spiritual selection, in which thousands will morally perish, but they will not specialise. The sorrow of Jesus even becomes a dismay, as those leave Him who had gone some distance with Him, and He turns to the election, seeing a falling away even there, and a minority still more contracted. He says to them, Will ye also go away? (verse 67).

What saved these elect candidates from joining the dim crowd? What saved them in this hour of unpopularity? It was the Idealism by which they had perceived behind the flesh of Jesus the Divine

Personality and, in the words of Jesus, the Eternal in life. They had tasted the true bread from heaven. The word true should be read ideal. He is the ideal light, the light of lights, the light behind all lights. He is the ideal vine, the vine of vines, the divine idea in the vine. He is the ideal bread, the bread of breads, the heavenly bread. Perceiving the Ideal world, the election say, Lord, to whom can we go? Thou hast the words of the Eternal in life; and we believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God (verses 68, 69).

The spiritual selection have put forth this perception of the divinity of Jesus. This endowment, hidden in the human capacity, is called up and evolved; it makes them equal to their situation, and fits them for the climate which Jesus offers to them, and they survive the severe strain upon them. They are specialised. The distinction of the Christian species of life is the perception which harmonises the soul to the Divine Personality of Jesus. This is the historic fact before us; this the origin of the Christian order; this the method of the preservation of the favoured race.

Later on two other influences operated for this preservation, obtained from the Resurrection and the Ascension. Christ suggests these already, though they tease the tension of this hour. What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where He was before? (verse 62). With these three sym-

pathies the Christian Species is equipped for its career, and much else is correlated with them. They are the ultimate articles of theology.

The presence of Jesus has made the Ideal world more influential over us. We are naturalised in it with more heart and finer will. We have found the Reason of it, and reasonableness in it. The miracle of multiplying the loaves and of walking on the sea illuminate for us an affluent universe. This ideal world is well known to us in the phrase, the kingdom of heaven, which abounds in the Synoptics, and in the phrase Eternal or Eonian life of our Memorabilia. The Ideal is our real world and our difficulty. The kingdom of heaven claims us; the kingdoms of this world feed us on crumbs and crusts. We are looking at a lock without a key when we see this world without its idealities. When the smithy of time and its grime and sweat have not shapen ideal instruments for us, we shall go into the unseen order without instructions. When we have gone hence without an education into the spiritual kingdoms, we shall be supernumeraries in a universe where we are not wanted. In this epoch our training into the unseen, spiritual, and ideal kingdoms is in the medium of the Divinity, the Resurrection, and the Ascension of Christ.

Other instructive points of contact exist between Spiritual Election and Natural Selection, but I will probably be travelling beyond the brief I hold, if I

went into them. The burden of this brief is the sadness in the methods of the Natural and Spiritual worlds (verses 64-71). If we knew it all, we should be satisfied, and Christ takes comfort, because He knows, and there is hope for us in this that we do not know all. Agnosticism is an article of hopefulness in the Christian creed. Professor Fowler, F.R.S., a Christian Evolutionist, closed his Presidential Address to the British Association in these words of sadness and hope :—

For myself, I must own that when I endeavour to look beyond the glass, and frame some idea of the plan upon which all the diversity in the organic world has been brought about, I see the strongest grounds for the belief, difficult as it sometimes is in the face of the strange, incomprehensible, apparent defects in structure, and the far stranger, weird, ruthless savagery of habit, often brought to light by the study of the ways of living creatures, that Natural Selection, or survival of the fittest, has, among other agencies, played a most important part in the production of the present condition of the organic world, and that it is a universally acting and beneficent force continually tending towards the perfection of the individual, of the race, and of the whole living world. I can even go further and allow my dream still thus to run :—

> " Oh yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,—
>
> " That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
> That not one life shall be destroy'd,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete."

CHAPTER XIII.

PHYSIOLOGY.

JOHN vi. 48-58.

"*I am the bread of life. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me, and I in him.*"

"*Take, eat; this is my body. Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the New Testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins.*" MATTHEW.

"*He tells them that it is Himself who is to live over again in their thoughts every time they break that bread and drink that wine. What these common earthly sustenances are to their bodies that His Spirit must be to their souls. This was what the Apostles needed at that moment of depression. They felt that He was going to leave them; He made them feel that He would still be with them.*"—DEAN STANLEY.

"*He is a thousand times more living, a thousand times more loved, than He was in His short passage through life, that He presides still day by day over the destiny of the world. He started us on a new career, and in that direction we still move.*" RENAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

PHYSIOLOGY.

THE chief business done in summer is the preparation of food for the living. The grass grows green in spring to be browsed by cattle; the moorland grows the hill herbage for sheep to crop; wheatfields ripen their starch for man to reap his food. The flavour of the plum and the juices of berries manufacture acids for the humours of birds and men. The industries of Nature, in waves of light and heat, in the drying winds of March and the rains of April, are directed towards food production. There is a bloom of beauty in spring; there is a rush of life in summer. Up through every clod there comes a living thing, blades of grass and dance of midge, and stalks of heather. Up to the surface of the sea come shoals of herrings. The joy of summer is the swing and the scent and the song of life. And this life is for food, and it is sacrificial; lower life is sacrificed to the higher in the plan of Nature. It is cut, killed, and reaped for

food. Our harvests by sea and land are sacrifices in the scheme of Nature. Beauty is food for the mind, and Nature has it all the year round for us in her curves, tones, hues. Grass and sheep are food for the body, and it is the laboratory of summer that furnishes us with the supplies of food.

The ideas which God has placed in our natural food have their fulfilment in the ideas in our spiritual food. Life is a master thought in this Memorabilia of Jesus, and the Food that sustains is there also. Life is not food, but food is the life of life.

Morphology is the science of structure ; physiology the science of function. Digestion is a regal function.

We know the composition of the body from the food it seeks and takes. The contents of the food make an equation with the constitution of the body. The elements of the structure are oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, hydrogen, with a mixture of iron, lime, soda, phosphorus, and with traces of substances known to the chemist as chondrin, which occurs in cartilage ; osmazome, which occurs in the brain ; and cholesterin, which occurs in the lungs, and resin, which occurs in the bile ; quite a bewildering variety. Analyse the food you take, and you will find these substances present in the milk, meat, bread, vegetable, and fruit. Food is nutriment only as a duplicate of the substances that build up the framework of the body.

A higher Self resides in the material structure, and we discover its composition from the fare it has all along sought and taken in its career. The composition of the soul is as clear as sunlight from the nutriment it craves and finds. The infinite and eternal of God have been its meat, and the food of the body has been the sacrament of this higher nutrition.

The materialist is a man who tells me that he is a composition of oxygen and hydrogen and nitrogen, of molecule and cell,—and nothing more. I should like to ask my materialist friend, Did you ever feed thought on oxygen, and love on carbon? and oxygen is an exciting element, and carbon a sweet atom. Take pure oxygen into your lungs, and it will make you dance; sugar is carbon mainly. Can you make an equation between oxygen and an idea; carbon and affection; nitrogen and hope? If not, then your materialism is an irrelevance or nonsense. Mr. Herbert Spencer, who refuses to be classed as a materialist, has helped materialism by the form of his principles, if not by the principles themselves. He says, that the most certain truth in the presence of which we stand, is the truth that there is an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed. Translate this, and it comes to saying that there is an Infinite Light and an Eternal Heat from which all things proceed. The oldest religious book says, God is Light; and we

might say, God is Heat. But that book also says, God is Love. Surely thought is a bigger thing than light, and love than heat. If the infinite and the eternal must be mentioned, we are nearer the reality to say, that all things proceed from the Infinite Thought and Infinite Love. To introduce the idea of Energy is only an ostentatious variation, a peacockishness of modern philosophy. The human mind lives by the Infinite Thought and the Eternal Love Who environs it. Energy has only one meaning in science; it means the Sun and what comes from the sun.

The primitive soil of us is religiousness, the reference of ourselves to the Infinite Thought and Love which invests us. The conscience wants God, laws seek authority from Him; the beautiful in us longs for the Ideal Beauty; love desires the love of God; the sex excitement and the home affection look to their original in the Eternal Father; the visions of the mind are not content with the sight of sea, sky, and land. The soil of our nature is nourished by God. In prayer and sacrifice, in temple and shrine, in symbol and sacrament, we are, with an imperious persistence, bringing God near to us. By art, music, poetry, and literature we make delicious the divine meat we take. God is the study and struggle of the soul, as food for the body has always been. Hebrew sacrifice, Greek myth, the Gothic rune, the Polynesian totem, attest

that the food of man is God. Humanity has been feasting with the gods from the beginning, and refuses any lower food. Religion is the deathless passion, an inexorable demand, a potent enthusiasm; visible also in pathological conditions. Cut out the religious longing, the upward look, the theological conception, the sacramental rites, and you have excised, by a cruel mutilation, the biggest and finest part of man. Religion is the one loud note and undertone which you hear through man's history, which never fails us.

The poet in gentlest strains says, O God, Thou art my God; my soul thirsts for Thee.[1] As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.[2] The prophet in a loftier note says, But Jehovah of Hosts shall make in this mountain to all peoples a banquet of fat things, a banquet of wines on the lees well refined. And we shall say on that day, Lo, this is our God, and we have waited for Him.[3] Yea, in the way of Thine ordinances, O Lord, have we waited for Thee; to Thy name and to the remembrance of Thee is the desire of our soul.[4] The philosopher in another key says, "Is not the knowledge of the gods one of the noblest sorts of knowledge, to know that they are, and know how great is their power?"[5]

The divinity of Jesus has been proved to us by

[1] Ps. lxiii. 1. [2] *Ib.* xlii. 1. [3] Is. xxv. 9. [4] *Ib.* xxvi. 8.
[5] *Laws*, Jowett's Plato, vol. v. p. 540.

His becoming the food of the higher Self. We worship Him ; we feel Him a living and a resourceful unseenness around us ; we long for Him. He is the inspiration of our hymns ; He has drawn out the finest stops of the music in our being. He has become a missionary enthusiasm, nourishing this sympathetic temper. In His name art and architecture have done their best. His human character has given us our ideals. Other proof of His divinity is superfluous, other than the human soul finding this rich bill of fare in Him. He might have said, He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life (verse 54), and they have been the fatuous words of a bewildered enthusiast. But they are the fructuous affirmations of the most authentic message which has reached our world from worlds beyond. The finer actions and inspirations, the higher ethics and philosophy, have been awakened by the feeding on Christ, which lay long in the sleep of latences.

The food indicates the Christ affinities in us, and proves Him to be a true divine environment for man. We trust Him because the trust of Him is intrinsic to us ; we love Him because the love of Him feeds the original love in us. He lures us on to a goodness like His own, because the chords within us answer to His fingers. We find our similarities to Him, because He is the Pattern of which we are similitudes. Man is a feeder on the

divine, and Christ authenticates His divinity by becoming our food.

One chief function of food is Replacement. We don't commonly think of it, that we live by dying, we live in the midst of death, that we die daily in a truly literal sense, and that food makes a daily resurrection of life for us. The body is a building of exquisite mosaics, and a variegated tessellation, here a brick of hydrogen and carbon, there a brick of carbon and nitrogen; here a brick of carbon, hydrogen, and iron, and there a brick of carbon and nitrogen and phosphorus; the carbon compounds, as the chemist tells us, being a bewildering number and complexity. The strange fact is that the stones of this building are every hour crumbling away, and must be replaced as fast as they are pulled down; life-cells take the place of death-cells. Men tell us that they cannot believe in the resurrection of Christ's body—why, there are little resurrections going on every day in their bodies. If you had an instrument by which to see what is going on within you, you would easily find the ford by which to cross over dryshod, or it may be, at most, up to your waist in water, unto faith in the resurrection of Christ. You take milk and bread for a meal. What becomes of them? They are turned into blood. What does the blood do? The blood is the builder which puts in fresh bricks into the falling

house, and of the exact material and exact size which are required, and they are carbon compounds of shape and size and substance endlessly varied. This is the miracle of food. It is manufactured into blood, and the blood manufactures the living bricks which replace the dead ones, and the heart requires one pattern of them, and the lungs require another pattern, and skin and bones and cartilage quite other patterns. Every part of our frame is worn down every hour, and is renewed as fast, and the renewal is done by the blood. The blood does more. It carts away the dead cells. Funerals and burials and resurrections may be seen going on in the body every day. Food maintains the sanitation of the body. It wakes up the resurrection force. Life is the architect, blood the builder, and food supplies the rude materials for the construction. We live in death, and food stimulates the daily resurrection.

I shall call this the Redeeming function of food. We see in this function the law of Replacement. In science the chemical element which replaces death is known as nitrogen. The food required is known as nitrogenous. Milk, flesh, eggs replace the disintegration and supply the nitrogen element.

A similar wasting process is in the laws of the highest parts of us. When Christ said, I am the bread of life, He tells us that physiology has companion laws in the spiritual world. A wearing down

of soul capacity, both ordinary and extraordinary, is continually going on, and Christ is here to replace it, and to keep the soul in a sanitary condition. Replacement is a function of religion, or, as we call it by a different metaphor, redemption, the reinstatement after losses into a solvent estate. Christ is made unto us redemption, and it is using another metaphor to say the same thing when Christ says, I am the bread of life (verse 48).

The doing of evil, with our eyes open, by choice and deliberately, is an extraordinary consumption of spiritual capacity, such as takes place in fevers. Excess and wantonness are conditions which are graphically described as of waste and the leanness of it, the idea which rules the parable of the prodigal son. The poor boy is gaunt with a consuming hunger, and he is taking the wrong food, and he sighs for the right kind, and returns with the stinging reflection burning in his fever, How many hired servants of my Father's soul have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger. Insult truth, slight love, mock at conscience, and it is a condition of dangerous congestion. By congestion is meant the piling up of dead cells in the body. You are breaking down into death. But Christ says, I am the bread of life, and He means that He can build up the ruins of the angel in the man. Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, fear not, for I have redeemed thee, thou art Mine.

Again, not to be religious, in this negation of religion, you wear down the spiritual capacity. Simply live this transitory life, in all good reputation, but without the application of yourself to God, and you are impairing the soul. Mr. Herbert Spencer, the philosopher of biology, has defined life "as the sum total of the functions which resist death." The citadel of resistance is garrisoned by food, and the exhausted garrison must be reinforced from day to day. The principle of sin is like the principle of death in the body. There is a loss by living, and it is to be balanced by gain, and it is by maintaining the balance of loss and gain that you live. The gain is found outside of us in God and Christ and the Holy Ghost. You cannot walk on a tight rope, being neither good nor bad. You cannot feed on negations, being neither one thing nor another. Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you (verse 53). This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die (verse 50).

The saintly soul does not live on his own saintliness. Like the camel in the desert, you can live on the humps of your own fat; but it is only desert food, and it will soon become disease. You will become self-complacent, self-righteous; the dressy Pharisee. The saint goes out of himself for life. Food is knowledge and beauty and inspiration and

vision. The vision of the Divine beauty is first, and the inspiration of knowledge is second. We worship Christ, we think of God, we open the soul to the truth of the Holy Spirit, and so we find the materials with which to nourish the soul. A nutritious substance is that which is easily worked up into fresh material for the body. The love of Christ, the knowledge of God, the comfort of the Holy Ghost,—for these the soul craves, and they are nutriment and aliment.

We live in death; we die daily. Therefore it is exact science to place daily food before the soul in beef tea essences like this,—Pray without ceasing, giving thanks always for all things unto God, rejoice in the Lord alway, be filled with the Spirit. God is a daily presence; Christ a daily meal; things eternal a daily recollection; duty and service a daily exercise. Religion our meat and drink.

Another chief function of food is to generate heat for the body. The food that generates heat has carbon for its chemical element, and this food is sugar and butter and such substances as contain starch. Nitrogen food repairs the wastes; carbon food supplies fuel. It is the burning of sweet and fatty materials which keeps up the normal temperature of the blood to 98°.

The spiritual parallel is close at hand. Physiology has the same ideas, grading up into spirituality.

Faith, rest, joy, hope,—these give warmth to the soul. They are the consolations of a man, which keep the soul in the equilibrium of health. The spirit of Christ is the Comforter. He baptizes with the Holy Ghost and with fire. He gives His own passion to us. He calls the vexed and fretted heart to Him. Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Comfort is essential to Christian living, and comfort, like heat, is a diffusion all over. A warm house and warm body are essential to comfort. Comfort is not one gift or excellence, but a poise of gifts and excellences, a diffusion of graces, the play of many excellences. There is the comfort of certainty. There is much unknown, but there must be to us a nucleus of the known, of which the unknown is the sea-line in the distance. To know Christ is the centre of a known and warm region, and doubt is a cold frozen zone. There is the comfort that we have unseen resources. Immediate and urgent are sometimes written on our affairs. We are busy at the telegraph office, and there is no help visible. To be sure that assistances are stored for us in far-off worlds,—this is comfort, and to be resourceless is a cold gloom. There are days which don't mean to clear up; there is an east wind which has no mind to go west; there is a sore that runs and ceases not. Then to look round and look up and see Christ, and this is comfort. To know that the spirit

is alive in us, to feel the stir of being and hear the murmurs of the Eternal, and to find the sympathy of God,—this is comfort. I will not leave you orphans; I will come to you. My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed (verse 55).

Heat does work. So much heat is expended in the motion of a muscle, and in the message which the nerve carries to the brain, in the heave of the lung and the pulse of the heart. Work is the equivalent of heat.

I called Replacement the redeeming function of food. I call heat the Inspiring function.

After our Lord had given His disciples the warmth of His consolations, He gave them the inspiration for service. After the Resurrection He gave them the passion for service, and committed the missionary enterprise to them. This passion became the love of work. They wrought, and with great power they gave witness to the Resurrection, with passion in their soul. The equivalent of passion is work. You expend passion in all good work.

You know what it is to say of a child that he is full of life. Porridge and milk and jam have not soured in him, but given a spring to his feet and a sparkle to his cheek. Nourished by Christ, our work has a fulness in it, our duties have a cheerfulness in them, our trials have a contentment in them. Action is now not a sickly thing. We make lively our daily routines; we make sunny our drudgeries. We

don't know the languors. We are optimists, like the peach which has sucked in the heat of the sun and become luscious within and pink outside, like the lark which has absorbed the heat of spring and sings to its spring duties. Throw a higher meaning into duty, put a youthful interest into church and mission work, be children in quest of the new and the curious, because the love of Christ, like food, is an inspiring function. Why does Christ say to you, Lovest thou Me? just because He wants you to do your duties as inspired men, to do good work, feeding His lambs and tending His sheep.

There is crucifixion food for us; there is resurrection food for us; there is ascension food. Inspiration is found in them all. I am the bread of life. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood dwelleth in Me, and I in him (verse 56).

The function of food depends upon the property of Assimilation which life possesses. The assimilation facts are striking. Grass is changed into milk in cattle; milk is changed into flesh in man, and potato is changed into heat. It is a transformation, a change into the image of the structures required by organisms.

In the world of spirit we encounter the parallel phenomenon of sanctification. When Christ said, I am the bread of life, He intimates to us that we have to assimilate to Him, take on similarities to Him.

We go outside for nutrition. We also go outside to Christ for character. This is the first truth of spiritual assimilation, that it begins with the outside, that we go out for it to Christ.

It is a noteworthy fact that the larger portion of the digestive apparatus is outside the true body. The alimentary canal which receives the food is no other than the external skin turned and expanded inwards. The mouth and stomach are an internal skin continued from the external and of the same texture. Food is really an impact on the inner skin, as heat is on the outer skin. Food is environment. The food is thus externally prepared. And then comes the other noteworthy fact, that the inwards of the body have a medium of communication with the external digestion by minute ducts or pipes, which absorb the products and assimilate them to the inner tissues. The ultimate assimilation is effected by this tubular connection, which is known as the lymphatic system or the absorbents. Digestion remains crude and assimilation imperfect without the lymphatic suction.

The externals of faculty and emotion first receive Christ. But He does not profit till desire, longing, sigh, take Him deeper into the soul. And He must go farther, even into communion with us, before He becomes assimilated to us, and we become similar to Him. The lymphatics are minute, microscopic glands. In our souls we find a something which

can only express itself by the yearning and the cry, and there are moments when we know not what to ask or to say, or even to think. The wish, the prayer, the longing nestle in them, unspoken and unsyntaxed, and they are the ducts and tracks which carry Christ into us. This region of impelling want and hidden craving is the most delicate landscape which the soul shows. When a poet makes an etching of it, it is like a bit of heaven shown to us. The Spirit itself maketh intercession within us with groanings which cannot be uttered. There is a music in these groanings, and there is One who arranges the notes and attunes them. For the universe is not deserted yet. Holiness is not a problem for the religious man, nor a riddle for the curious. It is a more homely thing, read by the parable of physiology. It is the assimilation of Christ by the soul, and the similarities which result.

Take notice of the effects of this assimilation, which experience has shown to us. Assimilate the death of Christ, and your character takes on the sacrificial sorrow and savour, as Christ pleased not Himself but gave Himself to God, a sacrifice of a sweet-smelling savour. Assimilate the resurrection of Christ, and your eye is on the far-off of things, you are disimprisoned, the walls of sense are broken down. The distant landscapes freshen as with their suggestions. Assimilate the dignity of Christ, and you rise above taking offences or resenting injuries, and you

look at the better sides of offensive human characters. Assimilate the peace of Christ, and though danger remains it has lost its power to frighten you. Assimilate the patience of Christ, and then, though headaches and heartaches remain, and sins and slownesses and failures are fretting, you can see them in other perspectives. Assimilate the thought of Christ, and then work and pain and service acquire rich meanings. Assimilate the prayerfulness of Christ, and then you will seek the glen and the night where the footfalls and whispers of God are heard. An undertone of thankfulness will sound through all your days.

We become reflections and likenesses of Christ. His character and feeling are incorporated in us. He is worked up in us. We push character into eminences of excellence. His passion appears in us.

One of the more remarkable illustrations of the power of food to replace and assimilate is the annual renewal of the stag's antlers. The antlers are shed in March and built up again in six months; in August the stag is in the glory of antler. The antler is, say four feet long, with branches, tines as they are called by the sportsman, and he looks for spacious tines. Unlike the horn and horny structure of cattle, the antler is a bony structure, carbonate and phosphate of lime. Where did all the lime, carbon, and phosphorus come from? From the grass and the sedge and the rush, the tiny and

scanty herbage of the higher hills; out of it came all this chemical matter, dead cells were made living, and the blood carried them and deposited them in their places. The blood remembered the curves and angles which had been made last year, and reproduced the pattern. All flesh is grass; all bone is grass. The Irish elk, a prehistoric Cervus, but just before man, whose remains are found in Irish bogs, had an antler which weighed as much if not more than the whole skeleton, and which was renewed every year.

One of the more remarkable illustrations of the delicate power of food to put in occult touches is a shrub of scandent habit now common in our greenhouses, the Wistaria, belonging to the pea-family, which flowers freely in clusters of lilac and white flowers, but which does not seed with us. The fertilisation is perfect, but the power of life does not go so far as the seed. It is the opinion of one of the most scientific of our practical botanists, who has studied this contradiction, that it is the absence of some element in the food which our soil does not supply, but which it gets in its own native climate.[1] In animal life this same delicate action of food is seen in our own red linnet. Feed it on hemp seed and the beautiful pink coloured breast disappears. Feed it on canary and rape seed and the rich colours reappear.

[1] Burbidge on the *Propagation of Flowering Plants*, p. 436.

There are elements in our spiritual food in Christ which can build up great faculties and excellences quickly and surely, after a fine pattern. There are elements which give fine touches, lines, and hues to character.

There is nothing transcendental in this absorption. Assimilation is a common law all round. The child assimilates to the mother; brothers and sisters become alike in the pressures of a common home; friends influence friends, because absorption is a moral law as well as organic. Europe became Christian from being Greek, Roman, Teuton, Frank, and it was done in only one way—by assimilation, the spirit of Christ entering into the human spirit and finding entertainment there. Physiologists speak of food being incorporated into the body. Christ takes up the parallel and parable of physiology, and says, He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood dwelleth in Me, and I in him (verse 56).

Remember this, that you don't get rid of sin by slapping it, weeding at it, flying from it, but by the ingrowth of the Christian spirit, the Christ love, the Christ dignity, the Christ patience, and the Christ prayerfulness. Change your diet and it will be health. Watch and pray. To watch is the negative thing. Watch that you don't take the non-nutritious food. To pray is the positive thing. Pray and take the bread of life.

The beauty of spring is the beauty of Assimilation. It is the incorporation of sunshine into tissue and nerve. The preparation of food begins in spring, and it is ushered in by the beauty of form and colour and music of song. You sit by a burn on a long early summer or late spring evening and you hear it crooning down, and the bees humming about the whins for honey, and you see the young foliage on the birch as a fairy mist of green, and on the topmost spray is perched the orange-billed blackbird singing to its mate, and on a lower branch you will see the robin which has now a brighter crimson on its breast, while a perfume from the golden leaves of the poplar scents the air and you wonder where it has come from. If you were to linger late into the evening on the meadow, you will see high above you the curlew and the golden plover on their way to their highland haunts, migrating from the seaside. How has all this beauty come about? Why have the winter grays and dulness been changed? It is the sunshine getting into the bee and into the birch. Not by falling upon them, but by being insinuated into the tissue of the whin bush, incorporated into the nerves of the blackbird, into the physiology of the robin and the curlew. The beauty of spring is Assimilation—the assimilation of sunlight.

Wherever you place Christ in the systems of our world, it is still true of Him that He is the most

beautiful human character that the ages have produced, the perfect flower of humanity. So humanly beautiful that for the first time we found ourselves when we saw Him. What is life, but love, heroism, conscience in their superlatives, and this fact remains that we have been acquiring character not by the practice of ethical rules but by fellowship with Christ, by trying to live a hidden life with Him; not by imitation but by influence; not by manipulation but by communication. A new type of character has been obtained which we call holiness. Righteousness is exact, stern, arduous right doing; holiness is pleasant, beautiful, spontaneous right doing. The prime beauty in our world is character.

Paul showed us the law of assimilation by which beauty of character is found. We all, with unveiled face, reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory. Glory is light, the beauty of light. We are changed, we acquire one line of beauty after another, from beauty to beauty, assimilating to the beauty of the Lord. Whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath the eternal of character (verse 54).

Observe once more the sorrow of summer. Its large office is to prepare food for the living, and food is essentially a sacrificial offering. The grass

is mown down for cattle; the wheatfield is cut down for us; life is given up for the food of others. The cattle are fattened for the slaughter. The midge gives up its life to the swallow, the fry to the gull, the salmon to us. When the activity of plant life goes into flower, growth is arrested; the plant no longer lives for itself but for a new and future plant. Summer is a long sacrificial procession. The system of our world is essentially sacrificial. Don't let us mistake the sorrow of sacrifice which lies in the heart of summer.

Christ completes the system of Nature, and becomes food by becoming a sacrifice. He says, Take eat, this is My body broken for you; drink ye all of it, for this is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. We live on sacrificial meat, and the sacrificial character is evolved. Christ shows us the innermost sanctuary of Nature's ideas. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain, because the idea of sacrifice is at the base of it.

We live first not for ourselves but for God; we live first for others, not for ourselves. We only live for ourselves when we offer ourselves to God to be used up by Him. We only become lucid with life, know what it is to live, when we have lost the idea of mere happiness, and have hold of the idea of service. Sacrifice is the severer form of service. When we lay down our happiness we have power to

take it up again. When we have dropped pleasing ourselves, we find pleasure. When we have made our souls an offering to God, we prolong our days. Life issues out of death. "He bringeth out to light the shadow of death" (Job).

The joy of summer is in a sorrow. The life of summer is in the sacrifice she is preparing. The harvest home is a sacrifice of the scythe. Christ our Passover is crucified for us; let us therefore keep the feast. He releases us from the burden of self.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper is inlaid with ideas, the lower forms of which are to be found in physiology. The sacrament is the poetry of physiology; physiology made sacred; physiology related to the spiritual. The Lord's Supper is food sublimed. The symbolism of food makes pictorial the secrets of the spiritual world. To a common meal we must go to find the ideas of the mystic fellowship of the soul with Christ. The Christian sacrament touches the profoundest parts of us, because it is the figure of the inner intimacies of the soul, and its emblems are in the realism of our daily bread. Emotions burn with the fuel of ideas, and in the glow our Lord felt the future fellowship, and painted it from the suggestions also of a meal: I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day that I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DRAMA IN SEVEN ACTS.

JOHN vii.

"*His brethren therefore said to Him . . . If Thou do these things, show Thyself to the world.*"

"*The Jews marvelled, saying, How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?*"

"*Then said some of them of Jerusalem, Is not this He whom they seek to kill?*"

"*The Pharisees and the chief priests sent officers to take Him.*"

"*Many of the people, when they heard this saying, said, Of a truth this is the Prophet. Others said, This is the Christ.*"

"*The officers said, Never man spake like this man.*"

"*Nicodemus saith unto them, Doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth?*"

"*And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against.*"—LUKE ii. 34.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DRAMA IN SEVEN ACTS.

HISTORY is made by the play of human character, and yet the remarkable thing is, that in the evolution of events the man seems to act a blind part. He does not know where he is going. Men work out their own impulses, their likes and dislikes ; they seek their own interests ; there is a school of progress and there is a school of tradition, there is a party of indifference and there is a party of passion. Every one has interests of his own, but something issues which is unlike anything the actors expected. All the individuals are working towards an unknown end beyond their little horizon. This is history universally, and men are puppets who are pulled this way and that, quite aimlessly, while a Power is working out a Supreme Purpose which runs through the ages, and by which He realises Himself.

Before us is a drama of human character. It is a tragedy in which Jesus Christ is a perplexity and a hate and an amazement, and the murder of

Him is in the heart of it. Round Him is the buzz of various feelings and complex interests. He is determining the fates and fortunes of men; character is developing round Him in good and evil; He is Master of the situation, though it does not look like it.

This drama is in seven acts, in which seven characters appear and play their part.

In the first act, the family of Jesus enter (verses 3-5). The family connection is in a maze; their relative is a puzzle to them. They are anxious for a key to the enigma of His originality. They know enough to see that He is an unusual person, but He is unrecognised by the world. They know enough of the feeling against Him and are in doubt of Him. Public opinion about Him is divided; in the higher circles of church and state there is a decided opposition to Him. The family connection is hopeful that He would conquer all resistance if He showed Himself more openly, if He became more of a public person, if He could make a stronger impression on the metropolis. He has a representation and a following in the country, but they cannot trust much to the rural vote. They want Him to be authenticated by the hierarchy in Jerusalem. They won't be sure of their august kinsman till the temple authorities have put their stamp on Him.

The hesitation of the family circle is quite ex-

cusable. There is an ambition in their desire to end this hesitation; and there is the fretfulness of a suspense in it. They know they have a great kinsman in Him, but He is too original for them to comprehend Him. The last place where His originality and augustness would be perceived is in the ophthalmic sight and degenerate tone of Jerusalem society. We all have a family pride in a clever son, a conspicuous brother, and an influential cousin; quite legitimate.

Advertisement is a method of this world of ours, and there is a weak utility in it, in this age of daily papers and overcrowding. Glaring advertisements in the glory of capital letters are mercantile shams—wholly so. If the articles are good, they don't require big letters to show them, and advertising is the cowardice that does not believe in itself. But advertisement of any kind is not the method of the spiritual world. It is even fatal there, this big brush, the windpipe way of showing yourself. Reserve, modesty, the patience of eternity are the way of great moral forces. Christ worked miracles in cottages, in the family circle, in the sick room, on the wayside, in desert places. He told men not to speak about them. They will get published by their native virtues, but the family circle want a quick metropolitan publication. They are going up to Jerusalem, and they would publish Him, if He would only co-operate with them. They want the pro-

blem of His personality solved, and their vacillations ended.

He comes up not openly, but as it were in secret (verse 10). The deepest characters, the most central forces, work in quietness, in the silence of the ages. They have their hour. They won't hasten, no, not with the best of human motives to propel them.

In the second act of the drama "the Jews" enter. The Jews mean the Jews of Jerusalem, the city Jew, the ecclesiastical Jew, ruled by the spirit pervading the priestly society of the metropolis. He has all along been repelled by the teaching of Jesus. He has conceived a hatred to Him, is intolerant of His presence, and is waiting his opportunity to put Him to death (verses 11, 13, 15).

Christ has brought to the bar of conscience the moral doings and tone of the society in Jerusalem. He has brought to the test of spirituality the religious life in the metropolis. He has put into the balance their own convictions and their conduct. He has published the contradiction between their traditions and their actions. He has shown up the pride, the emptiness, and self-righteousness of the piety authorised by the temple. He has commanded their allegiance to His Spirit and to His methods. And He is the subject of a hatred. So pronounced is their determination to keep their own ways, so acute is the contradiction, so fierce the dif-

ferences, that a malignant feeling has been developed, which has planned the murder of Jesus. This is an unprecedented phenomenon of human character, that a race educated into righteousness and valuing the traditions of the Old Testament literature, should not have discerned the one Man of their race who was the perfection of their own ideals, the fulfilment of their own prophecy, the King of their kings, and the priestliness in their priesthood.

The earthly temper has brought the Holy City to this anarchic pass. Belief is orthodox ; traditions are respected ; the name of holiness is on their lips ; the Psalms are chanted in the temple ; they are proud of Moses and David. But conduct is bad. Money making, fine living, the pride of popularity have sapped the life. Into the very temple trade has been introduced ; money clutching and voracities unashamed even there.

Christ makes another apparition into Jerusalem, and has startled the city men. Wonder is excited, but it becomes at first a literary diversion. The truth is not taken into the conscience, but a side thought is discussed. How knoweth this man our literature, having never graduated in our schools? (verse 15). The mystery of Christ becomes a discussion about His education. The disquiet of the mind is hushed by an academic debate. They wished to discredit His teaching because He is not a doctor of the schools They are parrying the blow by irrelevances.

Christ is an embarrassment so long as life has not a pole, so long as we are not true to the best and highest in us. Conduct makes mental difficulties for us; the intellect makes theological difficulties. The prescription for both is right action. Do the will of God; be exact with your duties, act what you know is finest and loyalest; command your temper, be kind; control your appetite, be temperate; keep pure affections,—and you will find that Christ is your true King, and that He was sent from God, and speaks of God to you. Obedience to the will of God clears mental obscurities and heals moral perversities. Action is healthful. Morality is a basis for religion. The merciful character, the kindly deeds; honesty in business, honour in friendship; the good husband, the anxious mother, the dutiful child —these show Christ to us, these shape a theology for us.

Our opinions are made by our conduct; our conduct is defended by principles made to match. What we are in life we think into opinions. Our literature takes its character from the actions of the men who write it. Obey, do, live the will of God, and you will get right opinions and right principles, and you will find that the doctrine of Christ is of God. Keep laws, love the terms of your being, perform the covenant of the commandments, mark the limits of right and wrong, and you will gain the prize of a clear intellect. If any man will do the

will of God, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of Myself (verse 17).

The Jews, the men of Jerusalem, are the most important personages in this drama, which has a tragedy in the heart of it, and which has the history of two thousand years in its folds. They are, however, small enough to be the puppets of providence in the moral drama of our world.

A moral ferocity has possessed these respectable churchmen against Christ. How this paradox of feeling has come about is a practical inquiry in which we will see some of our own feelings; how this malign feeling originated which could not be satisfied without drinking blood. This abhorrence of a Person who has been so profoundly reverenced in succeeding ages is exceptional in the extreme form in which it appears in Jerusalem, for it is a moral lunacy. But the milder forms of it are always present with us, and we must not remove ourselves too far from it. A prosperous, money making, worldly temper is at the bottom of it. An incurable gravitation towards earthiness, towards earthy aims and ambitions, is the cause of this malice and the implacable programme of the malignants.

You know how the scratch of a pencil on a slate grates on the ears of certain nervous persons. Such-like was the presence of Jesus in Jerusalem. It curdled at once the blood of the citizens into an instinctive aversion. It began with His casting out the

traders in the temple (chap. ii.). The occasion of the present dislike is the healing of a man on the Sabbath day (verse 23). Pride and self-interest will account for the anger at the cleansing of the temple, but every human feeling must revolt at anger because a sick man has received health. No finer honour could be conferred on a sacred day than that it should register works of mercy and ring the chimes of them. The feeling is inhuman and it is childish. You can give no account for the recoil which the ear feels by the sound of the scratched slate, except the nervousness. Anything would have done to bring out the irrational and uncontrollable antipathy which Christ has excited. There is a danger to earthly interests; there is the irritation of a moral rebuke; there is an exposure of the mud gods; there is the discord of conviction and performance. This is the analysis of this delirious hate, which goes on to enact the crucifixion, in which hate had found for a moment its luxury. A murderous antipathy is rooted in the mind and distempers the emotions. A revising Power, a Censor of their ways, a Witness against their earthliness, is discomforting them. They cannot turn a deaf ear to Him. He haunts them, and they must silence Him, and quench their hate in blood. A suspicion that Christ was right aggravates the angry discomforts of the situation.

A stockbroking case came before an English

court not long ago. The chairman of the Stock Exchange Committee was examined, and he said it was quite a legitimate business on the Stock Exchange for a man who holds a depreciated stock, and knows it, to sell it to another man who does not know its valuelessness. The Lord Chief Justice of England, in commenting on this principle, said that "the Stock Exchange did not seem to have mastered the elementary principles of honesty." Let principles like these permeate commerce, and conscience and honour will be so insulted that earnest religion will become a dislike and honest men will be resented. If society gets honeycombed with these earthy principles, and men are making money by them, you will find that there is a crucifixion for all earnest men in the heart of money making, prosperous, and respectable men, who may even be professors of religion.

You see the dangers of the earthy temper, the building up of ourselves on our mud interests, the engrossment with our grosser affairs, a life without the outlook into the Eternal and the Infinite of God. This is the Satanism of human character. Character becomes so shallow with mere money making, money collecting, and money loving, that if Christ were to appear, though you had your connections with the Church, He would become intolerable to you. Good men will see one of their functions, and that is to be a rebuke and remon-

strance to the merely secular side of human affairs. Be like Christ, who is not often in Jerusalem, but who is still a disturbing element there. A true life does not need to advertise its testimony. It is a silent protest. Joy in God, joy in prayer, joy in giving, joy in the Church of Christ, and that tells the tale of a secret life. And don't be afraid to accept the fate of Christ. Be brave enough to be disliked, shunned, and persecuted, but maintain the unearthy tone; tell men that you have interests in the far distance of the years.

In the third act there appears an inner circle of Jerusalem citizens, who were in the dark secrets of the Temple party. "Some of them of Jerusalem" (verse 25) are even suspicious of their leaders, impatient with Christ. The presence of Christ has produced a self-contempt in men who were conscious of the baseness in them. The despicable in them has been stirred as a muddy sediment, and reason and kindness are clouded. They are defending themselves from suicide by pride and hate. The self-revelation is a discomfort; their confidence is mixed with distrust of themselves. Resentment is a protective instinct in animals, and it is the animal which they are using against the Disturber of their comforts. They knew that the resolution to kill Christ had been taken, and it is mortifying to them that the resolution is not acted upon. The prudence

of the authorities is interpreted as a weakness. They don't like the vacillating discretion. To them Jesus is not the Christ because there is no mystery about Him; they know His family circle and the town from which He comes. But the King of Israel is to be an Apparition from the skies, underived, inexplicable, unknown (verse 27). Enigma is to be the distinguishing mark of the Christ. It is quite a phenomenon that unbelief should want mystery by which to believe. Mark this, you materialists, when you have gained the double first of materialism, you will be craving for the miraculous and the transcendental, as Mrs. Besant in her reactions has become a theosophist, seeking messages from Mahatmas. Christ is to have no sufferance or quarter from them; they are impatient with the tolerance of their leaders.

The earthy temper is essentially atheistic. It loses the sense of God, and sensitiveness to the things of God. Christ accuses those fanatics of godlessness. With the sharp edge of irony he says, You know whence I am, but you don't know God. Blinded, stiffened, earthbound, and you cannot know Me. It is the good conscience, the heavenly temper, the upward look, the true aim that discovers Me, that knows that I am sent of God, Whom you don't know (verse 28). You are atheists, and therefore you don't know that I am sent of God. The

atheism of philosophy is a speculation ; the atheism of life is the fatal thing.

In the fourth act the Pharisees come on the stage (verse 32). They are the originals of the city Jews, and of "some of them of Jerusalem." They control the executive for giving effect to the bloody business on which the city has resolved. The Reformer called them a generation of vipers who had poisoned the country. Christ exposed their habits as men who made long prayers in the corners of streets, who made broad their phylacteries, who devoured widows' houses, and who passed by the wounded man as if pity was no business of theirs.

The Pharisee is a degenerate Puritan, and we see the gulfs into which a religious society may fall. He honours the best traditions, adheres to the soundest creed, but he has lost the spirit of both tradition and creed. Religion is manners to him ; he is manners all over. He has become the beau of religion by his robes and phylacteries, his unanointed face, and fasts. A grave man, too, without vice ; pragmatical, but respectable ; priggish, but patriotic ; sanctimonious and truculent. His roots are in money making, fine living, power and precedency ;—voracities this way prodigious. He has performed an ethical miracle ; he has made bad roots to produce a sort of melodramatic goodness ; a diplomacy of evil which is its masterpiece, that

evil should flower into a similitude of goodness so imposing as to have duped them and all men; the spurious looked the genuine. Up to the lips in show and brag, men who never looked the thing they spoke, nor did the thing they believed; peerless in crookedness, who have performed the feat of making an undetected burlesque of religion.

The Pharisee would have been a silliness if he were not so noxiously influential. He is all surface, but he has the ear of society. Beau Brummell was a prodigy in society two generations ago, the man who ruled the highest social circles by being "the best dressed man in London." Princes and peers moved in his train, and all by the dandyism of clothes. It came to a sad end, as all foppery must in God's universe. The Beau was reduced to a single pair of trousers in the end, and looked best in winter when an overall covered his threadbareness, and he died in the poor's house of a convent tended by sisters of mercy, forsaken by society. So shall die the Pharisee after he has crucified his Lord, trouserless and threadbare. So shall die the bit of the Pharisee which chances to be in us, who seek the praises of men, and seek not the honour which comes from above.

Christ told the stagey Pharisees of Hebrew Brummellism, with the proud consciousness of the power He wielded, that they will soon want guidance, that dark days are coming when they will seek

for a strong hand and shall not find it, when they will look for a prophet and there will be none, and disaster on disaster will fall on them and the blackness of night. I am with you for a few weeks, and then I go to Him that sent Me. You shall seek Me and shall not find Me (verse 34).

In the fifth act and on the last day, another class come on the stage, and these are "the people," the country people who have come from the rural parts to the feast, the pilgrims who have collected into Jerusalem (verses 40, 43).

These are simple-minded people with pure instincts, and transparent in their motives, and desirous of doing the right (verse 40). They are distracted with the elements around them. They regard the claims of Christ as undoubted, and they find themselves in collision with the sacred authorities of their country. They are rent by contradictory forces. There is a division amongst them. They fear to vent their ideas for fear of the Jews. When Christ was impeaching the Jews with their sanguinary intentions, they are innocently shocked at the accusation. Thou hast a devil: who goeth about to kill Thee (verse 20)? They are not in the secret of the conspiracy. But many of the people believe in Him, and later on waverers are confirmed in their faith. On the whole their instincts drew them to Christ, and the Pharisees called them a cursed people (verse 49). Circum-

stance is against them. Their lot has fallen on evil days. Still we have in these villagers the basis and background of the future Christian society, who are loyal to the best that is in them, and who will be liberated from the ecclesiasticism of Jerusalem. They are the hope of the future; they have the future.

In the sixth act the officers of state appear (verse 45), commanding the soldiers sent to arrest Jesus. They were unable to execute their orders by reason of the dignity which shone in Him. He was too great to be apprehended. They were spell-bound with His doctrine and His words; it were a sacrilege to lay hands on the fascination before them. With the courage of their convictions they enter on the stage of the tragedy, and relate that He is not a proper person for apprehension. A military training is a drill into obedience, and here are men obeying the inner laws of conscience and not the voice of factions; soldiers of superior quality, the pick of the temple police, men who make human nature credible.

In the seventh act (verse 50) Nicodemus appears as the advocate of Jesus and an expounder of the law, who asks for justice, and rebukes the passions of the Council, who are compassing the death of Jesus by perjuring the forms of law. Nicodemus has developed into perceptions of the spiritual since that night when he came to Jesus carrying the burden

of the spiritual world, and went away with the birth of a new universe in him. There were Pharisees pregnant with the truth, who travailed with it, and whom Christ brought to the heavenly birth.

This drama samples human nature. It shows Christ to us as a Ferment; He draws and drives men; draws out the finest in them, drives them into the worst. He develops character. We act in the drama of history, not knowing where things are going, but we are responsible for the good and the evil which we are contributing to history. There is quite a clear space around us where we act, and there we know the interests that impel us, and the motives that rule us. And here we know what is eternal and what is transitory, what is of God and what is of self. In this contention Christ is the light, now as an irritation and now as a distraction, and now as an expectation and again as a determination. He is the Light of Life.

A ferment in nature is made by a living plant, very minute, but which has an active life, and its presence changes the substance in which it grows, and gives it a new chemical character. Four well known plants act as ferments in nature.

There is the ferment which genders disease, which, getting into the blood, makes influenzas and fevers, which is popularly known as bacteria.[1] It

[1] Known to science as Schizomycetes = the dividing fungus.

finds an inferior condition of the body, which can entertain it, and it consumes the host, literally eats his life. Just so is Christ, when He finds us in inferior moral conditions, which we are determined to keep, and we will not accept of healthy conditions. Jerusalem is all in a fever by the presence of Christ; the Jews and the Pharisees are in a swither. He has put them into a fever about their money, their pleasures, their earthly interests. Jerusalem society is doomed. The Roman eagles will pounce on the decay of the city and abolish it. The bacteria have found a carcase, and will reduce it to dust.

There is a ferment which turns dough into bread, known as the yeast plant.[1] The kingdom of heaven is like leaven, which permeates the whole mass, and makes the soul heavenly. Christ finds many of us crude, hard, coarse, but the basis is good, the desire in us is to the eternal and the sigh for a finer estate. We receive Him, and we sweeten and we refine. Many of the people came to Christ crude and hard, but sincere, desiring the things of the kingdom, if only they could find them. And Christ is there to satisfy the longing soul and give bread to the hungry.

There is another ferment which turns sugar into alcohol.[2] Alcohol is a stimulant, and it does not do for us to be altogether sweet. We need passion.

[1] Known to science as Saccharomyces = sugar fungus.
[2] Known to science as Saccharomyces ellipsoideus.

Piety is often a gentle thing, and it requires force. It lacks strength. Christ is the ferment which gives enthusiasm to character, which makes us missionary. He turns water into wine. Every one of us has felt that we would like a higher condition of our faculties. We would like to have more ideas, and finer expressions for them, and we would like to look far away with a clearer faith, and we would like to be warmer with a finer enthusiasm. Christ makes us prophets. He turned Peter and John and James into missionaries from being fishermen. Jeremiah tells us how prophets are made. "Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." "His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary of forbearing and I could not stay." Nicodemus comes to Christ ashy and cold, infected with the languors of the day, and he is roused up. We find him in the council of the ecclesiastics, brave and speaking up for justice, with the beginning of the prophet in him. He has been growing into the warmer temper.

There is a fourth ferment which turns alcohol into vinegar.[1] There are deplorable degenerations which take place; the man of promise and passion who turns into gall. There are acerbities, and there are declensions very saddening, which the presence of Christ hastens. From that time many of His disciples went back and walked no more

[1] Known to science as Saccharomyces Mycoderma.

with Him. There are some of you that believe not (vi. 64). He spake of Judas Iscariot the son of Simon : for he it was who should betray Him (vi. 71).

Very marked is the correspondence between the action of the humblest life in nature with the action of the life of Jesus in souls. We startle at these discoveries. These ferments are the lowest, the very lowest, order of vegetable life, protophytes, lower than the true fungi or mushroom type, without leaf, blossom, or greenness, and yet they look up and show the Hand that made them and the ideas which He put into them. Christ acts in Jerusalem, and in us, as the various ferments. In Him was life ; the humblest life comes from the Eternal Mind, and His virtues are there in rudimentary forms. The occult truth of Christ in Nature—He was in the world and the world was made by Him—crops up through the Memorabilia in unexpected corners of it. The Gospel of Christ is the republication of the Gospel in Nature.

CHAPTER XV.

SYMBOLISM OF WATER.

JOHN i. 31 ; iii. 5 ; iv. 7 ; vii. 37-39.

"*Therefore am I come baptizing with water.*" JOHN i. 31.

"*Except a man be born of water and Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.*" JOHN iii. 5.

"*Jesus saith unto her, Give Me to drink.*" JOHN iv. 7.

"*If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. This spake He of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him shall receive.*" JOHN vii. 37-39.

"*Man is an analogist, and studies relations in all objects. He is placed in the centre of beings, and a ray of relation passes from every other being to him. And neither can man be understood without these facts, nor these objects without men. All the facts in Natural History, taken by themselves, have no value, but are barren, like a single sex. But marry it to human history, and it is full of life. Whole Floras, all Linnæus's and Buffon's volumes, are dry catalogues of facts, but the most trivial of these facts, the habit of a plant, the organs or work or noise of an insect applied to the illustration of a fact in intellectual philosophy, or in any way associated to human nature, affects us in the most lively and agreeable manner. The seed of a plant,—to what affecting analogies in the nature of man is that little fruit made use of, in all discourse, up to the voice of Paul, who calls the human corpse a seed. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.*"

EMERSON.

CHAPTER XV.

SYMBOLISM OF WATER.

SYMBOLISM has its reason in the truth that nature is undergirded with thought and emotion. The creation was made by God's ideas and feelings, is the visibility of them, is the costumes of them. In the lower terraces of the creation we see the ruder forms of them; in the ascending terraces the riper forms. Man is the summary of them all. The highest in man is foreshadowed by the lower in nature. Nature is an incarnation of something which is not itself, which infolds it, and which is through it and can be extricated from it. It is an incarnation of divine thoughts and emotions. Nature is a tangle of spiritual parables; the human mind is a tangle of similitudes; human life a tangle of paradoxes. The unnumbered thoughts and emotions in nature are rolled up in us, and we are trying to read them. Symbolism is a pictorial reading of them. The spiritual is the most subtle element in us, and we try to see it as it shows itself in the

forms of the visible. Symbols have been fancies, and fanciful analogies are tentative experiments at the reading of the occultness in the human soul. The beauty of line and hue, the functions of water and light, the sculpture of cloud and mountain, have emotions at the back of them, and sympathetic natures feel them related to the spiritual, and they become parables. Primitive man sees the divine emotions in nature, and thrills with them and worships. That the Creation all through her realms is spiritual is the thought of the Hebrew poet when he said, the Spirit of God brooded over the face of the waters.[1] As the hen brooding over her eggs produces chickens and not cubs, creatures like herself, so the Spirit of God made spiritual all Nature by brooding over the waters which once were the whole of her.

There is scarcely a chapter in this Memorabilia of Jesus from which symbolism is absent. Jesus is ever drawing on nature for parables of the spiritual. Light and water make the two largest phenomena of nature, and are the main forces of the physical world, and they are largely assessed as expressions for the spiritual.

I give to Water a special treatment, and we shall find in this Work of Art that the Symbolism of water is worked out with a certain completeness in detail.

[1] Gen. i. 2.

The main element in the composition of our globe is Water. As the sea it occupies two-thirds of the surface; as moisture it is everywhere in the air; as springs it is in the solid crust; almost every solid body has it. It constitutes the largest portion of the body of all organisms; life performs its physiologies in the virtues of water. Water is the despot of our planet. This fact of its diffusiveness yields to us the first symbol of the spiritual it holds. Earth is earth by the physics of water.

In the baptism of Christ we reach the headwaters of this big symbol, biggest next to light. He is sinless and needs no cleansing, no cathartics of any kind; and John's ideas are thrown into confusion when He seeks baptism. John has not gone far enough into the meaning of the ritual he was employing. Christ has put on record His reading of the sacrament when He signs His registration into humanity. "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness," — this was the implication in the ceremonial of water. To know the right, to love the right, to do the right—that is the spiritual in the outward service. Where is the likeness to water? In this that righteousness is the divine idea in the structure of human nature. As earth is earth by water, man is man by the principle of righteousness. It is the centralness in Him: and what are we all doing all our days but putting crooked things straight, drawing ourselves into line

and other men and other things, putting and keeping our life star in the orbit of law. Gravitation, so to speak, is the righteousness of physics; righteousness is gravitation for humanity. Christ comes to baptism as the leader of the race; we are His constituency; He is our representative. He registers Himself as the Son of Man, and we are the sons of men. In His baptism, therefore, most naturally, He signifies what it is to be a man, what the baptismal registration means. The ideal of a man is very simple, which is to be right, to love law, to do obedience. This is the basis of the creature who has the dominion over all the earth, as water has dominion over the solid material globe.

This is humanness, and to be religious we must first have a true human basis. God has rights over us, yield these rights cheerfully; men have rights in us, pay them gladly; family and society have their rights, give them without stint or scrimp measure. You are a man and under obligations; be obliged to your obligations. The more laws you keep, the more of a man you are; the more duties you perform, the larger man you are. Be glad that you are human, which means be glad that you have rights to observe and dues to pay. Righteousness is like the cold water of baptism from which you shrink, but as you plunge into it, it becomes a warm baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. Christ received the water and then the fire. Joy in God,

liberty in law, a glad obedience, enthusiasms are felt which make our being an inspiration.

This idea underlies the practice of infant baptism, is the reading of that pictorial service. Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness,—us, me and mine, me and my race. This is the truth of us, inwoven into our whole structure. When a parent offers his child for baptism, he practically says, Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness,—us, me and my child. This is the human basis of us all,—of Christ and the race of which He is the Head, of parents and the children they are leading into life. By a sure intuition infant baptism took the place of adult baptism when Christian communities were instituted ; a going back to the headwaters in Christ's baptism.

When the child has become the young man, and the man has broken the serial line which mounts up straight from childhood into a spiritual manhood, then repentance is required. In saddest memories and many chagrins he must find his way back, and the symbol of this cleansing sorrow is water,—a second meaning. Water, as the radical element in nature, yields us the first symbol, as a cleansing element, the second symbol, and the second looks back on the first. Repentance is not valid, no pain and grief for evil are availing, except there is in it the sigh and dream of righteousness. Repentance is after all a negative act ; it is the putting

away of the mind of sin; it is a sweating act. It is effective only with the positive longing for the lost goodness; as an initiation into goodness. A small half of repentance is sorrow, the larger half is the hunger and thirst after righteousness. Water as the analogue of repentance looks back in its ulterior meanings to righteousness. Water in the second rank is the symbol of the cleansing pain; in the first rank it is the symbol of the humanness which is God's primary idea of us.

We ask for daily forgiveness; a daily cleansing is required. Water is the symbol of forgiveness as the element of the morning wash, and what we do mechanically in the bath is done also chemically by the body through the medium of water. Water carries daily the sewage of the body away, and one of the larger functions of physiology is to find wholesomeness for us by maintaining the balance between waste and repair. Water is the chief agent in the sanitary functions of the body. The prayer for forgiveness is the chief agent in the sanitations of the soul. Earth is not possible without water, neither its physics nor physiologies. Man is not possible without righteousness. We see the greatness of the Old Testament in accentuating the idea of righteousness, and Christ honours this idea as He inaugurates the New Age.

To see truly with your eyes, and to believe what you see, and to be true to what you believe, and to

be brave to the truth, and to live it out right manfully in duties and kindnesses and sacrifices,—this is to fulfil all righteousness. Righteousness is the primitive soil and stuff of us.

I pass to another fresco of the spiritual which water paints, and which the Memorabilia presents in close conjunction to the baptismal picture. Man has a higher life than doing the right, than being a mere man or creature. He has a life in God which he has to realise in himself. We are made to know more than our duties to our kind, we are made to know the Infinite Father of our spirits as the sources of all righteousness. We love the right, or should love it; but we go immeasurably higher and love God Himself, the Author of right. God lies hidden in our faculties; spirituality in our capabilities. By fulfilling righteousness, by doing our duties, we see the kingdom of man; by the love of God we see the kingdom of heaven. You see the difference, and you have the symbol, Except a man be born of water and Spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God (iii. 5).

Observe the point of junction, where water as the symbol of the kingdom of man links itself on with the symbol of the kingdom of God. The two symbols lie quite conformable, as the geologist speaks of conformable strata. We begin with a true humanness. Whatever our imperfections and faults,

howsoever wrong we may have gone, wheresoever we are on the wilds, we must know the law and truth of our being that we must fulfil all manner of righteousness. We cannot be spiritual before we are truly human, we cannot find God before we find ourselves, before we find the man in us. It is into our humanness that the Spirit of God comes, and water is the symbol of the primitive simplicities and veracities which make us human, as it is the primary element in our bodies and in nature. It is the human which is raised to the spiritual grade. Therefore a man must be born of water and of Spirit (iii. 7).

What are we but a thimbleful of star dust dissolved in a drop of water, and caught up in the fiery mist rolling through space which we call life, and moulded into a man, and the career of us is righteousness. We are more. Enveloped by the Spirit of God, and we are in the career of spirits; and the star dust and dewdrop and the fiery vapour are raised in quality altogether.

It is by the science of water that we shall arrive at a just understanding of the spiritual birth, by going down to the roots of nature's great fact. Drop the idea of Regeneration, which has got roped round with technicalities. Use the more appropriate phrase, Generation of the spirit. It is not a lost generation which is symbolised by water, but a new generation, a higher germination.

Water is essential to the life principle of a seed. The principle, whatever it be, is dissolved in water and nourished by it. In an acorn, in every seed, there is a tiny spot where the embryo sleeps, a very small portion of the seed is this germinal spot. The mass of the seed is the food laid up for the embryo, and this food is also a mixture in water. If the seed loses the water in which the albuminous principle is dissolved, or if the water is drawn out which is its nutriment, the germ in it dies. Neither light nor heat will revive it. If you want peas to germinate quickly, steep them in water the night before you sow them. Let them absorb water, and you make them more active. The life principle, or proteid, as it is called in science, is dissolved in water, and a liquid yolk is laid up as its nutriment.

Now plant the seed, which means give it its native environments, the local environment of soil and water, and the solar environment of light and heat. What happens is that you get a new plant, a sapling of shrub or tree, which goes on to open a large correspondence with the environments which started its activities. The parallel phenomenon of the spiritual birth is now clear before us. Take the humanness of a man and give it its native environment of the Spirit of God, let the germ of the spiritual in him be acted upon by the Holy Spirit, and the righteousness which is of the law becomes the spiritual righteousness, the righteousness which

is by faith of Jesus Christ. The man is a new creature; he is born into the silent kingdoms. Water is the figure of the humanness, the law of righteousness, the original goodness, the good drift which is in every man. And spirit is the germ principle of the spiritual, which is waked up by the Spirit of God. Except a man be born of water and of Spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God (iii. 5).

The kingdom of the soul is opened in the kingdom of a man, the elevation and evolution which is in the make of us and in the intentions of the make. The human splendours are seen in the correspondence of prayer, hymn, anthem, in the assimilation of character and conduct to the higher ideals, in the saintly and heroic which lie waiting to be called out in a man. We realise ourselves. We are fulfilled. We fulfil a higher righteousness.

Each man becomes a landscape to himself in the course of the years, and woe to him if it is not a likeable, pleasant landscape. Water is a great landscape painter, but in co-operation with light. What is the meaning of the greed, the riot, the lust which make the dismal landscapes, but the dominance of the mere man, the insolence which has refused spirituality, and which leaves him the shadow of a man and the shell of a soul. It is water without light, an icy waste.

Let a man keep himself simple and natural, let him be true to what he has never doubted, let him

attempt the right though he fail in it, let him breathe up his sigh and cry for goodness, then you have a man before you; you have humanness. He is not far from the kingdom of heaven. He may have to wait for the next step, and his fund of patience may be exhausted. But time is on his side. The Spirit of God will come upon him, and the power of the Highest will overshadow him.

A third likeness to the spiritual world which water carries as a message to us from the Memorabilia is in its property of food, which lies in its intimacies with the principle of life. Water is food for all living, as bread is; life exciting thirst as hunger. Life appropriates water, and builds it up into a living structure. Jesus saith unto her, Give Me to drink (iv. 7). If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink (vii. 37).

The truth of the spirit, which has its similarity and similitude with this property of food, is the intimacy of Christ with the root principle of our being, the Christ ground in us, by which He becomes the food of the soul. This is the companion phenomenon of the spiritual world. Drink of what? Drink of His beautiful life, drink of the awful death, drink of His words, drink of His methods, drink of the recollections of Him, drink of His living presence. Fluid food is easily taken up; it is

taken up by absorption, goes all over you, not lodged more in one part than in another. Christ is taken up. Europe has become more or less Christian by the kinship of Christ to the human soul. This kinship is the secret of Jesus. When we enter into the society of Jesus we are drinking at the sources of our humanity.

The figure of water has changed; it figured human nature to begin with. Christ now becomes the Water. But it is not so much changed as linked on to the figure with which we began. Christ is the sources of our humanity. We drink at our own fountains in Him, and consciously and unconsciously we are Christianised.

That is one of the highest moments of our being when we become conscious of a want which mere living has not slaked, and in this want to become conscious of Christ. In this dearth we go beyond the law of right doing; it is not mere humanness that we desire. It is the supreme of being to wake up and seek to know about your upper and further relations, with an unseen universe around you. This want gives us our measurements. When we want God we measure a space for which arithmetic has no numbers. It is the best and most of us, the stir of the spirit, the tumult of the Eternal. We move indeed from the human basis to find God, to find the righteousness which is of God by faith of Jesus Christ. We

cannot rest in ethical practice, the dry and thirsty land where is no water. My soul thirsts for God. As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul for God.

Nutrition furnishes the vigours of wholesomeness for an organism. But it does more. It has the virtue to alter fundamentally the constitution of an organism. A distinguished biologist, Claude Bernard, has said that evolution is a problem of food, that nutrition is the main factor in the modifications by which new species are established.

It is a vision of science that the quality and quantity of food is one large factor in determining the sex of a creature, that nutrition will change the career of a creature as male or female. It is a subject not thoroughly worked out, but this direction is becoming clearer every day.

Every one knows the division in bee society of the queen, the workers or neuter bees, and the drones or males. A nurse bee will turn a worker grub, which in the grub stage is neither male nor female, into a queen bee, by a particular diet, which contains a large quantity of fatty or carbon material. This is done in a beehive with a set intention, as the society may happen to require, by the isolation of the worker and the feeding of a royal diet. A hundred ewes extremely well fed will produce a larger percentage of ewe lambs, while a hundred ewes poorly fed will produce a larger percentage of

ram lambs. After a war or famine there are more human males born; in times of plenty and in the upper circles of society more females. Harvests and prices determine maleness and femaleness.

Paul was a man of vision, and there are flashes in his writings put into short sentences. One of these flashes is enclosed in these words, that in the Christian society "there is neither male nor female." He classifies the effects which Christ has produced in the world, nationally, neither Jew nor Greek; socially, neither bond nor free; biologically, neither male nor female. Individuality means character. The Christ food gives us a blend of character in which maleness is moderated by femaleness, and femaleness fortified by maleness. The individual is built up of complex elements. The man has more intellect; the female more affection. Fuse intellect and affection, and you have the Christian character. The man has more strength, the female the more patience. Mingle them and you have the higher character. In the harmony of thought and emotion, of service and suffering, you have the new melodiousness of being. The dream, the sadness, and the restfulness of being is the woman's; she has the pleading look. The action, the chivalry, and the soldierliness of being is the man's; he has the pushing look. The Christ food determines that blend of character in which maleness and femaleness coalesce; the alto and the bass and soprano find a harmony.

I have introduced this Pauline thought into the Johannine idealisms with an express intention. Though they are diameters apart there are points of junction. To say that in Christ the Hebrew and Greek nationalities are merged into the Christian society is realistic enough. But there is no realism in saying that in Christ sex is lost. It is romancing pure and simple, except as it expresses the sublimed essence which underlies sexuality, even the ideal character. Paul shows the subtler strands occasionally which are more specially the property of John's thinking.

The Christ food has one special virtue to which Christ calls our attention by the symbolism of water as nutrition. This is enthusiasm for God and for man, pleasure in God's service and in man's service, the missionary temper, the philanthropies. The water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life (iv. 14). It gives us a perennial satisfying subjectivity, which also overflows. If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. He that believeth Me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water ; and this He spake of the Holy Ghost (vii. 38, 39).

A marked quality of Christian spirituality is its missionary inspiration, and one marked historic fact about it is its missionary conquests. There is a well and a spring within us which bubbles up, which makes the rill and, it may be, the river fertilising

lands. What is the missionary spirit? Trace it back, and it is the pain that we have what others have not, that we have found a love which our kind know not. One of the feelings which is born in the higher spirits of the world is a pain that there are men and women who are below us, who are not on the same plane of mind, who live in poorer houses than we do, take coarser fare and wear rougher clothes, who are underfed and under-endowed. The impulse to lift them, to make them like ourselves, to equalise ourselves, is born in this pain; and here is the birth of the missionary spirit. Philanthropy tends to become a fashion, but it may be safely affirmed that no good can come of it except it has its inspiration in a feeling for the dear humanity around us, that men of our kind have not our opportunities nor the favour which we have found in the world. This was the pain which excited miracles of healing in Christ,—Himself took our infirmities, and suffered our diseases. It was this pain which took Jesus to the Cross, and there He knew the worst that men have known, there touched the lowest depths where they are found. By crucifixion the pain has become a force. This pain transmuted into energy equips us for missionary service. Goethe has said that the Christian religion having once appeared can never disappear, because it is "grounded on reverence for what is under us."

We know the food on which we are living by

the missionary temper. The Christ food melts the icebound selfness, and nothing else does it so well. Agnosticism, Rationalism, Deism, Unitarianism are schools; but not one of them is organised for missionary enterprise. I respect them; I can learn from them; they are all of them inevitable, and have been so from the beginning; but there is a feebleness and a barrenness in them. They are academies and sciences. Enthusiasm is from the spirit of Christ, drinking of His life and death. The great Revolutions are missionary performances, which gave a new direction to the Roman Empire, which changed the face of Europe at the Reformation, which, with the blood of Covenanters, gave to Scotland a history of its own, which has recently made Japan declare itself a Christian state, which has made the Fiji islanders all Christians, which is giving a new character to India. The *Scotsman* newspaper recently concluded a paper on the silent revolution in British India thus—

To the baptized and educated native Christians, increasing almost by geometrical progression, and to the aboriginal, casteless, and low caste millions coming over to Christianity by families and villages, we must add the secret Christians among the educated Hindus. Governors like Sir Charles Aitchison and Sir Charles Bernard, following the late Lord Lawrence and Sir Robert Montgomery, tell of many among their own native friends—some of them reigning princes—whom only the bonds of the Hindu social system keep

fast. For every convert who openly avows his faith, it is said by experts of cautious judgment that there are hundreds who withhold an avowal for fear of their own household and caste circles.

A fourth symbol of the ideal is supplied to us in the capacity of water to become wine. A sign is a symbol, and water in the sign of the marriage of Cana is a symbol of the appanages around us of time and sense. It is the water of a marriage which is lifted into wine, and marriage is the basal fact of being. No realism like the sex relation, the bridal vow, the home, and the labour to feed the mouths of a home. This realism is raised to a higher quality by the intervention of the Spirit of Christ. The common becomes the uncommon; the natural the spiritual. When righteousness is translated into spirituality, our time interests are united to our eternal, and our earthly appanages are transfigured. When our time affairs admit a heavenly hand on them, this mediation raises their quality, gives us unity and symmetry. And thus the water of our time surroundings becomes the wine of a finer tone and richer temper. The knighthood of the human idea is obtained when the rule of the finer elements subdues the baser, when we have harmonised the lower and the higher by the obedience of the flesh to the spirit and by the subjection of the natural world to the spiritual.

Four symbols of the Ideal are thus presented in the Memorabilia.

Earth is earth by Water. In Christ's baptism we find the property which makes a man, even righteousness. Water is first the symbol of righteousness. "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."—The principle of life, whatever it be, exists as a solution in water. The spiritual life is found in our earthy humanity, will be there, as it were, a solution in it. We must be truly human to be spiritual. Water is, second, the symbol of the humanness in which the spiritual is born. "Except a man be born of water and of Spirit he cannot see the kingdom of God."—Again, water is food for all life, and we thirst for it. Water is, in the third place, the symbol of Christ, whom we desire and who satisfies us as the Ideal Man and the Incarnate God. "If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink."—Water can be turned into wine. The human interests of time and sense can be transfigured. Water, in the fourth place, is the symbol of the prophecy in man; the ideal that hovers over the real.

Water is the artist of Nature. I have seen the artist at work with palette and brush. The windows of my study are at an elevation of one hundred and fifty feet. They look south and east and west, and command a horizon of sea at the east and land at

the west. Due south is Fifeshire, and between me and its undulations is an estuary of the sea, the two counties of Fife and Forfar being divided by a broad firth. The artist began his work in the evening, and I had to leave writing and reading to look at him. On the whole south-east horizon from the sea for a broad space upwards was laid a bank of purple haze, over this purple flush was a rose-pink haze, the one haze softly shading into the other. In the pink haze were floating gray madder cloud islands, and the sky far above the purple and pink was an azure blue, a cerulean beauty. On the waters of the firth, beneath my window, were drawn two broad parallel bands of colour, a fawn and a violet which were reflections from the haze above. Beyond the firth was a wide stretch of sand and the Fifeshire uplands, which had that blend of yellow cornfield and dark pinewood and green turnip acres which are peculiar to a summer landscape of arable land.

It was an exhibition on a canvas of miles and miles of a water colour painting. The colourist was Water himself. And mark this, Water is an artist by its intercourse with light, its native communion with light, and in this case with the evening light. The brush and the palette of the painter are his own, but his colours are supplied from afar.

The human righteousness, the human interests, the humanness, are not beautiful in themselves; they are beautiful with the Light of God. There is

no Christianity in us except as it goes on to draw lines of loveliness on character, and the secret of loveliness is communion with God and the Unseennesses. Each man becomes a landscape to himself in the course of the years; and if there is to be colour, it will come from afar, from Him who, in the words of the Nicene Creed, is the Light of light, very God of very God,—Who lighteneth every man who cometh into the world.

There is a loveliness in nature which is veiled from us. If we had another lens in the eye we should see tints now unpainted for us; a finer drum in the ear, and we should hear notes now unsounded to us. We are on the marches of other worlds, of beauty and melody unspeakable. There is a hope in nature and a hope in us. Holiness is the stage when righteousness becomes beautiful, and there are other stages hidden in the future. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him,"—in holiness to holiness, in emotion to emotion, in beauty to beauty.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PLATONIC DOCTRINE OF RECOLLECTION.

JOHN viii.

"I know whence I came and whither I go. I am from above. I speak to the world those things which I have heard of the Father. He that has sent Me is with Me. The Father hath not left Me alone, for I do always those things that please Him. I speak that which I have seen with My Father. I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of Myself, but He sent Me. Before Abraham was, I am."

"I am the Light of the World; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

"If the knowledge which we acquired before birth was lost by us at birth, and if afterwards by the use of the senses we recovered that which we previously knew, will not that which we call learning be a recovery of the knowledge which is natural to us, and may not this be rightly termed Recollection?" PLATO.

"Our souls must have existed without bodies before they were in the form of man, and must have had intelligence." PLATO.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PLATONIC DOCTRINE OF RECOLLECTION.

ONE of the favourite thoughts of Plato was that all knowledge was Recollection. "All inquiry and all learning is but Recollection,"[1] are the words of the Greek philosopher. To recollect means to collect over again what we had once seen or heard. Memory is a central faculty. If we forgot yesterday and the days before that, life were simply impossible. But the Recollection of Plato is not the memory of any of our yesterdays. His idea was that in this world we are putting together what we had learnt in another existence, that the child does not begin with a clean sheet, but recalls what he has seen and heard in a prior world, that he dwelt elsewhere before he came in the flesh. The grain of truth which made the kernel of these ideas is probably this, that each one of us has been a thought of the Eternal Mind before we took form, and that our career is the unwinding of the skein of this

[1] *Meno*, Jowett's *Plato*, vol. i. p. 282.

pregnant thought. Life is a drama of this Primeval Divine Emotion; its incidents and events are a recovery of the Emotion which gave us our beginning. This is the Platonic doctrine of Recollection.

In our own day, Wordsworth has given expression to this same idea, in more homely strains. He says, in an ode familiar to us all, Our birth is a forgetting; the soul that rises with us, our life's-star, hath had elsewhere its setting and cometh from afar; we come from God, who is our home, and we forget the glories we have known and that imperial palace whence we come. But there is something in us which the weights and frosts of earth cannot suppress, which lives as the embers of primeval fires, those high instincts, those first affections, shadowy recollections, which are a master light of all our seeing, a primal sympathy, a faith that looks through death. And there is a season of calm weather, when we have sight of that immortal sea which brought us hither, and can in a moment travel thither.[1] Wordsworth felt the thrill of these thoughts on one of those unspeakable May mornings when the notes of the thrush, or the dew on the grass, or the folds of a cumulus cloud will touch profound chords in us.

There is a difference between the Greek philosopher and the English poet. The philosopher is

[1] *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.*

halting. When he first announced his doctrine of Reminiscence he said, "I have spoken some things of which I am not altogether confident."[1] The English poet is confident; radiant with the high instinct that we have come from afar, and joyous with that first affection that God is the home from Whom we have come. Tennyson succeeded Wordsworth as the Laureate of our race, and he has felt a similar note in his being. He says—

> Moreover, something is or seems,
> That touches me with mystic gleams,
> Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
>
> Of something felt, like something here;
> Of something done, I know not where;
> Such as no language may declare.

The space between Plato and Wordsworth is occupied by the intervention of Christ, and the beautiful starlight of Hellenism has been succeeded by the sunlight of Christ. Wordsworth sees in this light. Wordsworth reflects, like the moon, the light of the sun; a steady silvery sheen which lights up the night. So little of Christ have we assimilated, so poor is our insight into the words of Christ, that when Wordsworth wrote his Intimations it came as a revelation, and yet here, in a heated dialogue, like diamonds developed in the ash and breccia of a volcanic eruption, we have the original of Plato and of Wordsworth in the thoughts of Jesus.

[1] *Meno*, Jowett's *Plato*, vol. i. p. 289.

Christ makes luminous the Platonic hints, shows the daylight of Wordsworth's reflected moonlight. He says, before Abraham was, I am; that Abraham, like Plato, saw the glimmer of the Original Light which was in him. He had a previous existence before He came here; that He knows well whence He came and whither He goes; that His Recollections are vivid presentations; that He proceeded forth and came from God; that He was sent from another place into this place; that He is speaking what He has seen and heard in another world; that He does always those things which please His Father; that He has undertaken a mission to this world with instructions which He had heard before He was born (verses 14, 26, 29, 42, 58).

These thoughts must be taken along with the fact that Christ was born in our world and grew up in it, and was educated and developed in the earthly environments. Howsoever that Mysterious Composition which we call the Divine and Human was fused in Him, it was done here below. The Eternal Mind, the Uncreate, emerged in Him in this planet. He was not made up in Heaven and came travelling down to us. We arrive at a just conception of Him by not dividing the divinity from the humanity, or thinking that the Divine was obtained in Heaven, and the Human here. His whole being was involved in His birth. Never partition Christ into half divine and half human, layered into separate

stratifications, having diverse functions. Never say this act was human and that feeling divine. It was all human and all divine; indissolubly blent, inseparable in thought. His birth was the birth of a Divine and Human Person, His death the death of a Divine and Human Person. A bisection of Him makes Him incomprehensible. What He has seen and heard of His Father are in very strictness Recollections of a Previous Existence, from which He has emerged into this.

The old Hebrew thought occasionally broke through its limitations and showed likeness to the Greek and the English. In supreme moments great souls became imperial in feeling. Moses looks at the graves of his people, the turfy and sandy mounds in the desert encampments, and touched with a sense of time, pathetic with its past and pluperfect tenses, recollects the Eternal homes. He breaks into a lyric emotion, Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. The home of the soul has of old been with God. Before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. Our home has been from everlasting with the everlasting God. It is no newly built mansion. It has an uncounted eternity. Thou turnest mortal man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men.[1] The soul returns to its

[1] Ps. xc. 1-3.

home with God. God calls back the soul to the everlasting homeland from which it has come. We return to the imperial palaces.

Plato represents Socrates in prison, conversing with his friends in the last hours of his life, and arguing in that pathetic scene, with all the audacity of Greek metaphysics, for the soul's immortality from the doctrine of Recollection.[1] Our own Wordsworth, in his persuasive ode, in which the rarest of English thought flowers into the finest of English words, argues also for deathlessness from Recollections of childhood. Moses, in his funeral hymn, remembers the eternal home of man with God in the revolt of his soul against death. But Christ, in His Recollections, has another argument. He says, because I know whence I came and whither I am going, because I am before Abraham was, because the Father has sent Me, because I speak what I have seen and heard with the Father, because I do what pleases Him,—therefore I am the Light of the World; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life (verse 12). Plato, Wordsworth, and Moses have a light in their thoughts for us, and it is the shimmer of the Light which lighteneth every man who cometh into the world.

Swarms of meteorites massed together, colliding

[1] *Phædo*, Jowett's *Plato*, vol. i. pp. 447-453.

and evolving a heat which turns them into burning vapours of a transcendental temperature,—this is the last account of the origin of suns. Meteorites and gravity are all that is required for light. I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of Myself, but He sent Me; I speak that which I have seen with My Father; I am from above; Abraham rejoiced to see My day; My Father honoureth Me;—such are the meteorites which in the gravitations of Christ's Spirit make the light of life for us.

The royal law of light is, that light finds light. The light of the sun finds a light on earth, something which is akin to light and trades with it. The falling rain has a light in it, or it would not play with the rays of the sun and paint the rainbow for us, and show us the inner contents of colour. The young pear has a light in its insipid and acrid juices, and therefore it absorbs the light of the sun and becomes a pleasant mixture of acid and sugar in autumn; ripens by correspondence. The golden plover has a light in its nerves, and thus the spring-light excites it, and it takes the hint and moves away in spring from the seaside to the more pleasant highlands. There is an ether which wraps round all matter and tissue, and insinuates itself into every atom and cell, and the ether is of the nature of light. The sun moves the ether, and the ether moves atom and cell. So are Christ and we. The

Uncreate Light meets the create light in us, and He becomes the Light of Life to us. We are not true to the native shining in us when we don't answer the Light of Christ.

The human eye is a complex mechanism, but its structures are akin to light. It consists of curtains, pigment, lens, humours, all quivering with light. They are nervous tracts along which light moves, which receive impressions which the brain collects and hands to the mind. The chemistries of light find a cellular structure ready for their action. Light waves meet light cells in a beautiful kinship, and the central offices in the brain assort the telegrams of light and transmit them to the mind, there to be read and written down.

Light translated into its moral equivalents means knowledge, holiness, inspiration,—the light of the sage, the saint, and the prophet. It means all that we mean by head, heart, and soul,—the head of the sage, the heart of the saint, and the soul of the prophet. The rudiments of these are the first affections, the high instincts, the shadowy recollections. Christ says that He is come to wake them up, to stir them to activity, as light does the structures of the eye,— to inspire the Christian life. He wakes up the kinship in us with Himself and with the Eternal of God. He brings Himself to us and His reports of the Invisible World, and we are to meet Him with the reminiscences in us of

that far-off world, such as they are. We have Recollections of our Home with God innate in us, and we have to fertilise them by the presence of Jesus. We collect again what we have seen and heard, dim visions and distant voices, and read them by the syntax which Christ has provided for us.

The first material of this elemental light stuff in the Recollections of Christ is His home with His Father and the prospect of it as His future Home. I know whence I came and whither I go. The memory of this antiquity is the secret of Jesus; the consciousness of His prior existence, an ancient existence in God, is the royalty of Jesus in our world. And it is by a childlike thought, akin to this, that we have to meet Christ.

Ask yourself, where have I come from; how did I get dropped into this shape and arena? Is it only from your mother's bosom; have you no greater antiquity than the parish register of your birth shows? Where have you emerged from? Is it from a cottage on the moor, where your child mind first looked on the buttercup and the butterfly, near which was the burn into which you dipped your feet every summer, and not far off was the firwood with its dark pines, into which you looked in the winter twilight with fear, as inhabited by uncanny creatures? Is this burn and the buttercup and pinewood your farthest recollection? If this is all, then you have lost your childhood, you have for-

gotten yourself; the Recollections of your home with God have faded away, and you have to recover your losses and your childhood from the wastes. Ask yourself whither bound? and is the answer, deathwards, to the earth which will receive you as your next mother, and the last of you will be seen in the death certificate of the registrar? If so, then you are walking in darkness. To know and to be sure, and to believe and to be conscious that you have a long antiquity with God, and have come from God; that your first home was in the palaces of the Infinite and your last shall be there,—this is the light in you. And you will not know or believe in these days except the glimmering in you meets the light of Christ. These are days of a material civilisation, and the primitive stuff in us gets shrouded with a dense, murky envelope, and needs the strong light which Christ has brought to illuminate it. He that followeth Me shall have the light of life.

This is no transcendental thought; it is more homely than it looks. Just think the elementary thought of your creation, and you will see where you are. If you have been created by God, then your creation means that you have been in His thought and emotion. He thought you out and loved His own thought about you, and then sent you into the flesh to express His emotion. You are an expression of God, an incarnation of His thought. To have been in the thought of God is to

have had your home with the Everlasting God, before the mountains were brought forth or ever the earth had been formed. Think of your creation, and it is a thought akin to the Recollection of Jesus about His home, the glimmer in you which meets the blaze in Him. Extract the essence of your creation, and it is a recollection; by this recollection you recover your childhood and its first affections. With this recovery a fineness will enter into your nature. You are an emotion of God in the flesh. Can you stable anything unclean in its cloisters and crypts?

You want a change. You wish to reverse the bad yesterdays, and pick up the neglected crosses, to redeem the years. You wish to get out of dulness and coarseness, to recall yourself to your high origin and higher destiny. You wish to become fresh and lucid with being. Here is a simple thought to begin with: God created me; I have come from God; God wants me; God likes me; My first home has been in the emotions of God; God is calling me to these homelands. Here is a prayer to follow up: O Christ, who art the Light of Light, show me my everlasting home with Thee; awake in me the recollections of my eternity, reveal the Father in me, recall me to the fatherland from which I have come. Lead, kindly Light.—Thrilled and awed with these thoughts, a new leaf will be opened in the book of being, a new year in the years. They will cleanse

you and rest you. You will become lucent with being.

Fatal losses had fallen on Jerusalem. Ye cannot tell whence I came and whither I go (verse 14). We see light by light. We see Christ by a Christliness in us. We see God by the Divine in us. Ye cannot tell whence I came and whither I go. Why? Because they had so lost their humanity that even the presence of Jesus could not revive it. They have sold the high instincts, the first affections, those recollections which are their very birthright. They had forgotten elementary truths. Our need is to be humanly human, to begin with.

Another cluster of meteorites in the recollections of Christ is that He was sent by His Father into this world. I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of Myself, but He sent Me. He is sent to report the thoughts He had heard and the characters He has seen, in the home of the Eternal Father.

We are to meet the message of Christ by the message which is in us. If we have not lost the message that is involved in our birth, very pleasant it will be for us to hear and to see what Christ has seen and heard with His Father, for these are reports of the Home from which we also have come, and which we have partially forgotten. When we meet, in the childlike temper, the truth of the idea that Christ has been sent here, we too begin to feel that we

have been sent on an embassy in the world. The shimmer in us meeting the Light of Christ gives us the light of life. What is meant by the idea of being sent? A tender recollection, a strong doom, an active service are in the idea of being sent. Make the messengership a practical truth, and you have solved the knotty problem of fate and freewill. You have been sent; that is doom. You have been sent from your home in God; that is all tenderness. And you have been sent on an embassy; that is activity. Freedom and destiny are harmonised.

Christ took the courage and sereneness of this truth of being sent into the social atmosphere, in which His death had become a main factor. He that sent Me is with Me; the Father hath not left Me alone.

Two feelings will go through a man as the icy chill of death, a sense of loneliness and a sense of helplessness. We then become strangers to the world and strangers in existence. Who can tell the bitterness which was pressed into those ancient words, I am a stranger in the earth; hide not Thy commandments from me? To be severed from sympathy and resource is to be on a shoreless sea in a frail craft, when the heart dies in us. There are moments when we are alone, perhaps thinking thoughts which few are thinking, and doing acts dreaded and disapproved by custom, perhaps entangled among events which have a sad history and

consequences in which much is imperilled. It is then we know the joy of the light that we have been sent into the world, that we have been sent to know the sorrow and mystery of being, and He who has sent us is with us in every plight and we are not alone; that He will supply us with the needful till the message is spoken. Take courage then, ye fearing, saddened hearts. Don't fear to be poor, to be friendless, to be sick and to have the golden strings of the best affections cut away. Don't fear the dampest of shadowlands. Take up the cross and deny yourself and follow Christ to the crucifixion, and you will have the light of life. You will recollect your home with God, and it will be a light which has not been seen on sea or land.

Society in Jerusalem has failed to perceive Christ because men have lost the idea that they were sent into the world, and have a business on hand which has come to them from the Recollections of their home with the Eternal Father. When we say to ourselves that we have been sent to eat and to drink, and to make money, and to attain to social positions, and enjoy the praises of men, then the true idea of being sent is lost. There is nothing now to meet the light in Christ. Christ is darkness to you, as the sun is to the eye which has no light in it. You have lost the elemental light stuff in you.

Another material in this star dust is the recollection of a glad obedience, which was given to His

Father in the unseen world from which He has come. He recollects the pleasure which spirits of all orders yielded to Him in the Eternal Home, who resigned their will to the Father's will and lived in the Eternal Father. Obedience has a sacrificial element in it; all obedience is a sacrifice of a sweet savour, well pleasing unto Him. Obedience is the principle of child life. The child lives in his parents, is lost in them, does their will and not his, and he is a cheerful, happy creature in the loss of self. Christ shows us this cheerful sacrifice which He brought with Him, and which He recollects. He says, I do always those things which please the Father (verse 29).

A child accommodates himself to others, lives in the large life around him. This accommodation makes child life. We have to preserve this distinctive quality of childhood, and exchange the human accommodation for the Divine as we enter into manhood. We must live in the Life of God, and make it an atmosphere in which we breathe freely and find a happiness in it. Our later life should be that special loss of self by which we gain God. Much is said about self-sacrifice, but little is done about it.

Three points stand out in the sacrifice of Christ. He emptied Himself, became a servant, and was obedient unto death.

We are all trying to fill ourselves, fill our bank

account with money, fill our minds with learning, fill our social position with rank and reputation. I don't see what we are doing, as things are going, to empty ourselves. He became a servant. We are all trying to be masters, magistrates, doctors, master manufacturers, master tradesmen,—everything but a servant. As things are with us, we are all trying to escape from being servants. He became obedient unto death. We dislike death; we would like to disobey the law of death; we die only when we cannot help it. We go to death as driven cattle.

This is all too true. But God comes to strip us. He empties us of money, gives us little enough of it. He empties us of learning; indeed few of us can boast of much learning. He takes our honours and even reputation from us. We don't rise much above the average level; often sink below it. When this emptying happens, and this process goes on through life—and we are not well used if this method has not been tried upon us—then accept it cheerfully. Then say, Now I am going to be something like Christ; I am denied what I should like to have, and I thank God for the denials. When from self-assertion we pass into self-refusal, we are getting back our childhood, and are living in the life of God. Don't have big ideas and fine plans about yourself. We are too showy in our way of it. We dread silence and obscurity. We are too much in evidence. In this way we lose our recol-

lections of the Ancient home from which we have come.

When you have learning, money, position, above the average, consult the oracle within you, inquire at once, in what service you can empty yourself of them, how carry them into an offering to God, what is the obedience in them by which to enrich the world, as Christ did by the Crucifixion.

This, then, is the Light of our life, and the composition of this light, that we have come from a home with God, and that we are going back to homelands; that we have been sent into the world for a training and an enduring and a sculpturing and a developing, and that we are not alone but the Father is with us; that we are here not to please ourselves, but to obey and please Him and be sacrifices to Him. All this is in the make and intention upon us. They are Recollections to be recovered. Follow them out, and you will meet with the Light of Christ, and the elemental light stuff in you will become a sunlight.

This is Light indeed, which shows us where we have come from and where we are bound; where we are, what is our errand here, what is expected of us to be and to do. This is the master light of all our seeing.

There are moments in the tide of being,—in the freshness of the spring season or in a crimson tint of

the autumn leaf, in a sorrow cutting into the deeper places of the heart, in a glad passage of affection, in the sap of a Bible verse, or in the music of psalm and hymn,—in these moments we recover Recollections of our home with God. A hand not of this world will touch us and wake up the Filial that is in us, the Emotion in God which gave us our birth, from which far back date we reckon our birthday.

The Sistine Madonna is a great painting of Raphael. Beneath the Incarnation Figures the artist has placed two cherub boys, the chin of the infants resting on the palm of the hand, the eye upturned, looking half fearingly and half imploringly, with a certain far look, as if the children were seeing something beyond the family scene, as if the Incarnation was a dim recollection to them of something which they had seen before. The idea of those child figures, which have been engraved separate from the picture, is interpreted by Wordsworth's "Recollections of Early Childhood."

Truth is a dominant word in the Memorabilia. It occurs twenty-five times. It shades into a variety of meanings, like all great words. The root idea is the basis and background of simplicities and transparencies, which we brought into the world. Christ is the Truth, because He is the original of us all in these veracities. Veracity is the child basis of us. There is a truth we brought with us in our birth.

This truth is the equivalent of Wordsworth's first affections and shadowy recollections, which he says is the fountain light of all our seeing. Its primitive elements will show these details,—we have come from God and are going to God ; we know whence we came and whither we go ; that we have been sent by God into the world ; we did not come of ourselves, but He sent us ; that we do always those things which please Him. It develops into an emotion about our Home with God ; into a sense of an embassy we have given to us to utter ; into obedience to a Father's will. A child is the best picture to us of home and obedience. This is the Truth that makes us free.

The lie of the soul begins with the lapsing of these high instincts, first affections, and home recollections. The loss of them murders the soul. This lie is the devil in the soul. It is in this condition that Christ finds Jerusalem, and Christ became impossible there. He that is of God heareth God's words. Ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God (verse 47).

From the argument of our Lord, in this hour of collision with the Jerusalem temper, we see the devil element in ourselves. It is the Lie, which has become supreme over us, overlaying the truth in us.

The Devil and Satan are personifications of this adopted perfidy in our being, mistaken by the thinking of the Church all along for persons, and in our day

the mistake has been enforced by the influence of Milton ; theology victimised by antique metaphors. There are bad spirits in this world, and no one has any difficulty with the existence of bad spirits in other worlds. There are physical influences which bind millions of miles of space into a system. Moral influences can travel farther, and there is no difficulty to faith in evil reaching us from federations of distant worlds, if such a federation were conceivable. But to make evil an organisation, marshalled under a chief to thwart Almighty God, is an incredible story, from the floor to the roof of it. It rules the mind of the world by the necessity which seeks to account for the existence of evil, without compromising the Eternal Father of good. It has been a kind of metaphysical coercion.

Evil is essentially a dissolution, a disintegration, and it cannot be a kingdom.[1] It has no cohesion ; it is a mass of negations, and there is not one constructive element in it. That the Almighty Father has permitted a conspiracy to be instituted under a Satanic Leader, and has let that conspiracy loose in His universe, to acquire all the grandeur of an empire, that it has defeated the Divine plans on this planet, and managed to gain the adhesion of the human race to the infernal league—this is Miltonism. That such a conspiracy should have lent itself to the structure

[1] "Fate has ordained that there shall be no friendship among the evil."—*Phædrus*, Jowett's *Plato*, vol. ii. p. 132.

of an epic like the *Paradise Lost* shows its high poetic character. The theory is forced on us by the helplessness of the human mind before the refractory problem of evil. It is the explanation readiest to hand, and some explanation is a necessity of thought. A true epic shows us the inmost heart of things, and Milton's epic reveals to us the ambitions of sin; but its persons are personations. Satan is ambition personified.

It is very beautiful, the reverence which invented the Alexandrian Demiurgus to save the Almighty Father from the responsibility of having created an imperfect and a sinful world. It is very beautiful, the Christian reverence which for a thousand years forced on the theology of the Church the article that the death of Christ was a ransom paid to the devil for the liberation of the human race. It is the same beautiful reverence which has fastened upon the Christian mind the belief in a Federation of Evil under a Chief, and made him responsible for the origin of evil. But the primacy of these amiable beliefs must now be displaced by other and higher reverences, from the help of the philosophy of Evolution, that sin is the struggle appointed to free, thinking, responsible beings by God Himself, and the responsibility of failure is solely with man.

The true idea of Satanic powers will be obtained by the examination of a few crucial passages alongside of our Lord's words before us. In the poem of

Job, Satan is a divine messenger, a servant in the interests of Almighty God, who studies the dispositions of His creatures and reports them to a heavenly assembly, who discusses with God the inner virtues of Job's piety. He is not represented as a bad spirit, but only as a police detective, probably neutral towards good and evil. The character that Satan suspects infecting Job is that time interests are supreme over him ; that he is good because he has goods ; that he loves God because he is happy ; that happiness is the supreme motive of his goodness. Take away his goods and you take away his goodness. Satan is the spirit of happiness in a man, and we may call this Satanism. Again, when Christ said, I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven, the same idea of Satan occurs. Satan was not in heaven when Christ was on earth, and then fell. What Christ saw in the vision of His mind, and which He pictorially expresses, is the overthrow of the power of the transitory, a new reinforcement of moral forces by His presence which will place sublunary interests in their true place and put worldliness under the yoke. Satanism is worldliness, the soul ruled by time interests, by the power of sense, by the limits of this world ; which same idea He expressed when He said, Now shall the prince of this world be cast out. This interpretation is confirmed by Paul's phrase, the god of this world, or the god of worldliness. Does any one think that Paul

meant to set up a rival god in this world, or to teach that there were two gods, a good and a bad? The audacity of the phrase betrays its pictorial character. The god of this world is a personification of the principle of worldliness. And here, in this passage before us, Ye are of your father the devil (verse 44), the meaning plainly is not that he is literally the father of men. He is father only in the subjective sense, the untruth in us personified.

The devilism in human nature is that which wants bread by which to live in the body and seeks not the interests of the soul. Satanism in human nature is pleasure in the human splendours of thought and ambition and combination, with a cynic or sceptic interest in the Invisible around us.[1] The lie that has contested human nature from the beginning, which is personified as Devil and Satan, is that in this world is the whole or the better part of our interest; that we must leave other worlds to the chances of the future; that present happiness is the main chance and prize of being. This is the lie that Job is suspected of harbouring. This is the lie which infects Jerusalem society, and is shown to us very early in the Memorabilia, where the courts and corridors of the temple were thrown open for us to see the rampant worldliness. And the lie consists in

[1] See my "Expositions of the Three Temptations" in the *Expositor*, May 1889, November and December 1890, September and November 1891.

the lapse and loss of the child floor of our being, which is that we have come from our home with God, and that we are going thither again; that we are sent into the world by the Eternal Father; that our business here is the child business of obedience and the sacrifice of self to the will of our Father in heaven. Milton's *Paradise Lost* is the sublime epic of this lie, and as such it is one of the most serious products of the human mind. But if we take it as the history of an actual institute or federation of evil, managed by a cabinet of devil statesmen, with a Prime Minister called Beelzebub and an Emperor called Satan, it would be blasphemy if it were not transparently an epic. The doctrine of the Devil has so far helped us to save the honour of the Creator from having made a misadventure of this world, by throwing the responsibility of evil upon Satan. But God does not need our advocacy, and this world is too complex for our poor faculties, and we need not make weak apologies for God. In a brave, bold, true book it is written, Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?[1] And again, I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil. I the Lord do all these things.[2]

A set of new conceptions are now candidates for doctrinal situations, which do not displace older conceptions, but put them into other perspective.

[1] Amos iii. 6. [2] Isaiah xlv. 7.

There is a scavenger service in evil, and it scavengers itself. Carey was the evil genius of the murder league by which Lord Frederick Cavendish was assassinated. He turned Queen's evidence, which means judicial scavenger. With the strictest care and secrecy he was shipped to begin life in a new world, where he would be unknown, but M'Donnell, another scavenger, appeared, who took ship with him and assassinated him. M'Donnell was vulture and buzzard, and devoured the carrion that we were carrying into another country. M'Donnell in his turn was put out of the way, and the murder league scavengered itself out of existence. It is nearer the heart of the Mystery of Evil that we should call Satan by the use of another metaphor, the Universal Scavenger. As master of an empire, he is impossible.

Jerusalem is now covered with offal, and Scribes and Pharisees are carrion birds devouring it. Murder is in their heart, and they will soon crucify Christ. Judas Iscariot will turn king's evidence against them and throw down at their feet the wages which the arch scavengers have paid him, and the Roman eagles will come down upon Jerusalem and carry both offal and scavengers away. For where the carcase is, there shall the vultures be gathered together.

Evil generates evil, and the offspring devours the parent. Evil is an embarrassment to itself. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not

in the truth (verse 44). Murder is committed by the lie. The Truth is,—and it cannot be too often repeated, and too well printed on the mind,—that we have come from God and are going to God ; that we are sent into the world by the Eternal Father ; that we ought to do always those things which please our Father in heaven, and not please ourselves.

These are the transparencies, the simplicities, the veracities, which are the ground floor of us, the child-likeness in us, the light of our seeing. The Truth is the philosophical equivalent of the light in us. The Eye is the physiological equivalent of the light by which the whole body is filled with light.[1] Light is the physical equivalent of both the eye and the truth. And Christ is solar light, from Whom the truth in us has its sources, the Incubator in which our life has its promises. The Mystic equivalent of truth and light and eye are the Recollections of Plato and the first Affections of Wordsworth.

[1] Matt. vi. 22.

CHAPTER XVII.

PASSIVENESS.

JOHN ix.

"*And as Jesus passed by, He saw a man who was blind from his birth. And His disciples asked Him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents, but he was born to manifest (illustrate) the works of God. I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work. As I happen to be always in the world, I am the Light of the world.*"

"*And Jesus said, for distinctions I am come into the world that they who see not with the natural eye might see with the inner eye, and that they who see with the natural eye may be made morally blind.*"

"*If you were ignorant you should have no sin, but you say, We know our duty to you; your sin remaineth because you are not loyal to your knowledge.*"

"*He is a God who leads mortals in the way of wisdom, and who has ordained that sufferings, by a peculiar property, should convey instruction.*"

ÆSCHYLUS.

"*All the true good and glory even of this world—not to speak of any that is to come—must be bought still, as it always has been, with our toil and our tears. That is the final doctrine, the inevitable one, not of Christianity only, but of all Heroic Faith and Heroic Being; and the first trial question of a true soul to itself must always be, Have I a religion, have I a country, have I a love, that I am ready to die for? That is the doctrine of Sacrifice; the faith in which Isaac was bound, in which Iphigenia died, in which the great army of martyrs have suffered.*"

RUSKIN.

CHAPTER XVII.

PASSIVENESS.

We here encounter a type of thought almost unknown amongst us. No biologist has as yet attempted to explain the science of pain. You can turn over a thousand pages of Herbert Spencer, and find untouched that which touches us all so deeply, the contradiction to life which the disqualifications for life supply us; and yet life cannot be understood without taking into account the disabilities that front it and almost make it a living death. Theology has no place for this teaching of our Lord, simply ignores it, or tries to squeeze it into a system which crushes out its meaning. A theology whose centre is sin and not God is confounded by it.

Our Lord says there is innocent suffering in the world, sharp and pitiless; making life only half a life and less; making it a mere fragment. The cause of these null and void lives is not in man, but in God. A blindness disables a man for living,

making it a no life; the deaf and the dumb are disqualified for work; 50,000 so disabled and disqualified are amongst us. There are men born deformed, men with epileptic and consumptive constitutions, who are disposed of in the secrets of our homes. This Memorabilia revels in generalisations, and Christ supplies a generalisation for this abnormal phenomenon. He says: These sufferers are here to manifest the works of God. The works of God means the ways of God, which translated into the language of science means the laws of the universe, and into the language of philosophy means the principles of the Moral procedure. For no cause in a man this law and principle will reduce him to beggary or lock him up in an asylum. It is into these laws, principles, works that we are invited to look; by them to study these cruel deprivations.

We discover a ruling truth of proportion in these unpitying deprivations. The interests of the body occupy us out of all proportion to their real value. The human series begins with the senses and mounts up to intuition, reason, worship. The senses must obey intuition, intuition must consult reason, and reason hold conference with faith. It would be a hopeless disproportion to make gymnastics the main education of our children, to make them all arm and leg, and leave stunted the mind. It is possible to buy gold too dear, and we buy the

transitory too dear. Our identity is all in the body; I, me, myself, is this skin of ours; this outward of us. If there is a moral providence over us, what other can it do for us than reduce this disproportion and its ugliness, put into perspective our time and our eternal interests. We identify ourselves with the body, and it is our moral education to give us the other and truer identity. And it is by disqualifying us for time uses that proportion is found. And here, after all is said, we may ask, why should it be so, why are we so made? Was there no other constitution devisable for us? You can ask these futile questions, but the answer to them is futility itself. Don't dispute facts, and don't make a hypothesis of yourself.

The law of suppression rules us, and explains these disabilities. We give languid assents to undoubted truths, leaving them unpractical over us. We put local interests before imperial, knowing the one and the other. God gives us His lessons on large illuminated sheets, and He sets before us men utterly disqualified for this world, who are here, but who have no business in it. We ask ourselves and we ask the Almighty and Wise Maker, what is the use of making the blind, the deaf, the insane, as if in sheer caprice. A German Kaiser of the thirteenth century is known to have said—and there is not another saying or doing of his which has been put on record—of Ptolemy's astronomy, "that it seemed a

crank machine; that it was a pity the Creator had not taken advice."[1] The moral world looks more cranky than the heavens, if we could not answer the saddest questions it raises. The answer is not far off, that the supreme intention is to impress upon us that the invisibles of the soul are before the visibles of the body, and should receive more attention; that the body is suppressed in the interests of the higher in us. Natural science when it reaches man must consult Moral science. The evolution of the spirit is the supreme law, and the body is suppressed to show the spiritual hidden in it. In the denial of earthly interests spiritual capacity becomes remunerating. The moral set-off is of more consideration than any bodily advantage can be. Anomaly is a teaching into a higher law; an unexpected road is taken to illuminate the eternal.

Greek legends delight in Tiresias, a prophet, a soothsayer, a wise man, who advises cities and villages in their perplexities, and they tell us that he received the inner visions of his sooth after he was struck blind. Milton is one of the creators of our noble English language, and when he wrote his epic he was blind, and blindness contributes to the deeps of his thought and the fascinations of his verse. In the seventeenth century Europe had two consummate generals and statesmen who changed the map of Europe, the Duke of Luxembourg and William,

[1] Carlyle's *Frederick*, vol. i. p. 91. People's Edition.

Prince of Orange. The Duke was a hunchback deformity of a man; our own William was a pale skeleton of cough and asthma. Pope is the leader of our literature in the eighteenth century. He was deformed from his birth, and his life was one long disease. Cowper succeeds him in the leadership, and he was hovering all his days on the marches of sanity, and often clean over the border into insanity. Wordsworth succeeds Cowper, and he is limited by extreme poverty, and insulated by his originality, and only at the end of the day he is recognised. Beethoven is the most eminent name in the music of this century. He died at the early age of fifty-seven. For the last fifteen years he was quite deaf. In these years, when not a sound vibrated in him, he produced those symphonies and sonatas which are the joy of sound. He perceived the finer shades of rhythm when he heard not a note.

In the mind's independence of the body, in the victory of the soul over its time interests, in spiritual compensations, are manifested the ways of God in these disabilities.

Also, these disqualifications are redeemed from abortiveness by being qualifications for the Second life. Blindness reduces the eye to a functionless organ, because the man is on his way to a set of spiritual faculties, in which the eye has not a function. The broken symmetry is only apparent; an inner symmetry is made with the future. It is the jar

which has a musical place in the Hereafter. Nature is not a botch, and man her crown is not an abortion, and now for the first time we have an explanation of her apparent irregularities, which satisfies us. Man is on a career which has an Elsewhere. It is the divine method with him, and suppressed functions and diseased structures are showing us the road which spiritual evolution takes.

A future existence is in the thought of the mind everywhere; there has been no verdict so unanimous as that which has been given for the Second life. The fatigues of civilisation, and the ennui of culture, and the gloom of pessimism, may be unable to feel it, but we don't ask the opinions of the exhausted mind. The undisputed conclusion notwithstanding, it is very difficult for us to conceive this splendid futurity of ourselves. It remains a hope and an intuition. The phenomenon of disabilities gives logic to hope and argument to intuition. If at any time, in an hour of eclipse, we doubt our future, here is God's method of recalling us. You see the blind man, blind for no fault of his; you see the insane, insane for no fault of his; you see the consumptive, unable for work or happiness here. These are the abortive works of God, physiological failures, the refusal of life while offering life at the same time, taking away with the left hand what has been given by the right, sporting wantonly with the human love of life and desire for happiness; an irony of being.

We have the key in the future which belongs to us; these disabilities are title-deeds of the future. God has deeded immortality to us, and we are asked to wait in patience, and to study the methods of moral evolution. We cannot understand the present without its future. Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents, but he is blind that we may learn the ways of God with men. We find the lost harmonies outside of this world. The abortiveness is only in appearance. God completes the incomplete; fulfils the unfulfilled. We fulfil ourselves in the Great Unknown, in the azure future of unrealised worlds.

Again, these disabilities manifest God's Way of passiveness with us. To work is the regular thing; to lie by and lay to is the irregular thing, a stress of storm. Nature's activities are untiring, but through all her realms she is seen by sympathetic minds to be a suffering thing. Paul perceived her travail and heard her groans; Matthew Arnold has told us that she endures but not rejoices. The passion of Jesus shows us a suffering God.

The passive side of us is that by which we get and not give, wait and not serve. Patience is the virtue both in passiveness and passionateness, and patience often starves us, but then comes the feast of God; we plumb the profounds. Disease and deformity and denial throw us upon our own inner self, and the soul enters into the life of God, and

sees its own true life. We get out of nature, and find ourselves in God; out of physiologies into spiritualities. Incapacity for the work of this world is a graduation into the work of another. The passiveness of Jesus in suffering nourished the highest forces. He rules us by the sceptre of the Crucifixion. Sickness, sorrow, dying are times of passiveness when we contribute nothing, and only take impressions, and passiveness is the impressionable condition.

In passive times we acquire passion, a fire and a fertility. How near patience and action are, we see in the two words passive and passion; passive the still condition, passion the moving condition. A true passiveness passes into passion and inspires the warmer kinds of action. If you want to consult a man who sees far, go to him into whose mind doubts have been injected, and who could not believe for a long while, or the man whose soul has been harrowed by a bankruptcy or plowed by the wrath of God, or he who has carried a wounded heart and a sick soul. If you want a man who can say a word of kindness to you or shake your hand with a thrill of fellow-feeling, or look with hope into your eyes, seek him whose biography has passages of broken affections, and he will show you the light which lies in your evenings. The man who carries a chronic disease seeks medicines to heal others. It is not romancing, but it is a manifestation of the works of God, that the incurables of earth shall have a special gospel

committed to them for other worlds. The incurably blind man will carry a superior insight into the second life. The incurably deaf and dumb will discourse with a music unknown to others; the insane man will have the passion of a reason unknown to other souls. The education of passion by passiveness implies this expansion; shut up here they will unfold elsewhere with unusual vigour and brightness. The passive condition receives to inspire passion, and it is passionateness which makes the poet and the philosopher, the missionary and the philanthropist, and the apostles of another existence.

Every schoolboy knows that verbs are words which express action, and that verbs have two moods, the active and the passive. It is given to some to conjugate their verbs always in the passive mood, and the passive mood is expressed by the verb, To be, as if action is best known in its passive conditions, as if being becomes vivid in this mood. The blind man and the dumb, and every disqualification for this life, manifest God's way of Passiveness with us. Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents, but that God's law of Passiveness might be made manifest, therefore he was born blind.

Once more, the pitiless doom of the blind man is God's way of showing the principle of Sacrifice which underlies the creation. The creation of the blind and the imbecile is not creditable to the Creator. It is crank work; they are plausibilities

and futilities who have no business in creation, who have never seen a face or heard a word, who can make no sense of anything. They are exceptions, and such exceptions will need to have an exceptional predestination in our world. Their doom is to illustrate the profoundest of God's methods, even that of sacrifice, which later has been illuminated by the death of Christ Himself. We are hard to teach, and harder still to learn well and to take honours in education when some one ventures to teach us. Our teaching is expensive, and God does not spare the expenditure. It bears hard upon the blind man, but there are compensations. The blind man has a unique happiness. You will often see a perpetual smile rolling about on his face, though the light of the eye is not there. He does not see what freezes our smiles and makes hard our brows. He looks inward into an ideal world within himself, and in God, and it is a compensating happiness not to see the harsh, coarse, real world around him.

Pain and penal are words from the same root pointing to the common judgment upon pain. That passivity is a service, pain a vicarious force, are unfamiliar truths. You see a young girl of twenty-five pine away in consumption ; she is beautiful, she is good, she is sure to have been useful. She has all that the world can give her ; a fair world and happiness are before her. She loves, and a love which has blossomed beautifully sets to no fruit. A hundred

old persons, who have past their best days and are now wearing out weary days in bronchitis and paralysis, are spared, and she is not spared—taken away in midtime of her days. It is anomalous, a blundering arrangement. In that anomaly read the law of sacrifice. She is sacrificed in the service of your education and my education. The family life is purer and finer for her death. The picture of that young beseeching face through months of weariness as it closed in death will not be effaced in time, and will become pathetic with years. It remains a light to us. We see God in consumption and death. We take the impression that our years are the musings of God, our history the unfolding of God to us, our destiny a divine arrangement. When our heart has a tomb which we visit again and again, and on which we lay a wreath of white lilies and maiden hair fern every Christmas ; when we go down into its dark damp vaults and light the taper of sepulchral lamps, and sing our vigil hymns, then we become richer in thought.

Expect to be made a sacrifice, and don't be disappointed when the altar is made ready. Don't think that anything anomalous has happened. As others have taught you the law of sacrifice, you are called also to teach in your turn. Accept the painful post of teacher, and God is with you. He is always the High Priest who has sacrificed Himself, and who calls you to sacrifice.

These human sacrifices are also offered to train us into philanthropy. They have a missionary function. The sight of these dear human sufferers softens us into compassion, makes us thankful by comparison, rouses us into action. We respect the sufferers. You see a man who has sustained a serious injury in the street, and no matter who he is, as a sufferer, he is respectable, and you offer your service. Observe that this blind man stirred the emotion of Christ to the point of producing a miracle. Dismiss the idea that Christ worked miracles by the mere forthputting of what we call power. We are wont to think in our routine way that Christ had an arbitrary power to heal, and therefore healed. All wholesome power is governed by law. Power is made up of forces, and the forces are emotion, sympathy, passion. Call to mind the passage, He could not do many mighty works there because of their unbelief.[1] Unbelief froze His emotions, and He was powerless. Passion was paralysed. This blind man pressed on His passiveness, and passiveness excited His passion to heal.

The sorrow of this world makes us pathetic in feeling, and the inferior conditions in which we see our kind makes us passionate in action, inspires the missionary enthusiasm. Since we have seen the sacrifice of Christ, this emotion for the hapless and unhappy of our race is ever working amongst us. We cannot work miracles, because we have not the

[1] Matt. xiii. 58.

temperature of passion for that species of work, but in our own measure we are excited to sympathy and effort by the pain and pitilessness around us. Very expensive, and more strange than expensive, this vicariousness as an education in altruism for us; not very docile learners who require hospitals and asylums of sufferers before we can be softened into sympathy and philanthropy; men and women mercilessly sacrificed as object lessons for our inspiration. Think of this, you who are doing nothing for others, and all for yourself, who keep your faculties to yourself, and keep your money to yourself, who keep your comforts to yourself. You read, and keep the reading to please yourself; you work, and keep the profits of your work to yourself; you are in good health, and there is no one else who is the better for it. We have got accustomed to hear that Christ surrendered Himself to death, that God Himself died to provide good for us. But it may be new to some at least to hear that hundreds of men and women are sacrificed for our sanctification, to awake sympathy, pity, and philanthropy in our hard hearts. Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents, but that the Work of Sacrifice may be made manifest, this man was born blind.

These four are the ways of God manifested in this anarchic deprivation and signalled by the Sign. We are taught that the Interests of the soul are

beyond the interests of the body; that the ideal can exist in a defective realism. Our Future, so difficult to thought, is verified to us by the disproportions of this life. The truth of Passiveness is impressed upon us. And above all, God's great law of Sacrifice is illuminated by the blindness of the man, uncaused by sin in him and uninherited from the past.

As we turn the corner of these thoughts, we meet with a face of suffering which surprises us with its unfamiliar look, an angel or ghost of other worlds. We see Pain as a part of the constitution of our world and of the universe; it is in the heart of God in some form; Christ was crucified from the foundation of the world. We carry the soft idea that life is for delicious feelings, and we put to the account of sin all that which deprives our being of deliciousness, and it is this softness which is contradicted by our Lord removing pain from sin. Do we not sin to avoid suffering? When business in suffering is slack with human beings, it has gone into sin. Pain is a Work given to us to do, which has not merely to be borne but to be done. We have to put the activities of patience, hope, pathos, obedience into it. The passiveness of pain is a service for God and man and for ourselves, that is, for our own education. The sacrifice of obedience is in it, productive in many ways, having a range of efficiency.

In the dissolution of the Hebrew nation, and in the sack of her towns by the conqueror, some

children of Bethlehem were slain, and some taken captive; ruthless ways of ancient campaigns. Jeremiah hastens to comfort the mothers, and calls their sorrow a work, Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded.[1] A similar service was given to the babes of Bethlehem to do, when they were slain in the room of Christ. The crucifixion of Jesus is a work, the most productive which our world has seen. Paul falls upon this idea, in the profound feeling which he expressed, "Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh."[2] The sufferings of Christ were a contribution towards the moral government of the world. Paul's sufferings went towards the same administration. The martyr and the soldier dying in agony, the slandered disciple, the afflicted Christian, the calm sufferer,—these are doing a work. When we take the common doom of death as a service we are giving to God by His ordinance, we shall transmute the character of death. It is not death now, but our last task and last sacrifice and last service.

When we have seen Passivity as a service, and Pain as a vicarious force, we shall have solved the problem perpetually discussed by our philosophers, what gives moral quality to actions, whence the impulse to good action. Our years are divided

[1] Jer. xxxi. 16. [2] Col. i. 24.

between passivity and activity; both belong to the same scheme of things, both stand in a unity of plan. Passivity, as vicarious and altruistic, has this meaning, and no other is discernible, that we are here for wider interests than our own, or those of our fellows, that we are forced into the Service of a Moral Order. We are consecrated to the Larger Universe. The morality of our moral actions, the worth of our virtues, consists in our perceiving this Holy Service, and finding and fixing our roots in it, and our roots are often there though we do not see them. This fixture is made by Consecration, saying, O my Father, Thy will be done; and it is by this offering that we take hold on that Moral Pulley which saves our actions from superficiality and our years from necessity. Our wisest men, as Bentham and Mill, cannot get beyond the idea that utility and pleasure are the pulleys of moral actions and that altruism is only a higher utility and a higher pleasure, as Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is so superficially; we are led and lured on till we attain our majority and discern the higher and deeper things in the universe.

Analyse water, and you find oxygen and hydrogen as its pure constants. But springs give out underground rills which pass over beds of ironstone and the water becomes a chalybeate, or they pass over beds of crushed naphtha and the water becomes sulphuretted. A chalybeate water is good

for thinness of blood and sulphuretted water for acidity in the blood. Iron and sulphur are valuable both for health and sickness, but they are not the contents of pure water. Many chalybeate and sulphuretted rills lose themselves in the large volume of a river. Right action is found by seeking happiness, but happiness is one of those lower impulses which has to be absorbed into a purer inspiration. The pursuit of the pleasant has changed many a soul into the negations of all that is human in a man. The elemental moral motive is discerned by the study of the pain and passiveness which compose and consume so much of our life. Study the Crucifixion of Jesus, where it is in concentrated vigour, and then we shall find Consecration to be the true spring of moral action. Causeless suffering has no visible source except in the Will of God. Resignation is the morality of Pain. Passivity and activity must be brought to the same sources. We touch the ultimate cause of right conduct when we have found the Larger Universe. Consecration is the expression of this discovery and its sanctities. Pleasure and utility are only proximate causes. If the ethical science of Bentham and Mill and Spencer is good, Job's wife is on the right track when she says to her causelessly afflicted husband, Curse God and die. We find the ethics of right action in the ethics of right suffering. Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents, but that God's

way of Consecration might be made manifest in him.

This question of the students indicates a mind not satisfied with their present belief. All that they knew about suffering was that it was somehow connected with sin, and, like Job, they were somewhat impatient with this tradition. They expected the most probable answer would be that it was sin in him or in his parents, and their further reflection would have been that the moral administration of the world bore hard upon innocent individuals.

Greek legends often discussed the question of fate and guilt. The legend of Œdipus grew round the moral relations of fate and guilt. Poets made much use of this legend. Sophocles has a series of tragedies built on this legend. Œdipus kills his father in a battle, not knowing that he was his father, and then marries his mother, not knowing that she was his mother. When he discovers these horrors he tears his eyes out. When he comes to himself, he asks why these disasters. He is a good man, he sees no cause in himself, and he helplessly traces them to sin in his family in the past generations, the iniquity of the fathers visited on the third or fourth generation :

> For thus it pleased the gods, incensed perhaps
> Against my father's house, for guilt of old ;
> For as regards my life, thou couldst not find

> One spot of guilt, in recompence for which
> I sinned these sins against myself and mine.[1]

John is living in the Greek world when he wrote these Reminiscences, and I think we may hear echoes of this favourite theme of the Greek tragedies in this incident, in which explanations are given which widen the Greek area of thought.

This inquiry is wholesome and creditable to these students ; an impatient pity lay in it. Such students have the promise of the future ; there is a career for them ; no wonder they turned the world upside down. They don't lazily acquiesce in current belief, and to be dissatisfied is the first condition of progress. They are in a quandary. This man has stirred their pity to its depths. They don't like the anomaly of a man being born blind, and they are not quite satisfied that sin in his parents would have justified such an extreme and cruel punishment. God likes us to doubt and question His procedure, as He liked Job reverentially impugning His providence, and courageously storming at the narrow theology of the day put by three good, kind, orthodox men, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. It is in hours of struggle that we move into finer and higher conditions.

A sufferer of thirty-eight years' standing was healed by Christ, and Christ said to him, Go and sin no more, lest a worse thing happen to thee.[2] No

[1] *Œdipus at Colonos*, 964. [2] John v. 14.

cause and effect are so inexorably joined as sin and suffering. Every man who sins lays a mortgage on his best interests, which has to be paid for. If you don't discharge the mortgage by entrusting your affairs to Christ, unseen courts of justice will give it you to pay in remorse and shame. Sin is also a cleaving thing, and children have to pay for their fathers. The fathers eat sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. A child is born blind for sin of his father. But in this case it is not so. He is a sacrifice to illustrate the Ways of God with men. It is fate, as the Greek would have said, not guilt.

Knowledge is something, but it is not everything. Our Lord has taught a philosophy; He has opened a chapter or two of the Divine Method of government. He goes on to lay stress on work. The pain of this world requires a heart from us; not only explanations but energies, not only philosophy but philanthropy. It is an education into pity, sympathy, and passion; and these affections must be put into action. I must work the work of Him who sent Me while it is day, the night cometh when no man can work (verse 4).

Every explanation we get of the method of the divine government requires another explanation, and no explanations will exhaust it—such is the incompetence of our faculties. The inexplicable will always remain. Don't think too much of the

enigmas of the world. Work, serve, love, be a missionary to the world's sorrow, and you will understand the world better. Get out into the open air of service, and cobwebs will be brushed away which hang about you in the drawing-room and library. Enigmas will then be an inspiring quest and curiosity; and agnosticism, not a creed, but a humility and a prayer.

The day of work is short, but you can make it long by putting more work into it. The value of time, like the value of a loom, is what goes into it. Hours are worth days and days years, by the affections of the heart and the work of the hands. Lessen the waste that goes on of the minutes, and the day will be long enough. The night cometh when opportunity is no more, and work such as is done here is not to be found. Other work, but not of this kind, will be there.

But thought will disturb us. The sorrow of this world will press on our minds; the enigmas will raise questions; and faith will be darkened. It is enough for us to know that God is with us. Sacrifice lies at the base of much that is painful in the arrangements of men's lives. No sacrifice ought to be difficult to comprehend after Christ's sacrifice. God is here in crucifixion and sacrifice. No man can get worse treatment here than Christ got. He is our Light. Be content and calm with the deprivation appointed to you. You shall meet God in the valley, you will find Christ in pain, you will become

strong with gain in loss. In death itself you will know life. When we have lost the body altogether we shall gain our best. This is the Light of the Crucifixion. As I happen to be always in the world, I am the Light of the world (ver. 5)[1]—the Light hidden in our evenings, in deprivations, and in death.

The reason for the selection of this particular incident is the unconventional truth about suffering, the generalisation of a large class of facts, which it holds. Our Lord repeats the ruling idea in the poem of Job, that a man may be a great sufferer and his sufferings have no relation to sin. To enlarge a theology, which had no elasticity, and which refused to adopt new ideas, is one purpose for which perceiving men introduced the poem of Job into the canon. And it is the orthodoxy of His disciples which our Lord is expanding. The minds of serious men are apt to be overridden with the spectacle of evil, to be even hagridden with it; they feel in susceptible hearts the sin and sorrow of this world. But there is more in this world than sin; sin is a large detail, but sin cannot be the ground floor of any world. Christ had more imperial functions to perform than to save sinners, large as that function is. A sorrowing goodness,

[1] Westcott renders ὁταν by whensoever, and the Revised Version by when. Whensoever or when I am in the world, I am the Light of the world, means that there are times when Christ is not in the world, which is not the teaching in the Memorabilia. The Greek conjunction requires a subtle blending of the universal and the indefinite, and it is best rendered as I have attempted it above.

unrewarded moralities, and suffering sanctities are all round about us. Innocent suffering is found with us, inhering in the very constitution of things. Jesus says to His disciples, You are too much impressed with the spectacle of sin. Place sin in its right place. Think of the Works of God; see God manifested in the Pain of the world. Work the works of sympathy, and live, while the day is, doing good, seeing the sunlight and not the sewage around you: I happen to be always in the world, and I am the Light of it. See Me.

Collision with the ruling castes in Jerusalem is becoming sharper. Their temper is passing into the acute stages of malignity.

There is first the collision with the Sign. The logic of a miracle is remorseless; there is no getting over it; it delivers a formidable assault upon the castle of the unwilling will. When the will refuses the logic which subdues it, you are angry at the logic, and a condition of unreason is generated, a disease which is epidemic in Jerusalem. The miracles of Christ command loyalty to Him, and against that loyalty a strong tide of unwillingness is set. The frivolous excuse by which the authorities parried the blow of the miracle is that it was done on the Sabbath. They are all wrong, these ecclesiastics; twisted, pitiless, hard souls. They should have rejoiced that a blind fellowman has been re-

stored to sight, and have at once felt that these Sabbatic ideas were a perverseness. But the man has become obnoxious, because he is a living logic which coerces their homage, and this homage would have upset their modes of living.

There is a second collision, a brief one with Christ Himself. Christ diagnoses a complication in this disease of unwillingness. Disease of perception —ophthalmia, inflammation of the eyes—has set in, and He puts this moral blindness into a paradox that they may take a forcible impression of the fatal complication. Blindness of the natural eye is healable by Him, because there is an inward sight which sees Him; a moral blindness is incurable because there is no inner sight. For distinctions and separation am I come into the world, that they who see not with the natural eye may see with the moral eye, and that they who see with the natural eye may become blind in the moral eye. And Christ is dazzling the decaying moral sight into blindness.

But some of the churchmen did see with the moral eye and discerned the glory of Christ, and felt His claims, and were even attempting a hesitating loyalty. Christ brings them to bay. He says, Give heed to your knowledge; it calls you forward; it asks decision; it judges your vacillation. Better is ignorance of Me than the knowledge which is not obeyed. If you know Me and do not follow Me and declare for Me, your sin remaineth (verse 41).

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CHRIST IN OUR BLOOD.

JOHN x.

"*He that entereth in by the Door is the Shepherd of the sheep.*"
"*I am the Door of the sheep.*"
"*I am the Door.*"

"*I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep. I know Mine, and they know Me. And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice.*"

"*If Thou art the Christ, tell us plainly.*"
"*Ye believe not, because ye are not My sheep.*"
"*My sheep hear My voice, and I know them and they follow Me.*"

"*I and the Father are One.*"
"*If I do not the works of My Father, believe Me not; but if I do, though ye believe not Me, believe the works, that ye may know and understand that the Father is in Me, and I in Him.*"

"*We may assume therefore the Reality in human nature of the class of primary principles, impelling us to certain objects without prevision or self-consciousness. The mode of action to which they lead is perfectly analogous to that which we attribute to the lower animals. Unwilling as are philosophers of the prevailing English school to call anything in the human being by the name of instinct—a name which denotes no process that is known, but covers one which is unknown,—it would be at variance with all the analogies of the animal creation beneath us, if our nature were not furnished with tendencies towards ends which we seek blindly without preconception of their character.*" MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CHRIST IN OUR BLOOD.

THE idea which rules this discourse is entangled in the figure of the Door. The Door is taken in three distinct aspects,—as the Door of the sheepfold, which pictures the passage of the Divine into human nature generally, everywhere, in all ages; as the Door of the sheep, which is the passage of the Divine into the human soul through the knowledge of Christ; and as the Door absolutely, the passage of the Divine into the Soul Kingdoms. Christ does not say that He is the Door into human nature generally, but that the Divine Shepherd enters always by the Door, and this Divine Shepherd will be the Spirit of God, as in the Psalm, Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel. But Christ does say that He is the Door into particular souls, that He is the Shepherd of Christian souls, of souls susceptible to Him. When He says absolutely, I am the Door, the idea seems to roll back, and points to the unity of the Divine Spirit and the

Spirit of Christ in their joint action upon the souls of men.

This is the obverse side of the figure, the reverse side elucidates this same view, which is that the Door means the human communications with the Divine Spirit,—the sheep going out to the Shepherd,—in which communications the soul will find, according to its capacity, the Father, or the Son, or the Spirit.

Some such variety must be given to the teaching to sustain the variation which is rung on the figure of the Door. He that entereth in by the Door,—Whosoever of the heavenly Spirits,—is the Shepherd of the sheep (verse 2). I am the Door of the sheep (verse 7). I am the Door (verse 9). The medium of Christ is immanent, even when we are not conscious of it,—this is the ruling idea of the Memorabilia. We look back to the beginning,—He is the Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, the Mind Who gives mind to man.

The connection between the analogy of the Door and the excommunicated man in the preceding chapter is left to be implied. It is the manner of our Author to throw persons and incidents into the background, and to overshadow history by principles. The hiatus may be supplied in this way: Ye Men of Jerusalem, your leaders have branded this man, whose eyesight I have restored to him, out of your society and out of the sacredness of the temple. I am creating a new

order of society, and I have taken your outcast into My society. You Pharisees don't belong to the Soul Kingdoms. You have made religion a formalism, a reputation, a species of politics, and you command authority through this medium, which is climbing up some other way, as thieves and robbers, over the walls, into the sheepfold to kill and destroy.—Then follow the imperial truths involved in the Door and in the Shepherd.

For the first time there is an approach made by our Author to present Christ as a philosopher, though he shrinks from it apparently. An aroma of philosophy is found in the use of an unusual word. It is a provoking translation to employ the word parable in verse 6. It is not the word rendered parable in the Synoptics. The Greek word means proverbial philosophy, philosophy put into proverbs.[1] But it is plain that our Lord does not use the ordinary proverb on this occasion. We are therefore forced to take the idea of philosophy as ruling the word, and clearly our author wished us to do so by the use of the word. Christ has employed three allegories,—the allegory of the Shepherd and the Door of the sheepfold, the allegory of the Door and the sheep, and the allegory of the Good Shepherd

[1] The word is παροιμία, which Plato uses for proverbial philosophy. Quoting a proverb, he adds φασὶν οἱ παροιμιαζόμενοι (*Theætetus*, 162), which Jowett translates "as the proverbial philosophers say." It might be freely rendered, "as they say who speak philosophy in proverbs."

and the sheep. The allegories are really underlaid by a philosophy, and there is nothing in them of the form of the proverb. And it is the philosophy of Intuition, of innate affinities, of the elementary pieties on which religion and Christianity repose. It is no pale philosophy of the impalpable, but of those wells of inspiration which give action and situation to our lives, and which are quite historic.

Plato is given to throwing the sunshine of allegory into his dialogues. He represents Socrates as a past master in the art of allegory, that he was always using the commonest things for analogies, and thus lighting up the dim places of philosophy, and the dimmer programme of his millennial socialism.[1]

The Greek word *paroimia*[2] may even suggest that peripatetic fashion of academic lecturing which Greek philosophers employed, teaching their students in the open air, and by the road and riverside. "This parable spake Jesus unto them" will really mean, this philosophical allegory spake Jesus unto them.

The radical idea in the figure of the Door must be sought in the form, I am the Door of the sheep. The door is a contrivance by which the dweller in a house communicates with the outer world. The door of the sheep means plainly the instincts of the

[1] Jowett's *Plato*, vol. iii. p. 11. The *Republic* bristles with allegories.

[2] παροιμία, from παρά and οἶμος, by the way,—*obiter dicta*, sayings by the roadside. The *Phædrus* was spoken by the banks of the Ilyssus under a plane tree.

sheep by which it communicates with hill, herbage, and light. Instinct is the adjustment of the creature to its environment by which it makes out its life. Instinct is the harmonious response of an organism to the impressions of the outer world. A sheep when it finds a precipice on the hills does not go over it, but seeks a manageable gradient; coming upon a patch of grass or sedge on the moor the sheep knows it as food. When a storm is brewing on the hills, it reads a barometer, and understands the meteorology and moves down.

Instinct in sheep life corresponds to Intuition in human life. An infant in the course of two years learns a language without the assistance of tutors, or dictionary, or grammar. Language is an intuition by which the child adjusts himself to the human world around him. By no art or industry is language learnt, but by swift and immediate response of the infant mind to the mind beside him. It is drawn out of the child, and it is in the child to draw. The child begins his career by answering the human world; the youth must begin his career by answering the higher and the divine world which besets him, and it is done as swiftly and as instinctively. We brought in our birth the memories of the Eternal World, the speech of God we have heard elsewhere; and religion is the speech which answers to them, and by which we reproduce the eternal memories just as the child reproduces the racial memories by its

speech. The speech of prayer and praise is sleeping in the youth, and he can wake it up. It is a primary affection and instinctive. It belongs to his past.

Instinct is the door of sheep life, and the door-keeper is sense—eye and ear—by which the organic world is differentiated from the inorganic. If the senses are dulled and torpid, the outer world comes into the body, climbing up some other way, but only to kill and to destroy. Intuition is the door of human life, and the door-keeper is consciousness or personality, by which the human world is differentiated from the organic. If consciousness is dull and torpid and does not hear the divine voices, then the invisible world comes into the soul, climbing up some other way, but only to kill and to destroy. The philosophy of Intuition must be read into the allegory of the Door.

What is the basis on which a nation rests? Not the literary men, not the noblemen, not the rich, not the great. They are on the top, and it is the bottom that keeps up the top. The floor of a country is the simple, rude, serious peasantry; the hard-wrought crofter, the small grocer, the chaste housewife; the uninstructed in the rural parish. More than half of our physicians, clergymen, solicitors, merchants, manufacturers come from this floor, and their children flower upwards into judges, gentry, capitalists. It is the rude Celt, Dane, Saxon, of the dim primeval ages, who is the mother

of us all. Christ selected His missionaries from the highlanders of Naphthali and fishermen of Zebulun, from the rusticity of the land ; and popes and bishops and clergy are proud to serve themselves heirs to these simple folk. Similarly the basis of a man is the rude, simple, uninstructed trusts of the soul. The early love, the native reverences, the primary instincts,—these are the Door which open to the higher world. Christ relied on these simple trusts, and they inspired the thanksgivings of His soul when He said, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them to babes." It is this same fact which He expresses in the allegory—The Divine Shepherd calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out (verse 3). The sheep follow Him, for they know His voice (verse 4). My sheep know Me ; I know them. Other sheep I have ; them also I must bring in, and they shall hear My voice (verse 16).

Our Lord has a boundless faith in these unspoilt untutored elements. It is the standing danger of all civilisations, and it has been the grave of civilisations, that we forget the early moorland of our birth in the paved streets, stocked shops, bonded warehouses, halls of science, and the artificial lawns of our villas.

A door is a part of the house, worked into it. The instincts of sheep are inwrought into their whole organic structure, in a kinship with their best

interests. When Christ says, I am the Door of the sheep, He means that the divinest elements are enfibred in us, that elements answering to Him are entwined in the primitives of us. He is there. There is a spiritual element in us in kinship with the Spirit of God, and He opens it; there is a Christ element in us, and Christ opens it. Why have the hymns which sing the name of Jesus a melody for us? How is it that whole libraries exist, the manuscript and printed matter of which is all about Jesus? What is there in the Memorials of His death to be a sacrament which touches the finest chords of our being? How have we managed to feel that He is God for us? The ultimate account of the matter is that it reposes on intuition, and intuition reposes on our kinship with Him. Christian piety is a native trust, a free flow of the soul, a primary affection, and it is the instinctive which is the celestial fire in us, the aroma of our homelands far away. A Christliness is in our blood.[1]

The facts of instinct are amongst the amazements of the Creation. Life appears in the company of instinct, and the whole organic world hangs on the unerring precision of instincts, whether they be primary or secondary adjustments, or as they must be, more or less, ancestral acquisitions preserved in the nerve thrills of creatures.

[1] I am the Root and the Offspring of David (Rev. xxii. 16).

The bee just waked up from its larval sleep, as soon as its wings are dry, flies away to the flowers, and sucks their sweets and manufactures honey, and seeks the interest of the hive; the confectionery and social instinct working without education. A chick, a few hours old and removed from its parent, will preen its wing, will scrape the ground, will give a chirr, chirr, at the approach of a hawk without any experience. It comes into the world with correspondences stored up in its nerves.

One of the more wonderful instincts is that of the Sphex, a genus of the wasp family, of which there are several species, which have a varied anatomical knowledge of the creatures around them. One species makes a tunnel in sand, and there places its eggs. Then seeks a caterpillar to bury it with the eggs, but it must be fresh food, a living caterpillar, when in a few days the young will emerge from the eggs. Here is a problem of physiology which the creature solves by a knowledge of anatomy. The body of a caterpillar is made of six or nine segments, each of which has a nerve centre for itself. The wasp stings the caterpillar between each of the segments in six or nine places, just where the nerve centres are—ganglia, as we call them. The caterpillar is paralysed; it lives but cannot move; it is taken and buried with the eggs, and the larva as it emerges from the egg finds a dish of fresh meat waiting it. This instinct of physiology and anatomy is printed

in the nerve cells of the creature, the look forward of which is to the human mind, and the look backward to Him in whom was Life. Another species of this family preys upon the cricket, and gives grasshopper food to its young. It throws the cricket on its back and holds it down, and then fixes its paralysing sting into its three nerve centres,—below the neck, behind the prothorax, and one lower down. The remarkable thing in this case is that in order to get at the ganglion of the neck it must stretch out the membrane which joins the head to the body, and this is what it exactly does by means of its feet after it has thrown the grasshopper on its back. Its knowledge of anatomy is minute.

Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us that "religious ideas of one kind or another are almost universal."[1] And Carlyle, "It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him." This universality implies that religion reposes on the intuitions which correspond to instincts in the life below us, that it belongs to the irresolvable contents of our being, of which no further account can be given than that it is an original endowment. The religious consciousness deals with the world which is outside the range of the senses, and this world is reached by the most primitive elements of the mind. We look at the visible universe, and wonder how it came there. We seek the causalities, and

[1] *First Principles*, p. 13.

immediately the great First and Final Cause, Who is God, appears in consciousness. Clerk Maxwell tells us that when a boy he used to lie on the grass and look to the sun and sunlight, and wonder what they were. The future professor of physical science lay in the wondering boy. In the Wonder of second causes Science is born. Again we look at the landscapes of Nature, and the sense of the Beautiful is stirred in us; we pass from the actual world to the ideal world, in which are the patterns of the phenomena, where the leaf of the leaf is, and the waterfall of the waterfall, and the star of the star, where the Oreads, the Dryads, and Sylphs are. We sum up the idealities in God. Plato says, "the love of the beautiful sets in order the empire of the gods."[1] In the endeavour to realise the ideal, Art is born. Once more we find it is good to live, good to think, and good to love. The birds sing with happiness in their nerves, and flowers blush with the joy of colour; and then the Infinite Goodness appears, and He is God, the Collected Goodness of the scattered goodnesses. In the endeavour to give expression to our thankfulness for the good of being, Worship is born.

These are among the primary constituents which organise the universal religious idea; and the religious spontaneities are bound to be as unerring, as subtle, as amazing in their discoveries as the instincts of the bee, the chick, and the Sphex. The

[1] *Symposium*, Jowett's *Plato*, vol. ii. p. 52.

primary sentiments of the Wonderful, of the Beautiful, and of the Good,—these make the Door.

Now comes the unexpected and supreme addition which Christ makes to these elementary affections. He says in this wonder, this idealism, this worship,—in these primary subtleties of our being,—He is entangled, that in His historic appearance in the flesh we are to discover His coalescence with the Father of the Good, the Beautiful, the Causal; that though, for administrative purposes He has been disengaged from the Father to become the Son of Man, He and the Father are One. And He has this amazing trust in the truth of these facts and in the virtue of the primary affections, that He expects to be recognised by minds prepared for this revelation. His expectation has been verified. He says, My sheep hear My voice, and I know them and they follow Me. And it has been so through these centuries.

Reams of literature have been scribbled and screeds of apologetics published in the interests of Christianity, and they have had some little use in the incoherences of our world. Storms of panics have blown over the Church, and no doubt blown away a deal of chaff. Bishop Butler, in the preface to his *Analogy* published in 1736, says that somehow it had come about that Christianity was being regarded as out of date. The same inane talk was heard in 1786; the same silliness repeated in 1836; the same littleness, uneducated by history, is now

being retailed in 1892. There seems to be an absence of humour in our sceptic circles not to have perceived the comedy in these hysterical shrieks. History as written by Gibbon, Philosophy as written by Hume, the Bible as treated by Strauss and Bauer; the discoveries of Geology, Evolution, the Higher Criticism have each in its turn been going to snuff out Christianity. The Christian world has been frightened out of all decency by these apparitions. Christianity is not a philosophy or a literature to be refuted. It is a Life, and life rests, as in the organic world on Instinct, in the human world on the primal Intuitions. Life is not refutable, no more than the stars. Who, in all the world, refuted the old Hebrew, Greek, and Roman life. Each and all were absorbed into the Christian life and evolved.

The Christian world must go back on the words of Jesus and rally itself to rely on the fundamental assumptions on which religion reposes. We must find the reason for our being Christians where Christ placed it back of all reason, in the elementary contents and original affinities of our being. Keep the simple pieties of the soul pure, and they will hear the voice of Jesus as sheep hear the voice of the shepherd, and follow Him.

There are two kinds of instinct which may be called primary and secondary. Sheep in a wild state have instincts by which to make out their life,

but in this state they do not hear or care for the human voice. When sheep are domesticated they acquire a secondary instinct, the companionship of man, and they know the shepherd's voice and follow him. A new door is opened into them, and it is preserved by the law of heredity; it is transmitted, and becomes hereditary. Domesticated with God, and we acquire secondary instincts, and when Christ comes we hear His voice and follow Him. General religiousness passes into the Christian religiousness. Our Lord told the rustic Galilean that if he had known God as Father he would have come to Him, for the Father draws men to Him.[1] He told the Jerusalem Jew that he had lost the most primitive parts of his nature, and therefore resisted Him.

There are hours of suspicion, eclipse, and languor, when we don't know that we are safe and right, and that our Christianity is genuine. If you are an earnest man, your Christianity is a transmitted instinct. You have two thousand years of it in your blood. You don't need to be concerned about your Christianity, though you may have anxieties about your character. The instincts are always genuine. The Door is the medium of communication with the outer world. The Door is also the comfort and safety of the sheep in the fold, and the dwellers of a house. In every hour of cold and cloud the

[1] John vi. 37, 44, 45.

intuitions are our comfort, the unexplained our safety, the ancestral and hereditary our dignity. Our Christianity reposes on these ultimates, which are of the purest water; and Christ trusts the hereditary Christian piety and says, I am the Door, by Me if any man enter in he shall be preserved.

The lead which the allegory of the Door has given us must be followed in the allegory of the Shepherd, that Religion and Christianity, as the most specialised form of it, have their sources in the native trusts and primary affections. We are still in the philosophy of intuition,—the *paroimia* of intuition. I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep (verse 11).

The Good Shepherd should be rendered the Comely Shepherd. He is a picture of moral beauty. His love, patience, service are merged into that indefinable element which touches the imagination with a sense of the beautiful, which instinctively charms the human attractions into activity. The Personality of Jesus as the Beautiful Human Ideality, the One Man who has realised the idea of man for us, the First Born of the Creation,—this is painted in the portrait of the Comely Shepherd.[1] The colouring of this picture is made still more

[1] The general reader may like to know that the Greek word here employed (καλός), *good beautifully*, is to be distinguished from the other word (ἀγαθός), *good morally*. The idea which the Greek word employed proposes for prominence is the idea of the beautiful.

fascinating, with a lurid foreground, when it is added, the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep. There is that in the Death of Christ which takes us to the headwaters of life and fact, and touches other primitive parts of us, bringing back to us Recollections of the universe from which we have emerged. This Divine Death has influenced profoundly our affairs, and this has been done through the medium of some universal elements which are entangled in it, and which find the intuitional in us.

You go into a Roman Catholic country and see a crucifix or a bare cross at intervals on the road-side, a structure which would be intolerable to us as a very vulgar superstition. But the human mind is found at different levels. These works of art silently furnish ideas which language cannot supply. The mind by a process of its own extracts elements from them, unknown to itself, unexpressed in any system, unspoken to men. The intuitions don't lend themselves easily to words. The priest cannot express what the rustic feels when He sees the crucifix ; a mystery of beauty and awe is made pictorial to the imagination.

We have enclosed the death of Christ into a system. It had to be done ; it will be always done, that we build a home for our thoughts, and lodge them in chosen phrases. But a certain detachment of mind must always be preserved towards scientific

schedules, formulas and tramways of every sort, if our thinking is not to run into mechanical grooves made by others, and if we are to make discoveries in the wide domains of God's universe. The virtues in the death of Christ which our Lord here expresses are taken away from systems. They appeal to the sense of the beautiful, and that which is always near the beautiful, the awful; and this appeal is to the primitive contents of our being, I am the Comely Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.

There is a tragedy in the torture of the crucifixion, and it speaks to an ancient pathos in our being. There is a love in the death, and it speaks to an original tenderness in us. There is a sacrifice in it, and it speaks to the profounder laws of our nature; there is a sadness in it, and it speaks to us of the pain eternal in the universe; there is a vicariousness in it, and we see the sorrow in which divine service for us is done. It reveals the horror and mystery of our sinfulness. The death of the Divine Man finds us in these primary parts.

Ruskin says, "I am not a poet, nor in any articulate manner could I the least explain to you what a deep element of life, for me, is in the sight of pure sunshine on a bank of living grass." This deep element is found by the sense of the beautiful, which is not analysable; it is a final cause. Light is an artist, and gives infinity to a landscape of

homely grass. The death of Christ composes His life into a landscape, and when we see it with the primal light of our nature, with a simple child-like gaze, it gives infinity to our homely affairs in this planet, and it becomes a deep element of life. Professor Jowett, commenting on Plato's account of the death of Socrates in the *Phædo*, says, "Plato has certainly fulfilled the condition of Greek, or rather of all Art, which requires that scenes of death and suffering should be clothed in beauty."[1] In the Memorabilia the same Art is visible when it is reported, I am the Comely Shepherd, the Comely Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep: in which beauty and death are brought into a unity. It is arcadian, delphic, tragic, an aureole round death.

Three primary intuitions are ours,—of the fair, the true, and the good. In the person of the Shepherd, we have the fair; in His life, the good; in His death, the true. We follow Him. A horizon heals sickness and restores fatigue. The sick and the jaded are sent to the seaside, and they see a horizon, and it heals the sick and braces the fatigued. The briny breeze, charged with iodine and chlorine, has done something; but the horizon has done much more. The meeting of earth and heaven, sea and sky, has done most. In the Beauty of Christ's person, in the Goodness of His life, in the Truth of His death, we see earth shading into heaven, our

[1] Jowett's *Plato*, vol. i. p. 427.

grassy homelands passing into the ultramarine Elsewhere; and it is an inspiration, a deep element of life.

The book of the second Isaiah is dramatic literature, in which Hebrew thought reached the highest heights. The subject is the deliverance of Israel from her long exile, and her restoration to her place as the world's appointed teacher. In this drama the scenery changes rapidly, and the situations are unexpected. The principal figure is the Servant of the Lord, who is first all Israel, then the inner kernel of the election in Israel; next he is collected into an ideal personality; he is also a living person. Cyrus, the Persian king, is called my shepherd. Then this person is a martyr. He gives his back to the smiters, and his cheeks to them that plucked off his hair.[1] And lastly, the martyr becomes a vicarious sufferer, a propitiation, who is victorious in the service of God and man as God's suffering Vicar. All we like sheep have gone astray, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.[2]

The Hebrew prophet takes up the rôle of the philosopher. He sees the drama of his country's history, and we see in him the definition of the philosopher given by Plato, as "he who has magnificence of mind, and is the spectator of all time and all existence."[3] He pictures the Servant of God as

[1] Isaiah l. 6. [2] *Ibid.* liii.
[3] *Republic*, Jowett's *Plato*, vol. iii. p. 369.

a beautiful character,—meek, gentle, loving, sane. To this beautiful character he assigns a tragic service, and in his death he sees the victory of vicarious suffering. This death makes its appeal to the ultimate elements in us, to which there is no ulterior, and to the final causes in the moral providence of God. Christ construes Himself the original of this dramatic creation when He says, I am the Good Shepherd, the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.

Greek tragedy was a national education for the people, and it introduced similar elements and created similar situations from ancient legends to impress the same primitive truths, and evoke the same primitive elements in human nature. Euripides has six tragedies in which the central pathos is human sacrifice. The victims are mainly young, beautiful, royal women. The young family of Hercules is pursued by the relentless chief of Argos, and is allowed no home in the land. They are taken by a friend of the family to Marathon for an asylum with a chief of Attica. The Athenian chief is quite willing to give the family an asylum, but is informed by the oracle that in the battle with the Argive chief success depends upon a human sacrifice being offered. We have not as yet fathomed the cosmic passion which underlay the ancient practice of human sacrifice. Macaria, whose name means the blessed one, is the eldest girl of the family, and she

offers "her marriageable prime to death for her brothers." She is drawn by the dramatist as a maiden, —beautiful, good, noble; a voluntary sacrifice—

> "How shall I praise the virgin's generous speech,
> Who for her brothers willingly presents
> Herself to die? Can man find words t' express
> Sublimer thought, or dare a nobler deed."[1]

Beauty and death are regarded as doing the higher service in our world. We are reminded of the words, Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

There is not a true bridal couple who have stood at the altar who have not looked at each other with a mingled attraction and repulsion, drawn by love, driven by awe. The commander of an Arctic expedition relates in his journal that brilliant displays of Aurora were seen for successive nights, and that the effect of them was a paralysing awe on his men, and he had to order them below. There is an awe in beauty, and it is an unreflecting affection. Christ comes and shows us the Divine Beauty; and when He is treated to a criminal's doom and mangled and crushed, His vicarious service goes straight to the human heart, appealing to the earliest and simplest trusts and the most native pieties of the soul. Christ relies on these primordials, and throws Himself on the human confidences in the dire conflict in Jeru-

[1] *The Heraclidæ* 592. Read from 524–697; a pathetic scene.

salem. He says, I am the Comely Shepherd; I lay down My life for the sheep; I know My sheep; My sheep know Me. And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice.

We have arrived at the last section of the First Book of the Memorabilia. The historical nexus between this section and that which precedes it is as usual very loose. An interval of two months separates the feast of Tabernacles from the feast of Dedication, and it is historically a blank. The usual rhythmic association of ideas is visible enough, an outer one of the two feasts and the inner in a continuity of thought. The rhythmic percussion begun at the feast of Tabernacles, rolls on to the feast of Dedication. We see the two crests of the pulsating movement; what lies,—said or done,—in the uniting trough is unrelated. But the philosophy of intuition unites the two sides, and it is presented at the feast of Dedication in two novel phases, of striking originality.

The Jerusalem Jew is built round with outworks to defend himself against Christ, but he is sadly harassed. He is uneasy, distracted, hard driven; he would like to surrender his redoubts. He wants plain speaking from Christ to end his suspense (verse 24). Christ will accept his surrender only on one condition, that he concede to Him a Divine

Authority, and be guided by Him into spiritual living, and go all lengths with Him into character and the unseen kingdoms. Too clearly this is not his disposition, and he will hustle out of these terms by some shift or semblance of reason. He has no difficulty with Christ as the chief of a hierarchy, or the chief of a revolution, or the chief of a school, to whom he can give as much or as little submission as he likes, whose demands he can put away or tone down or buy off. But he will not come,—the exiguous soul, with an eye that discoloured everything he looked at,—into the neighbourhood of a living divine Authority. He was doing business with false notes, and he does not wish to be found out to himself.

Therefore Christ gives no heed to the question of the chiefship, but bluntly tells him that he has lost the intuitions of the religious idea; that he has lost the perpendicular; that he was not able to discern the Beautiful and the Wonderful (verses 26, 27). He does not know the Father in heaven, and therefore cannot know Him. I and the Father are one (verse 30). This divine claim is enough, and he runs back to his redoubts and hurls his missiles.

All through these disputations in Jerusalem a minority is seen, whose conventional orthodoxy has been thrown into confusion by the Works of Jesus, who required and received consideration from Him.[1]

[1] John ii. 23; iii. 2; vii. 40, 46; viii. 30; x. 21.

It was a wholesome tradition amongst the Hebrew people, that divine honours should not be paid to any human being. The claims of Christ were really not admissible except as they were backed by "many good works," "the works of My Father." But before these "works" tradition, orthodoxy, antiquity must give way. Still Christ accepts the conservative difficulty, and argues with it for the last time. The argument is very novel, and it will take the conservative mind of the orthodox of our day on lines where it will get perplexed.

The argument is this. In the eighty-second Psalm it is said that princes and magistrates are gods. God standeth in the congregation of the great, and says, Ye are gods.[1] The heroic human is divine. "If divineness is predicated of human greatness, you should have no difficulty with My divineness, for this you will admit that I am at least a Princely Man among you,"—this is Christ's unanswerable logic (verses 35, 36). Wonder had gone pale in them,—this primitive sense had faded, and they saw no wonder in human nature, only the quackeries, solecisms, inanities which they felt in themselves. Carlyle says, "We are the miracle of miracles, the great inscrutable mystery of God." Where the marvel of Man has waned, the mystery of Christ cannot be perceived. Christ trusts His Divinity to the instinctive sentiment of wonder in us.

[1] Ps. lxxxii. 1, 6.

Our Lord's affinities are of two kinds, the lower with the Human Divineness—He is a God as the heroic essence in human nature is divine; the upper with the Highest Divineness affiliating Him with the Father—I and the Father are One. He is a Mediator between two divinities, the human and the divine.

Here is something for our good Unitarian friends. Take Christ as the Climax, the Flower, the Crown of humanity, and put yourself into line with the ages and worship Him. As you worship, fire will descend from above, and you will find His Higher and Uncreate Godhead, and you will know Him as God of God.

Here is something for the whole Christian world. Every age has its particularism, and we have come through the ages which have given prominence to the sin of man, the baseness and coldness in him. This educational work is done. We don't need a microscope to see sin, it is quite big enough; or a telescope, it is quite near enough. The evil in man is a truism, and we have said untrue things about the truism, exaggerating it. We have asked from men a conviction of sin, as if sane men can be ever without it. The daily newspaper is a sermon on sin, which it prints in headings with capital letters. We require the microscope to detect the angel in a man, and we require the telescope to see the divine in him; and Christ has put these instruments into

our hands. He has bidden us see the divine ideas in the creation below summed up in man, that he is a universe of idealities. This side of human nature has now to be made conspicuous. We have painted the hell in man till it has become incredible. Let us now paint the heaven in him, the ideal universe, and see if we cannot make that credible. God standeth in the congregation of the great; He judges among the gods. He says to the judges, Ye are gods, and all of you are children of the Most High.[1] And in another Psalm, Thou hast made Him a little lower than the angels, which Delitzsch renders, Thou hast made Him a little less than divine.[2]

When you long for God, it is the divine in you which is in thirst. When the younger son in the far country said, How many hired servants in my father's house have bread enough and to spare, it was the Christly in him which was hungry. The imprisoned angel in him wants salvation; the divineness in us longs for holiness.

Christ finds the sense of Wonder withered in Jerusalem, and therefore His divinity is unperceived. He also finds the sense of Beauty colded, and therefore His miracles are only massive icicles. The intuitions have become insipidities. He calls His miracles beautiful works, which appeal to the primitive faculty of the beautiful in us. Miracles are

[1] Ps. lxxxii. 1, 6. [2] *Ib.* viii. 5.

signals of other worlds ; they are wonders ; they are works proper to a superior mind. They are also good or beautiful works. They are ideally beautiful, suggestive to all wholesome minds, as works of Art are. They are the sublime of our own powers, and we are on the way to this sublimation. They appeal to one of the unreflecting affections, which requires no education and experience, but which is directly operative upon the mind. This is a fresh view of miracles ; it is a fresh application of the philosophy of intuition.

Miracles as signals, as wonders, as works proper to a superior mind have ceased ; but beautiful works inspired by Christ have not ceased. Many beautiful works have I shown you from the Father, for which of those do you stone Me? (verse 32).

On the book-board of every pew in every church through all the parishes of Britain, in every home in the land, there is to be seen one of these mellifluous works wrought by Christ for the modern world. It is the hymn book, the anthem collection, the musical tunes which the melody of Jesus has inspired in the human soul. Cathedrals, paintings, stained-glass windows, reredos,—these also are good works, which, like the healing of the blind man, transport the mind into all space and time, into homelands of the Elsewhere.

The last argument in which the great disputation dies away is, Though ye believe not Me, believe

the beautiful works,—be true to the sense of the beautiful in your nature,—that ye may know and understand that the Father is in Me and I in Him (verse 38).

The dramatic conception and dialogue form of the scenes from the seventh chapter will now become apparent. This portion of the Memorabilia may be named the Great Dialogue, and it is Platonic in character, a Hebrew imitation of that kind of literature. We can scarcely fail to miss this literary character and form of it. In Plato's Dialogues we have the drama and the epic and even the lyric blent together, and philosophy interfused. In the seventh chapter of the Memorabilia we have seen a variety of characters brought on the stage,—men hesitating, men distracted, rustics and soldiers, opportunists and antagonists, the tortuous backstair business going on in Jerusalem, crossed by some of the finer elements. In the eighth chapter we have our Lord's Apology, His testimony to Himself, His judges judged; underlying it are His intimacies with the spiritual world. It is like the *Apology* of Plato, in which Socrates impeaches his accusers and judges; underlying it are his relations to the unseen world. The philosophy of pain is the subject of the ninth chapter; the Christ instinct the subject of the tenth. They are like Plato's *Phædo*, the subject of which is the intuition of the beautiful

and the good, the pain of death, and the hope of immortality.[1]

Very notable is the conclusion to which the First Book of the Memorabilia comes, by an art which is artlessness itself, but which is truly artistic. The end sweeps round to the beginning. In Him was the life of the creation, and this life is the light of men. We perceive light without education or experience. That we perceive Christ intuitively is the summary of all that has been said in the conflict in Jerusalem, and it is the last paragraph of the Great Dialogue. The disputation is hushed by resting the soul on its native trusts and elemental judgments. Religion comes by the Door, the elementary affections. The perception of Christ is a secondary intuition, and the trust which we have given to Him reposes in the Eternal Constancies which are not resolvable into anything else. A point has neither length nor breadth, a line has length and no breadth, a plane has length and breadth but no thickness,—these are axioms by which alone a mathematician can think but which cannot be proved. They are ideal dimensions which nobody has ever seen. On them stands the vast structure of mathematical science. Intuitions in our moral nature correspond

[1] "By beauty beautiful things become beautiful" (*Phædo*, Jowett's *Plato*, vol. i. p. 479). "The true philosopher is ever pursuing death and dying" (*Ibid.* p. 436). Speaking of the future life, "Fair is the prize and noble the hope" (*Ibid.* p. 495).

with axioms in our intellectual nature. On them stands the vast structure of modern Christendom.

Instinct is the door of the sheep. Intuition is the door by which God and Christ communicate with us, and by which we pass into the soul kingdoms in us, and pass out into the sense kingdoms without and find pasture. Christ has become a conscience to the modern world.

The General after he has seen the battlefield gives his orders, and gives no reason for them. He has seen. A Judge after he has heard evidence and counsel, goes straight to his judgment. He has seen. He gives reasons, but it is an after-thought, a literary argument, a commentary on a text which was a vision. The Artist looks at a landscape, and he collects its parts into an idealism, and then puts miles of wood and water into a two-foot square of canvas. He can give you no account of the grace, the proportion, the unity in variety in the scene ; but he has seen, and there is the picture in the charm of form and glow of colour. The man generally religious hears the voice of Jesus, and he sees. He may have a time of doubt and reluctance, but he soon burns the grease of his uncertainties in a masterful act of worship, saying like Thomas, My Lord and my God. There is a sure military instinct, a sure judicial instinct, a sure poetic instinct. There is a sure Christian instinct. The truth of Christ reposes on intuition, and when we are true to it and morally qualified, it

pleases God to reveal His Son in us. You cannot teach the lightning the way it should go, and you cannot teach the intuitions of religion the way they should go.

Shepherd of the True, the Fair, and the Good, Thou hast found Thy other sheep, and we, in the far west, have heard Thy voice and have followed Thee. Grant that we may grow into a finer image of the beautiful in Thy Person, and into clearer light of the awful in Thy death. As we go in and out of Thy world into pastures of truth and duty, keep clean the native pieties of our soul that we may trust Thee with the simplest trusts, and have Life and that more abundantly in these trusts. To the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be glory in the Church, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

THE END.

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